



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B 439948

GENERAL LIBRARY
OF
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PRESENTED BY

Prof. J. H. Denson

Oct

1958

BR
/
.I 38

Prof J N Demmon

THE

77492

INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCUSSION OF EVERY QUESTION
THAT ENTERS INTO THE DIVINE IDEA OF
A TRUE AND RELIGIOUS LIFE.

NO. I. — JANUARY, 1869. — VOL. I.

EDITORS:

L. L. PINKERTON.....JOHN SHACKLEFORD.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITORS BY H. S. BOSWORTH.

1869.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
INTRODUCTION, - - -	1	MISCELLANEOUS—	
THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY, - -	4	HARPER'S MAGAZINE, - -	33
DE MORTUIS NIL, NISI BONUM, -	9	CATHOLIC TACTICS, - -	34
RELIGION AND POLITICS, - -	11	CASES OF DISCIPLINE, - -	35
LETTER FROM D. R. VAN BUSKIRK, -	14	BIBLE TRANSLATION, - -	35
CAN A JEW GO TO HEAVEN, -	19	PRAYER, - - -	36
SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE, - -	26	GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.	37
A TROUBLED BROTHER COMFORTED,	29	THE COVINGTON (KY.) CHURCH,	37
TRUST IN GOD, - - -	32	EXTRACTS FROM LECTURES, ETC.	
		OF F. W. ROBERTSON. - -	38

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

TERMS:

Single subscribers, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Any person sending five subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge.

Any person sending ten subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and a copy of the large edition of the *Christian Hymn-Book*, bound in morocco (worth \$4), or a copy of the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us twenty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to a copy of the large edition of the *Christian Hymn-Book*, bound in morocco, and to the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us fifty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to twenty-five dollars worth of books at regular retail rates in the Cincinnati market.

We will furnish the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY* and the *Christian Quarterly* to single subscribers for \$4.50 per year.

AGENTS wanted to canvass for the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY*.

 Address, **PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD,**
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

NO. I.—JANUARY 1, 1869.—VOL. I.

"Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any *praise*, think on these things." *Phil. iv* : 8.

INTRODUCTION.

WERE the *Independent Monthly* the accepted organ of a religious party, no introduction would be needed. *The* organ, or an organ, of any party, religious or political, we do not propose to edit. Of such publications, there are already quite enough, in our judgment. By an organ, we here mean a publication committed to the advocacy of a prescribed "Platform," or declaration of principles, or to the advocacy of a particular creed, written or unwritten, and to the defense of the policy of some particular party. We are not prepared to deny that such publications may be useful; perhaps, in the present state of religious society, they are necessary; still, we must believe that these periodicals, too often imbued with a partisan, rather than with a Christian spirit, have a mischievous tendency—less on account of what they say, than of what they leave unsaid. By the necessities of the case, they must be exclusive, one-sided. It is, we suppose, quite impossible for them to be thoroughly independent.

How can they be expected to utter what is inconsistent with the creed, policy or platform, which they have been employed to defend? To illustrate: What Methodist editor, as such, could hope for patronage, who should question the propriety, and, within the prescribed limits, the authority of a General Conference? What Presbyterian editor would be retained in office, who should set himself to prove that the Deliverances of the General Assembly are without warrant of Scripture, and to be disregarded by the members, or the subordinate courts, of the church? And what Disciple could hope for an impartial hearing among his brethren, who should differ with a few "representative men" as to the absolute independence of a congregation, the precedence of faith to repentance, or the incompatibility of instrumental music with the true, spiritual worship of God? Are organs of religious denominations necessary? So are independent periodicals; and one such we propose to publish.

In the course of the ages a great man arises in the church, becomes dissatisfied with the prevailing order of things, and sets himself to effect the desired changes. If successful, he becomes a "heresiarch"—a Luther, a Calvin, a Wesley, a Campbell. He is thrown out of the old communion, and a new party is organized under his guidance. But the great, strong man, having, by pick and crow-bar, made his way out of the old inclosure, and having looked about him, too often concludes that he has reached the limit within which liberty of thought and action is allowable, and at once proceeds to build himself in, and all others who may have gotten out of prison with him. The result is, that a few thousand redeemed sinners, more or less, have exchanged one jail for another, and so a new party is born. Or, should the original thinker fail to claim and to secure for his utterances the force and effect of ultimate truth, his successors will not fail to do this for him. In any event, the party must be established, and *duly walled in*. Such, in brief, has been the history of Protestantism.

We expect to live and labor and die ministers in the church into which we entered far back in the days of happy boyhood; but it is no part of our purpose to submit, without protest, to the dicta of self-constituted guides, nor to regulate our conduct as Christians, or as Christian teachers, by the utterances of complacent dogmatism. We do not intend to hold in abeyance our deep convictions of re-

deeming truth, from fear of being considered "unsound."

Men have arisen among the "Disciples" who claim to speak with an authority never claimed by Alexander Campbell, nor by any of the "fathers"—men whose fulminations against those whom *they* esteem "unsound," violate at once the amenities of gentlemanly intercourse and the law of Christian kindness.

We are aware that the religion of our times is partisan, and that men will be most ready to patronize their *champions*. It is, then, to those only who believe in the propriety of advocating whatever things are true and honest and just, that we can look for encouragement. Meanwhile, if the thousands of Christ's disciples, including scores of ministers, with whom we have conversed during the last three years, shall be found to possess the requisite courage, the success of the Independent Monthly will not long remain problematical.

In times of intense social excitement, when principles which lie at the basis of social order, and that permeate every element of Christian morality, are being subjected to the severest tests, and are in danger of being utterly overthrown in the hearts of the young, it may be convenient to have no urgent convictions in relation to those principles, or, having such convictions, it may be "prudent" to conceal them; but we must be allowed to hold the opinion that such convenience and such prudence are not elements of true manliness, nor of true morality,

nor of true religion. They may be profitable for the life that now is, but will hardly be accepted as virtues in the life to come.

While, then, we shall earnestly strive to possess a Christian spirit, to speak with thoughtful moderation and becoming modesty, we do not intend that our paper shall be *conservative*, in the modern sense of the word. When principles are avowed openly, and acted on, which crash through the very foundations of righteousness; when intuitive, fundamental truths are disregarded; when whole sections of God's word are ignored for years together, in the face of the constant and flagrant violations of that very word—then, in such cases, conservatism is but another name for treason against truth and God. Pontius Pilate illustrated, for all time, this species of conservatism. He knew that Jesus was innocent—that through envy the Jews had delivered him; yet he hesitated, prevaricated, sent him to Herod, asked what is truth, washed his hands, released a robber, then *scourged Jesus and delivered him to be crucified*. Men who, from policy, habitually and persistently conceal their convictions of important truths, may expect to end by denying them. By the ordination of God, truth will be avenged on those who trifle with her sanctities. (II Thess. ii: 10, 11, 12.)

As stated in our Prospectus, we intend to speak of all Christian communions in a spirit of sympathy and fraternal regard; and yet it is no part of our purpose to approve what we regard as wrong among them,

whether in principle or in practice, any more than it is our intention to approve what we regard as sinful in ourselves or in our brotherhood.

The Reformation, in its inception, was a plea for the visible, actual unity of all Christ's disciples—of all those in all Christian communions who feared God and worked righteousness; and Alexander Campbell, till the sad day of his last farewell, and notwithstanding all his debates and stirring controversies, regarded all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, as the children of God, and cherished for them the tenderest regard. Did he speak of many of them as being in Babylon? True; but to him they were the *captive children of Zion*, and he yearned, and labored, and prayed for their emancipation—he was sick even with the longing he had to embrace them all in Christ, and to struggle by their side for the universal triumph of Jesus. As could not but happen in a world like this, “the archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the mighty hands of the God of Jacob.” He was often cruelly maligned, his teachings were perverted, misrepresented, caricatured; and if he sometimes applied the lash of satire and ridicule, and mercilessly exposed the unfairness and sophistry of his opponents, the love he bore to truth and the souls of men was the cause, and he was always ready and even anxious to extend or to touch the olive branch. They greatly mistake Alexander

Campbell and his teachings who suppose that they honor the one, or vindicate the other, by rudely and ruthlessly, and oftentimes vulgarly, assailing "the sects." But the relation of this procedure to the whole meaning of A. Campbell's life and labors would be of small account, or of none, were it not discreditable to the cause of Christ.

We shall endeavor to cherish a tender charity for our brethren from whom we most widely differ, but shall not be silent on the subjects of differences that involve matters of principle.

If, in our discussions, any brother may at any time think us erroneous

in the statement of facts, or faulty in argument, our pages are open to reply, and to our conviction, if we are found wrong.

In the families to which we pay our monthly visit, we shall endeavor to cultivate among the young people respect for authority, reverence for the truth, gentleness to the weak, a wise and pure love of country, and above all, because comprehending all, a supreme love for our divine Saviour.

We hope our Monthly may commend itself to the favor of our brethren, and be of some service in the great battle of the Lord against the Power of darkness.

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

African slavery in the United States is dead. This wicked and cruel system was forced on our fathers by the tyranny of the British Crown. Laws were passed by the colony of Virginia restraining the importation of slaves, but the king, on the 10th day of December, 1770, commanded the governor, "under pain of the highest penalty, to assent to no law by which the importation of slaves should be in any respect prohibited or obstructed." A memorial to the king was drawn up declaring the slave trade to be "of great inhumanity and dangerous to the very existence of his Majesty's American dominions."

The petition was unavailing. Slavery, thus planted by the hand of violence, finally became most intricately interwoven into the social system of the country, and was ultimately indirectly acknowledged in the Constitution, the supreme law of the land. First it was abhorred as a crime, then excused as a necessity, and then defended as a "divine institution for human good." It could only be destroyed by the triumph of reason and justice in the hearts of the people who upheld it, or in the violence of some mighty strife when the mailed hand of war lays low everything that stands in the way of its successful prosecution.

But for years past there could be no temperate discussion of the question. The system was jealously guarded by cruel laws which were swiftly enforced by public opinion, and when these failed, the same public opinion sanctioned lawless mobs which made short work with "the fanatics" who had the temerity to interfere with the "divine institution." It was scarcely prudent, and certainly not orthodox, to suggest that, possibly slavery was a contravention of the eternal law of justice sanctioned by the Son of God: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Finally, alarmed at human progress, and justly fearing the unobtrusive, but constantly growing, power of civilization, it provoked an awful and bloody war, and in the terrible shock it perished, as was just and meet. But the spirit which gave it birth and sustained it in peace and war is not dead, and will not die so long as unholy lusts rule in the hearts of men.

We need not listen to the sweet voice of conservatism, which pipes, "the war is over and agitation must cease." Let us have peace, but let it be the peace which comes from the deep conviction of the people that justice is not simply safe, but that it is right. Let our peace be not alone the peace constrained by the strong arm of military rule, but that which comes from the observance of our plighted "sacred honor," and a tender regard for the rights of our fellow men.

Slavery was but a form and manifestation of evil; and the forces of Christ's religion are not so much directed against these forms of evil, which continually reappear in the lives of men and the history of nations, as against those lusts from which they spring, and by which they are supported.

The ax is laid not against the branch of the tree, but at its root. There were two great lusts which founded and perpetuated slavery—the lust of avarice and the lust of dominion.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

What unfurls the sails of the slave ship? What mans her with sturdy sailors? What carries her to the coast of Africa? What fills her with her sad freight of men, women and children, and crowds the poor creatures into the middle passage? What sells them and buys them? What enslaves them and keeps them slaves? Benevolence? Sweet charity? The divine missionary spirit? Believe it who may. No; it is the same spirit that animates the highwayman as he throttles his victim, the stealthy burglar as he breaks into a house at night and carries away the fruit of another's toil.

Doubtless, there were men connected with slavery who were not avaricious—we have known such; men who in sheer pity had bought slaves and held them; men whose conduct toward their slaves was in many respects tempered by the divine command, "masters, give unto your servants that which is just

and equal ;" but this was not the spirit which generated slavery, and which created the unrighteous laws which upheld it? John Wesley said that slavery was the sum of all human villanies. He spoke of it as a system ; so do we.

It may be replied, to what we have said, that slave labor was not remunerative. It is true it impoverished the commonwealth, but it enriched the slave-holder. The wealth of a state is the wealth of all its citizens, and where a large class are doomed to poverty that another class may have the profits of their labor, the favored class may be rich, but the State will be poor. We have heard much about the millions the South had in slaves. There lies in part the secret of the wonderful life this great, vicious system displayed.

Let us learn to be just. The hire of the laborers which is kept back by fraud crieth ; and the cries of them who have reaped, enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. The love of power, the lust of dominion, was a strong support of slavery ; indeed, it was its very life.

Man loves to be clothed with a little brief authority, and to lord it over his fellows. It was to this lust of human nature that Satan appealed when he offered the Saviour the kingdoms of this world and their glory if he would fall down and worship him. It is this lust that crushes out the weak, enslaves the helpless, and fills the earth with violence.

The religion of Christ comes to us with gentle, yet commanding,

voices, teaching us the divine lesson that we have one Father, who made us all of one blood, that we are all brethren, born to the same heritage of toil and tears, of joy and hope. It comes with a plea for pity and tenderness. It commands the strong to bear the burdens of the weak. It enjoins brotherly love and universal charity. Let us teach these lessons to our children. Let them learn not only to love liberty for themselves but accord it to all men.

It is most painful to see the fantastic tricks played by some young men whose fathers have gained for them wealth and social position. They utterly mistake even the outward signs of gentility, and can not forge even a counterfeit of a noble manhood. One of the finest marks of a gentleman is an honorable regard for the rights of the weak.

It is a fine compliment to a young man that if in his community there should happen to be a poor and despised caste, or race, they should justly regard him as a faithful and honorable friend.

If this article should happen to fall into the hands of a young man, either north or south of the Ohio river, who displays his manliness by contempt of the negro and hate of the flag of his country—which is now the emblem of the negro's liberty, as well as his own—let him be assured that there is nothing honorable or Christian in his pride or hate. God calls the young men and women of this generation, and in this free country, to a blessed ministry: to lift up the standard

for the nations; to leaven our civilization with the gospel that Christ preached to the poor, which proclaims liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. If it would not be presumptuous we would like to drop one word to the young men now preparing for the ministry in our colleges. Know, O beloved! your day. God calls you not to theological tournaments, nor to the service of a mere sect, but to earnest labor for the elevation and salvation of your race. Let no miserable pride come into your hearts. Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, yet emptied himself and took on him the form of a servant.

Over against this lordly lust of dominion let us write the beautiful utterance of Jesus: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

There is another phase of this question which demands attention, namely, the claim that Noah's words, "Cursed be Canaan," are an everlasting argument for African slavery. If the former interpretations of this passage are true, then slavery must sooner or later be revived. All the wars that have ever desolated the earth could not destroy a divine institution. Well, what justification is there in the words of Noah, "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be," uttered four thousand years ago, for the slavery of the negro in the United States in the nineteenth

century? To make out an argument it is necessary to prove, first, that Noah spoke by inspiration when he uttered the curse; second, that he cursed not Canaan but his posterity; third, that the negroes we enslaved are the descendants of Canaan, and fourth, that a prophecy justifies the actors in its fulfillment, and has the force of a divine command.

Now, it is not clear from the text that God authorized either the blessing or curse which Noah uttered. The words and circumstances seem rather to indicate that Noah was incensed, and spoke the curse under the inspiration of wrath rather than under the inspiration of the spirit of God. Still, it may be that the common view is correct, and that he spoke by inspiration, and uttered a prophecy concerning the descendants of Canaan. But are we certain that the blacks we have held as slaves are the descendants of Canaan? It would, we apprehend, be more difficult to prove it than for an Episcopal bishop to prove his Apostolic succession. But it is an important matter to establish. If we plead a certain law as giving us a title to a certain object, we must be clear that the object we claim is the object the law grants.

One of the most interesting trials we ever attended involved the right of a young woman to her liberty. She had been held all her life as a slave. She claimed that she was a child of shame, born in the house, transferred to the kitchen immediately, and reared up by a negro

woman as her own child, and kept in ignorance of her blood and real name until a short time before the trial. The law of Kentucky allowed the slavery of persons of African descent, but forbade the enslavement of the white race. The question under this human law was with reference to her descent.

The testimony was conflicting, but the eloquence of her advocate, one of the most distinguished lawyers in Kentucky, combined with the instincts of the jurors, settled the question in her favor, and her yoke was broken.

Now, this prophecy is claimed as a warrant for the slavery of a certain family of men and women of a certain race. If under this interpretation of those words of Noah we were claimed as slaves, and our acquiescence as Christian men was demanded, we would certainly require the proof that we were meant in the prophecy, and included in the curse. We must prove it in the case of these Africans, or else abandon our claim. Those who are familiar with *Pickwick* remember that in the celebrated duel, Mr. Winkle accepted the challenge of the little doctor, though, from his uncertain condition the night before, he was not clear that he had ever given the doctor offense, or had ever seen him. When they met and were about to fire, the doctor exclaimed, "That is not the man—that is not the man who insulted me!" and Winkle cried out, "I know it." The gentleman with a camp-stool who attended the party as an authority in all points of hon-

or, demanded that the duel should nevertheless proceed, as there was sufficient cause from the fact that Winkle had not made known the true state of affairs sooner. Perhaps by the law of honor the case may proceed against the blacks, because they have not heretofore made known to us their true descent, and taking it all for granted, like Winkle, have submitted most quietly to the claims made on them in past times, are bound in honor, as gentlemen, to submit in time to come. Still I protest it would be at least humane to waive our claim for awhile until we can find in the musty records of the past, or in some ancient hieroglyphics, the proof that these are the men we have a right to enslave.

But to return to a serious vein. Suppose these words of Noah are a prophecy of the slavery of the Canaanites, and the Africans here are the self-same Canaanites, still the divine warrant for slavery is not sustained. A prophecy is not a command. To foretell that a thing will happen, is not to declare it just. It was predicted that the Saviour would be betrayed by one of his familiar friends, but this certainly did not justify the treachery of Judas. It was predicted that the Jews were to be a hissing and a by-word; but this would not justify us in greeting every Jew with mockery, saying,

Misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,

And spitting on his Jewish gaberdine.

Ah, no! our divine master teaches us a different lesson.

But the same argument from

prophecy which justifies slavery will justify the systematic attempts made at different times to sweep the Jews from the earth, their banishment from many countries, the iniquitous taxes they were compelled to pay, and the execution of thousands of them by fire and sword.

A brighter day has dawned. Such foolish and wicked interpretations of Scripture are exploded. We must read our duty not by the baleful light of our avarice and pride, but by the serene light of conscience enlightened by the precepts of our Saviour who died for us all, and who loves us all.

Let us trust that the time is coming when we shall learn to call no man common or unclean. Let us all remember, too, that it is much easier to write of, and talk of, justice than to practice it.

No theory of human rights will

vindicate us at the bar of God. "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was ahungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, "Lord, when saw we thee ahungered and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick or in prison and came unto thee?" And the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." J. S.

DE MORTUIS NIL, NISI BONUM.

"CONCERNING THE DEAD SAY NOTHING UNLESS IT BE GOOD."

More than twenty-five years ago, the lamented and venerated John T. Johnson communicated to the writer of these lines, his opinion of obituaries and funeral sermons. We thought the effect of both was often mischievous—perhaps, generally so; that they told but a part of the truth—and often the least important part of it—concerning the dead; and we determined to publish a notice in our papers to the effect that we would preach no more

funeral sermons. The notice was never published; but I have never forgotten nor ceased to feel the truth of what was then spoken.

It was, I think, Charles Dickens who said that the United States was the worst place in which one could live, but the best place in which one could die—for that all who died in this country went to heaven. "To lie like an epitaph," has become a proverb; and what a satire upon mortuary literature is the child's

question of his mother, as they walked in a cemetery and read the monumental inscriptions: "Mother, where are all the bad people buried?" What is true of epitaphs is true of many obituaries, funeral sermons, and biographies.

Few, indeed, could wish to speak that concerning the dead which no generous soul would wish to believe; but, is it unkind to the dead or to the living to speak the truth? This will depend largely upon the motives from which we speak. If one is moved to speak unpleasant truths even, from a love of scandal, or a fondness for detraction, concerning some poor one gone whence he can not return to explain or to defend his conduct, then such speaking is not only sinful, but intensely mean, withal. And this might be said with almost equal propriety concerning the absent living. In truth, being what we all are at best, it is fit we should judge one another tenderly under all circumstances. Who has not been touched by the tenderness of these lines by poor Burns?

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may go a little wrong,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark
The moving *why* they did it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.
Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*."
All this admitted, still we must

speak the truth, if we speak at all. Let us take an instance of almost daily occurrence, that our exact meaning may be perceived. The knell has been tolled, the people are gathered, and the preacher rises in the presence of the dead and of the living to deliver his solemn message. Before him sit the stricken-hearted, "the women and the weepers," in their garments of sorrow. We suppose that the one whose poor, wrecked body lies there encased lived without God, and died without hope. Now, such is the imperious force of custom, that should the minister say nothing concerning the dead, his silence will add to the sorrows of the broken-hearted mother, or wife, or sister, or daughter, perhaps of all these together. Is there not here strong temptation, arising out of the kindlier sympathies of the human heart, to say only what will be agreeable to the mourners, and to draw consolation for them from the "uncovenanted mercy of God?" Besides, the reckless and defiant sinner is present—one who knew the life and character of the deceased, and who would now gather from the words of the preacher encouragement in the ways of sin. What then shall he do? Let him be faithful to his ministry, to the souls of men, to his Redeemer. Better, far, that men and women, too, should mourn yet more deeply on earth by reason of his fidelity to his great mission, than that lost souls should wail in the blackness of darkness forever through his unfaithfulness in his sacred office. In dealing with sinners, or with saints,

in their relations to the divinely revealed method of salvation, we are shut up, absolutely, to the deliverances of the New Testament. These it is the minister's bounden duty earnestly and prayerfully to study, and faithfully to expound—a duty which he *must* perform at any cost, if he would save himself

or those who hear him. Elsewhere we have said, and here repeat, that it is not the minister's business to anticipate the *final* decision—one that can be pronounced only by the Judge of the living and the dead. But this does not excuse him from the faithful declaration of the whole counsel of God to men in the flesh.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

Doubtless a title could have been chosen for a series of papers, of which this is the first, less suggestive of matters in regard to which, in recent years, wide differences of opinion have existed among Christian people, and about which fierce controversies have arisen, ending, sometimes, in sad alienation of friends, and in breach of Christian fellowship. But I intend no indirection, no "mincing of matters." We have had quite enough of vague generalities, of carnal equivocation, and of cowardly evasions. The truth exists for us, and if we seek it with singleness of purpose we shall find it. The subject of *Religion and Politics*, as the phrase is now used in some portions of our country, must be investigated; it will be investigated despite all protests, and we believe the time for such investigation has fully come.

I write for the young, especially for the young ministers of our land, and venture to ask a calm and patient hearing; not, indeed, because I expect to bring to the discussion of the subject any marked ability, but

on account of the intrinsic and immeasurable importance of the subject itself. Its wide range of vital relations will appear as I proceed; and if this attempt to discuss a grave and very delicate subject shall have no other result, it may be the means of calling the attention of others to it, and thus of securing its full unfolding. As my purpose requires great plainness and directness of speech, I shall not affect the style of the grave and learned disquisition. I shall be glad if I can succeed in so ordering this investigation as not to give offense to any, even the least among the people of God. But, once for all, I neither intend to ask nor to give any quarter.

The propriety of "introducing politics into the pulpit" will be determined by what the word politics may mean. Any subject having the remotest bearing on matters of State policy may be considered political, even though it should be one on which the sacred Scriptures speak explicitly and often; and in times of intense political agitation,

when the citizens of a country are divided into parties and factions fiercely antagonistic, it is to be expected that the party against whose purposes and policy the Bible bears testimony, will protest against the utterance of that testimony from the pulpit. This occurred during the great Temperance controversy, a few years ago. It is easy to perceive that in progressive and free communities, where serious modifications of policy are likely to be often demanded by the constantly varying conditions and wants of society, the pulpit will be, in effect, abolished, if those who discharge its functions shall come to hold themselves amenable to political caucuses, platforms, and parties. We have seen this subserviency of the pulpit to the demands of political faction fearfully illustrated in modern times. I venture an opinion by way of illustration, viz: There is not a "*Christian*" pulpit anywhere between the Ohio river and the Southern Cape of Florida, and between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, from which any man could allude, in terms of severe condemnation, to the assassination, in the presence of his family, of an amiable, benevolent and inoffensive gentleman—the late President of the United States—without subjecting himself to bitter censure. It might be important to excite in the hearts of the young a just abhorrence of murder in general, and of the murder of chief officers of State for political ends especially; but the man who should attempt to do this in any church in Kentucky that re-

gards herself as especially called to maintain "the ancient Gospel, and the apostolic order of things," would be likely to receive emphatic notice to let politics alone. It is probable that some of his *Christian* hearers, male and female, would tell him that "Lincoln got his desert," while they would be ready to display the photograph of his assassin, and laud him as a martyr. I would be glad to change this opinion, and shall embrace the first opportunity to do so. In the mean time, let us see to it that our religion be pure—that is, absolutely free from "politics."

I propose to offer to the candid and conscientious, so far as my ability and the resources at my command will allow, an exhaustive, though general, statement of the relations of the Christian ministry to the state. The course of investigation selected will require the proof, illustration, and *limitation* of the following propositions:

1. To Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners, "all authority in heaven and in earth" has been given, and he has been thus constituted the Supreme Lawgiver. Every act, therefore, of every Prince, President, Governor, Legislator and Judge, that contravenes the authority of Jesus Christ, or that is inconsistent with the precepts of his religion, is an act of guilty usurpation.

2. The Bible, but especially the New Testament, contains the will of God concerning the human race, and is of absolute and supreme authority, being in the most direct manner binding upon every soul to whom it may come, limiting his

freedom, defining his duties in *every* relation he may lawfully sustain, and enforcing them by sanctions the most decisive and overwhelming.

3. The *paramount* duty of the Christian teacher is faithfully to expound the word of God, and affectionately, yet fearlessly, to *apply* it, in all its amplitude of meaning, to the varied and ever varying condition and circumstances of those before whom he stands in the name of Jesus, and to whom he is divinely called to "reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

4. No Christian citizen of a free government can separate his religion from his political and civil duties any more than he can separate his religion from any other class of duties whatever.

5. The recent protest against "mixing politics with religion" is, itself, but a *political device*, by which the pulpit, the schools, colleges and universities, in large districts of the United States, have been driven into the tacit or avowed support of treason against the dearest rights of mankind, as well as against the Saviour of sinners.

6. Nevertheless, questions of state policy do arise that lie wholly within the limits of expediency, and that involve no principle of Christian morality. On such questions it does not become the Christian minister, as such, to speak. To do so would be an unspeakable degradation of his sacred calling.

I do not see how any intelligent Christian can demur to any one of these statements, except the fifth;

yet, I can well anticipate that the whole series will be characterized, and even denounced, as political by many who call themselves Christ's disciples, and who affect much zeal for "the word of the Lord." Others may, under safe conditions, assent to their truth and importance, but they will be likely to deprecate the discussion of subjects that may awaken unpleasant reflections. "Let us have union and brotherly love," is the cry; while those most forward to utter it, resolutely close their pulpits against every minister whose views of truth and duty forbid him to work patiently within the limits prescribed for him by a dominant *political party IN THE CHURCH*. "Let us have union!" Yes, but let us have purity also, as a condition of peace; or, if this be too much for penitent sinners to expect, let us at least have common honesty and a little fair dealing. This political party in Kentucky churches has a wonderful zeal for a union of which they prescribe, and mercilessly enforce, the terms. It is, doubtless, a very good kind of union for those who like it. But of this hereafter.

In the course of these papers, should my present design be prosecuted, I shall, in illustration of great principles, and by way of warning, tell what I have seen among the people of God during the last eight years. I shall, for a similar purpose, tell what I, in common with others holding similar views, have been called to endure at the hands of Christ's disciples, by way of penalty for having exercised the un-

questioned rights of an American citizen. I shall inquire as to what lessons are given by our schools on questions of supreme import—questions that affect, in a way altogether fundamental and direct, the temporal and the eternal welfare, not only of the generations now existing, but of countless generations yet unborn. It will lie in my way, in the application of truth, to point out the means by which scores of ministers, who in 1861 stood up boldly for the divine testimonies, finally fell from their high estate, and became the apologists for enormous crimes, the patrons of those who committed them—the advocates of relentless and perpetual oppression. If the questions which quite encompass the proposed discussion are not *religious* questions, then, outside of formal, technical theology, there is no religious truth; and, besides church ordinances, there is no practical religion—none whatever.

It is alleged by many whose observation should have taught them otherwise, that the civil war being ended, there can be no utility in discussing the *religious* principles on which the now dominant and despotic party in the Kentucky

churches fought in that war, nor the principles for which that party has struggled since the war. I reply: The principles, first and last, are still avowed, and the terrible deeds perpetrated in their support justified and applauded. These principles are *the governing consideration* among the churches of the reformation in Kentucky to-day; nor can any minister earnestly oppose them, either in the pulpit or out of it, without incurring the displeasure of the dominant party.

To conclude: The editors of this paper sigh and pray for peace and good will among men. They long anxiously for the restoration of full fraternity; not simply *apparent* fraternity, but for a union of hearts. They are not willing, however, to barter their liberties as Christ's freedmen for such union as might be secured by such sacrifice; and knowing well what is before them, they anxiously beckon to their aid all earnest men who may read these lines, and those Kentucky Christians especially, who concur generally in the justness of the views herein expressed. Men of faith, strike boldly, hopefully, resolutely, prayerfully, for the truth as it is in Jesus.

P.

BRETHREN PINKERTON AND SHACKLEFORD:—In the *American Christ. Review*, for Nov. 24, I find the following criticism from the pen of Brother J. A. Meng, on a passage in the short address which I deliv-

ered in Cincinnati, at the last anniversary of the American Christian Missionary Society:

During my stay, I heard a discourse from D. R. Vanbuskirk, delivered in fine style, with great ease, and altogether quite a creditable pro-

duction. There was one passage, however, in the aforesaid speech, which showed that the author was still badly afflicted with the same disease which attacked him violently about thirteen years ago, and which, now in the chronic form, seems entirely beyond the reach of remedial agents. He carried us over a portion of the history of the Jews, where they had forgotten God, become disobedient, and, as a consequence, had brought upon themselves the severity of God, who brought wars upon them, and in this way punished them for their wickedness. This was all true, according to revelation, and no one could presume to question it. But he then made a long leap over many centuries, and away down this side of any revelation known to common mortals, and informed us largely concerning *one* very important matter at least. He lets us know that upon a certain day, several years ago, while we were engaged in the laudable work of self-glorification, and while we were lavishing in our own praises, wholly regardless and forgetful of the divine blessing, and that *goodness* which had so far followed us; there came up a *wail* from an oppressed people in the South, which wail was unheeded while we went on with our self-laudation. Then, having forgotten our God and his *goodness*, and having kept the poor African in bondage, notwithstanding the doleful cry from the oppressed and down-trodden race, the time came for the *severity* of God to be visited upon us as upon the Jews. Hence we had our four-year war, with all its horrors, and untold and unutterable miseries. Now, this may be all true, but just how he found it out, is not quite so clear to all of us as it should be to put us perfectly at ease, and we are on that point a little in the dark, although he spoke as one having authority and not as the scribes. Perhaps he has had some inner light, some special illumination, that has enabled him to pronounce most positively that our late cruel war, with all its consequent ruin and iniquity, and sorrow and anguish of heart, was a punishment for the awful sin of slavery; and if he has, then we small fry should not presume to open our mouths, save to thank him that he has deigned to enlighten his humbler brethren, who have not been so highly favored. But whether his statement be true or not, of one thing he may rest assured, and that is this: It is a very interesting theme to dwell upon, and very many will come on a pilgrimage to Cincinnati once every year, if for no other purpose, just to hear that soul-thrilling story repeated.

Courtesy to Brother Meng, perhaps, as well as justice to myself, requires that I should at least *briefly* notice some items contained in the above critique.

1. If Brother Meng's *inuendo* respecting something that transpired "about thirteen years ago," was intended to awaken the prejudices of brethren against me, and lead them to conjecture something to my disparagement, then, it must be confessed, he has displayed a commendable skill in selecting means adapted to the end; for it is very generally well understood that an obscure hint is more effective in exciting suspicion than a plain statement of fact. I presume, however, that Brother Meng will scarcely suspect me of attempting to flatter him, when I say that, while this species of insinuation may be deemed by him necessary to the attainment of his purposes, and while it may exhibit the "wisdom of the serpent," yet it certainly does not, to my mind, evince the highest type of either *moral courage* or *Christian candor*.

Whether Brother M. thought to enable the readers of the *A. C. Review* to appreciate the more keenly the merits of criticism by first rousing their prejudices against the author of the sermon which he criticises, or whether he felt it necessary to conform to the style of controversial literature in which that journal abounds, in order to gain a ready access to its columns, are questions which I presume not to answer.

It is, perhaps, safe to conclude that this *inuendo* was intended to accomplish some end, which, in the

estimation of its author, could not be so readily attained without it. Its exact *logical* bearing, however, on the subject of Brother Meng's criticism is, it strikes me, a problem quite as difficult of solution as the one which, with marked exhibition of *genuine humility* and *sincere desire for enlightenment*, and yet with such a flourish of rhetoric, he calls upon me to solve.

If Brother M. knows of some fact in my history which occurred "about thirteen years ago," in the light of which the purpose and meaning of the sermon to which he calls attention are to be understood, and its logical and theological inaccuracies and absurdities revealed to the gaze of "common mortals"—a fact which furnishes a practical test by which not only my mental sanity, but my "soundness in the faith" also, may be readily determined even by those who have not been "highly favored" by any "inner light" or "spiritual illumination," he could, perhaps, have quite as effectively subverted the cause of truth and the interests of humanity by *plainly stating that fact*, as by an insinuation from which the prejudiced may draw the most unfavorable conclusions. The latter course may, perhaps, afford a better opportunity for the display of *genius*, and it possesses also the additional merit of imposing no responsibilities.

2. To characterize my convictions on the subject of God's providential government in the nations of the earth, and on the crime of human slavery, as a "*disease*" which, in its "chronic form," baffles the

curative potency of all "remedial agents"—to insinuate that the utterance of these convictions (even in kind and respectful language) was an exhibition of presumptuous and self-conceited dogmatism, an assuming to speak as "one having authority," to represent me as preferring very pretentious claims as in comparison with the unassuming modesty of the "small fry," may be very effective means in accomplishing the ends for which they were employed, and for aught I know may comport with Brother M.'s conceptions of dignified, scholarly, courteous criticism. There is no accounting for taste.

3. Inasmuch as I never before addressed the American Christian Missionary Society, and never sought any conspicuity in it, and as Brother M. never heard me before on any occasion, his ironical hint that my sermon was but the repetition of a "soul thrilling story" which has already well nigh exhausted the patience of the Society, and which is to be served up as the principal item in the bill of fare provided for the entertainment of such as may henceforth make an "annual pilgrimage to Cincinnati" to attend the anniversary of the American Christian Missionary Society, looks to me like an appeal *ad captandum vulgus*. But then I may be mistaken. I will be charitable enough to consider that *from Brother M.'s standpoint* this bit of irony may seem a very appropriate, *high-toned rebuke* for my impertinence in presuming to call in question the righteousness and the divinity of African

slavery as it existed in the United States.

To discuss the providence of God among the nations, and to inculcate the doctrine of national amenability to divine authority without first asking the self-constituted guardians of the "current reformation," and the custodians of "the faith," for the *right* to do this is, it seems, to be taken as the out-growth of a most presumptuous spirit, unless, indeed, it be prompted by some "inner light" or "special illumination." But wherefore this sensitiveness? Does it mean that as in the days of slavery in this country the *divine right* of the slaveholder, and the Christianizing influences of the institution were not to be questioned in the pulpit, so soon as it shall be incompetent for the sacred desk to ask the people to heed the warning lessons of their past folly. African slavery and all its solemn lessons of admonition are to be decided contraband of the pulpit. Such has been the fearfully demoralizing influence of this "sum of all villainies." The very spirit of the institution has been, in all its history, the spirit of intolerance. It deprecates discussion. On this subject the "venerable patriarch of Bethany" uttered the following prophetic words a third of a century ago: "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, have entered into a solemn league and covenant, and have sworn by their unholy trinity that this question shall only be discussed by the light of burning cities, villages and temples ;

amid the roar of cannon, the shrieks of dying myriads ; the horrid din and crash of a broken confederacy, falling States, a servile war, and the dying throes of the last and best republic on earth." (See M. Harbinger for 1835.) The fearful history of the last eight years will show that Brother Campbell did not greatly mistake the spirit which this institution had engendered.

4. That the late civil war in this country, with all its attendant horrors, was a decisive expression of God's disapprobation toward us as a nation, because we "refused to let the oppressed go free," was not, in the sermon which Brother M. criticises, affirmed as a matter of direct and specific divine revelation, but was suggested as *one of the lessons of history*. The history which the Bible records of God's dealings, not only with the Jews, but also with the nations that existed contemporaneously with the Jews, furnishes the most unmistakable proof that the Lord is "the governor among *the nations*." There is no misapprehending the design of the fearful visitation of divine wrath on the head of the impious Babylonian monarch. It was the logic which Jehovah employed to convince him that the "heavens do rule ;" that the "Most High ruleth," not simply in Israel, but "*in the kingdoms of men*." And if he rules, he rules in justice, for "justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

When we see the idolatrous Canaanites exterminated, and Israel falling into rebellion, scourged, scat-

tered and peeled; when we follow the course of fulfilled prophecy, and find it like the track of a tornado over the mightiest cities and empires of antiquity, leaving Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Tyre, Philistia, Edom, Greece, and Rome, as well as the promised land, ruined and forsaken, we see in all this fearful history, not only the "severity of God," in stroke upon stroke of retribution for national iniquities in ages that are gone, but we find an answer to the significant question propounded by Mr. Jefferson—viz: "And can the *liberties of a nation* be thought secure when we have removed their *only firm basis*—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the *gift of God*, and that they *can not be violated but with his wrath?*"

Accepting the New Testament oracle that civil governments are "ordained of God," and that the civil ruler is "the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil," I am scarcely prepared to concede (simply for the sake of excusing some national iniquity,) that he has withdrawn his supervision and authority from his own ordinations (civil governments), and has absolved his "ministers" (civil rulers) from all amenability to him, simply *because they are not Jews!* God's attributes are immutable. The principles of justice and righteousness, on which he administers his government, are as eternal as God himself. They change not. They are immutably the same under all dispensations. And if God could not, in the days of Jeremiah (more than two thousand years ago)

look with favor on a nation that refused to "hearken" to him "in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor," it certainly involves no great stretch of logic to conclude that he could not, in the nineteenth century, look with approbation, or even indifference, on a people who for long years had wickedly and defiantly set at naught his authority, and refused to hearken to his voice as enunciated in the great law of love—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

If God exercises authority in the nations of the earth—as the New Testament unmistakably teaches—and if he confers blessings for respecting that authority, and inflicts curses for rejecting it, then these national blessings and national curses must be dispensed in time; for nations, as such, have no immortality. The American republic will neither be blessed in heaven nor cursed in hell. Yet the American republic is the ordinance of God. It is under his supervision. It is the subject of his blessings and cursings. Its rulers are "his ministers," and amenable to his authority. In the light of these truths, we can understand how it is that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people." It is as true of a nation as of an individual, that the "way of duty is the way of safety."

But Brother M.'s criticism affords another illustration of the very sage legal maxim, that "the case being altered, alters the case." In

the palmy days of slavery the precedents of Jewish history were very authoritative in the decision of at least *one* great moral problem in the nineteenth century. The politicians and many of the preachers of the South could very easily find in the slavery that existed among the *Jews* a *divine sanction* for slavery in the *United States*! From the fact that some form of servitude existed in the days of Abraham, it was the merest logical pastime to make "a long leap over many centuries, and away down this side of any revelation known to common mortals," and land in the conscience-soothing embrace of a *divine warrant* to buy and sell men and women in the *State of Missouri*!! From the fact revealed in the Bible, that Noah arose from a drunken sleep to curse Canaan, one single logical bound was quite sufficient to cross the mighty chasm of forty-two centuries, and bask in the sunny smiles of *divine*

approbation while "separating the wife from the embraces of her husband, and the mother from her tender offspring; violating every principle and rending every tie that endears life and reconciles man to his lot"—and show to the inhabitants of Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri their "credentials clear" to a *divine appointment* as the executors of God's curse upon the family of Ham! And yet I do not remember to have ever heard a single protest from Brother M. against such "long leaps." I have never seen a single criticism from his pen on this species of reasoning—no despairing of the power of "remedial agents"—not a single insinuation about "inner light" or "special illumination," nor a single earnest request for the enlightenment of the "small fry" on the knotty problem.

D. R. VANBUSKIRK.

Greensburg, Ind., Dec. 10, '68.

"CAN A JEW GO TO HEAVEN?"

Many men in Christian lands admit the authority of the Bible with as little concern as some men deny it. The last seem not to perceive that in denying the truth of the sacred Scriptures they are sending to annihilation the dearest and only immortal hopes of mankind; they first fail to see that by admitting the divine origin of the messages and laws of the Bible, they consign themselves to perdition. The world needs to see that the declarations of the Bible, fairly interpreted, are *con-*

clusive on all subjects to which they relate. This, practically admitted, would end a thousand controversies, and hasten the conversion of the world. But is it not true that men often decide questions on which the Bible speaks, without the slightest reference or regard to its teachings? A remarkable instance of this manufacture of religion occurred in Cincinnati during the last summer. A distinguished Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Lienthal, informed his audience that, while walking up Vine street, on a

certain evening, he heard one young lady ask another if a Jew could go to heaven, and that the question was answered in the negative. The Rabbi "looked up to heaven," he tells us, "lit up with the altar-lamps of the stars, and cried, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are saying." He animadverted with great severity and *unfairness* on certain doctrines of several denominations, and finally sounded the key-note of his own anthem, by quoting with approbation a remark of Frederick the Great—"let every man be saved according to his own fashion." If his discourse had any relevancy to the inquiry of the damsel on Vine street, the relevancy had to be inferred from the general drift of his reflections. The sum of the whole seemed to be, that if "*the Judge of all the earth*" will *only do right*, no one can fail to go to heaven. Frederick's sentiment—the everlasting gospel of licentiousness—is the key-note of more lullabies than the one said or sung by the Rabbi to his Jewish auditors on that warm Sunday; and because it is so, I reproduce here a portion of what was said in reply, the Sunday after the remarkable performance of the Jewish Doctor was published. Many dreamers need to have their attention called to the *only foundation* of hope for the human race.

"What then shall I do with Jesus, who is called Christ?" Matt. xxvii: 22.

In the religion of Christ, *history* precedes or accompanies dogma. Christ's wonderful teaching springs out of his equally wonderful life, or is so related to it that, if the story of his life is false, the teaching may be utterly disregarded with impunity; but if the history is substantially true, the teaching is from God, and to disregard it, involves results

unutterably dreadful. This is the key to our position, and if driven from it, we shall surrender at discretion.

Christianity is not a beautiful, sentimental philosophy, nor is it simply a rational scheme of human conduct, that men can accept, if they shall happen to like it, or reject with impunity, should they dislike it. It is not a proclamation of peace to all consciences without condition; it does not shout in the market-places, nor utter from the synagogue in honied tones—"let every man be saved according to his own fashion." In a word, according to *history*, Jesus is the Son of the living God, and speaks with divine and absolute authority. Not as a mere moralist, does Jesus speak.

Now, this Jesus may have been a fanatical or an insane Galilean, and his whole history may be a bald imposture; but Dr. L., and all others who indorse the sentiment of the Prussian monarch, will remember that Christians do not so think. They have accepted the story of the life of Jesus, found in our New Testament, as veritable history, and hence believe that his teachings, in the fullness of their meaning, are to be accepted without debate; that all his promises and threatenings will have their accomplishment. We can except to his requirements if we will—we can protest against the reasonableness of the threatened penalties if we are so inclined; but behind these commands and penalties there stand the reported facts of his life and death, and resurrection, and ascension into heaven. I am not proposing to argue for the truth of this history at present, as any one can see; but this I affirm, that unless this reputed history is sheer fable, then is it ap-

pallingly certain that all men will not "go to heaven."

So much, we think, the Christian who understands the teachings of Christ and his apostles, is bound to affirm; but he will never be in irreverent and impious haste to anticipate the sentence of the supreme Judge, whether in respect to Jew or Gentile, classes or individuals. To the "Son of Man" only is it given to pronounce those words of final doom—words that embrace the sum of all calamities, possible or conceivable—"depart from me, ye accursed;" or that other sentence, containing the sum of infinite and everlasting benisons—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." Christians labor and pray that they may be charitable, benevolent, Christ-like; but they do not propose to become wiser than their Creator, nor more benevolent than their Saviour. While they believe in Jesus, they dare not say, in deference to Frederick the Great, nor to any one else, "let every man be saved according to his own fashion." Frederick was a determined monarch, and an able military captain; but with all this, he would be a poor substitute for Jesus, in a world like this!

Eighteen centuries ago the Scribes and the Pharisees reproached Jesus as being the friend of publicans and sinners. Such, indeed, he was, and Christians rejoice in the fact. The miserable, repulsive-looking leper, the variously sick ones, the maimed, the lame, the blind, the poor demoniac, and all who had none else to care for them, found a friend in him. He had words of sympathy for them; he told them that God was their pitying Father, notwithstanding all their sorrows, and in the words of the dear, blessed old Gospel, "he had compassion on them and healed

them." Even the harlots could approach him, and he dared to permit them. Such was the majesty of his character, such the overwhelming power of his beautiful life, that these poor, fallen, abandoned women came where he was, and *stood behind him, weeping*; or bowing down, they bathed his weary feet with tears of contrition and reverent love. Now, this same benevolent Jesus speaks of an undying worm and of an unquenchable fire; it is he, no one else, who, according to his own statement, shall say to those who reject him, "depart from me into everlasting fire." Is this appallingly mysterious? It may be; but, is the history of the Christ true? *That* is the question.

To illustrate: George Washington is not a mythological personage, nor is Jesus of Nazareth. The story we now read of the American Revolution is, indeed, history, not fiction. Washington was generalissimo of the armies of the infant Republic, and first President of the United States. He filled the great office during eight successive years, and died in retirement, in 1799. Besides a great name, won by great and good deeds, and bequeathed to the human race, he left his Farewell Address as a special legacy to his countrymen. In this address he warns the American people to beware of the interference of foreigners with their State affairs, and to preserve sacredly the union of the States. But, wise or unwise, this is *advice*, nothing more. The remains of Washington repose to-day in the tomb at Mount Vernon, and, so far as Dr. Lillenthal's "altars of the stars" give any utterance, they will lie there forever. But suppose Washington's contemporaries, in great numbers, had testified that he did not long remain

under the power of death; that they had seen and conversed with him for forty days after his resurrection from the grave; that he had solemnly charged them to propound his Farewell Address to all the inhabitants of the land, as the supreme law for them; that he had repeatedly declared his purpose to return to his country, after an absence of indefinite duration, and call every man to whom his address had been sent, to a strict account; that in the final award he would honor those who should be found to have regarded his message, and signally punish those who might be found to have disregarded it. And suppose yet further, that Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Burr, and Madison, and General Knox, General H. Lee, and fifty others, had gone up and down the land, through danger and toil and poverty, in order to carry out the orders of Washington; and that, in the end, they had died cheerfully and heroically—not for a theory, not for a doctrine, but as witnesses to facts of which they had had sensible evidence. Washington's Farewell Address, in the case here supposed, would be something more than mere *patriotic suggestion*. It would, in the eye of reason, be law of tremendous import, and it would be ultimate and supreme. Our hypothetical case illustrates but one phase of the subject. *Jesus does not give advice*; his farewell message to mankind does not consist of *prudential suggestions*, but, by his own statement, of the will of God.

An apostle of Christ asks this question: "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?" Another apostle answers the question thus: "They shall be banished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from

the glory of his power," in the day when "Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire." This may be but the rantings of mad-men, perchance, but Christians do not think so. They believe the *history* concerning Jesus. They believe that he rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, and that he will come again to judge the world in righteousness—that the apostles were divinely commissioned to proclaim the conditions of that salvation which Jesus died to secure to all believers. "If any man will confess me, him will I confess; but if any man deny me, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels." These are the words of Christ. Had Plato spoken thus, we might deride with impunity; but in the New Testament we meet with one infinitely greater than Plato, or one immeasurably less. Christianity is not Platonism, nor Judaism even—but Christology.

"Can a Jew go to heaven?" I ask Dr. Lilienthal and others, how do you know there is a heaven for Jew or Gentile to go to? Or, if the word know is too strong, why do you believe this? Is there a life for man beyond the present life? If the answer is yes, why not make it no, as well? Does belief of that future life rest, ultimately, on reason or on revelation, or on both? Do these witnesses, then, severally or concurrently suggest the possibility, the probability or the certainty of their being widely different conditions in that life—some desirable, others undesirable? By what means, if by any, the desirable may be reached, the undesirable avoided, who shall inform us? These inquiries reach toward the bottom of the subject, and it will be time enough to indulge in sentimental protests against the possibility of

any one *not* going to heaven, when they shall have been duly considered and disposed of.

Can any son of Adam read his title to mansions in the sky, on the heavens, on the hills and valleys of earth, on the ever-varying surface of his own consciousness, or only on the pages of the New Testament? "Can a *Jew* go to heaven?" Who shall say that any man can go there? This is the fundamental question. The sun and moon, in their sublime and ceaseless goings, do not answer it, nor the stars in their everlasting courses. We interrogate the earthquake and the storm, the rivers and the oceans, in vain. We stand in the places of the dead, and anxiously and sorrowfully ask, shall the time of awakening ever come to those who have dwelt so long in silence? Will it ever be morning in the grave, and shall these sleepers arise? No answer comes back from the tomb, no answer from the thousand voices of nature. What then? The Gospel of Christ answers, for by it, and by it alone, "life and immortality are brought to light." And that Gospel, we repeat, and shall continue to repeat till the ears of men shall tingle, is not a theory—not a doctrine, not a philosophy, not an abstruse logic, but an authentic and veritable history. According to that history there is another life for man; by it his immortality is assured, and a blissful eternity is made possible for him, because "Jesus has become the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him."

The time has come when the real issue must be met. If Moses was a charlatan and a knave, if the prophets were noisy rhapsodists, if Jesus was a lunatic and his apostles arrant liars, it is full time we should know it. I put the case thus, be-

cause of a thorough conviction that there is no middle ground between this and *faith*, if we allow that these characters ever existed at all. Perhaps there never was a Moses, never any prophets, never any Jesus, never any apostles and martyrs! Shall we then send the whole of them to places in the Pantheon, along with Jupiter, and Mercury, and Mars? What would Dr. L. say to this? Having done this, we can then, without further ceremony, toss the Bible aside, and have done with it at once and forever. And shall we not follow it with execrations for having cheered our old fathers and mothers in the day of their darkness and decline; for having consoled the prisoner in his lonely cell; the negro in his cabin, the martyr in the flames, and the penitent soul in the gates of death!

I have entertained the opinion for many years that if the New Testament declared the unconditional salvation of all men, very few, if any, would be found to object to it on account of insufficient evidence. In that case, it would be considered altogether authentic and credible. By many it is decided to be impossible that God should punish men in the next world for crimes perpetrated in this: hence their scepticism. But what shall we do with Jesus, who is called Christ? We are, on every account, bound rationally to dispose of his history, for unless that is false, utterly false, then it is infinitely certain that some men will "go away from his judgment-seat into everlasting punishment." And yet, we believe, with the learned Rabbi, that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." The difference in the case between him and us, is, if we can understand him, that he will not allow the only book from which we can learn that

there is a Judge of all the earth, to decide what is right.

The final destiny of the incorrigibly wicked is, indeed, an awful problem—a dark and fearful subject; but so, also, is the subject of divine providence as unfolded in the history of our race. Would our philanthropic philosophers advise the making of another world like the one in which we live and labor and sorrow and suffer and die? The bare possibility of such a series of events as has actually occurred in human history would decide these philosophers, more benevolent than the Creator, against the making of another world like this. Look at its history. I can but allude to the wars that, from the beginning, have devastated the earth, making it literally a field of blood and a place of skulls. I have no heart to look into a prison-ship, nor into the hold of a slaver; I hesitate to listen, for one brief moment, to the groanings of the oppressed and down-trodden millions, that have been swelling away to the trembling heavens for more than five thousand years; but assuredly, since human history is what we find it, we may safely infer that something less desirable than a blissful and everlasting home is *possible* to men in the life to come.

Philosophic theists, as well as tens of thousands of other unbelievers in the Bible, who are not philosophers nor philanthropists, nor philotheists, tell us that they can not believe, because the Bible contains a record of events said to have been accomplished by divine agency, which are not right—such as the destruction of the Canaanites, and the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah. In these instances the innocent and the guilty were destroyed together. But there is no escape through that passage, save into

blank atheism. God does not prevent the course of events that go to make up human history. He permits, in this sense, whatever occurs on this earth, whether it results from the operation of moral, or social, or physical law. And do not the innocent everywhere and always suffer with the guilty? Look at the family of the poor, down-fallen drunkard. Ask that sensitive widow and those innocent children how it is with them now, since the husband and father has been hung. And are not nine-tenths of all who die in battle innocent of the causes of war, as well as ninety-nine hundredths of the mourners who remain in their homes during the wars? Inspect the path of the avalanche, the track of the lava deluge, the course of the flood, or visit the scene of a recent earthquake, and then tell me—does the Judge of all the earth do right? In such calamities as are here referred to, the guilty and the innocent, the righteous and the wicked, the babe and its mother, are involved in a common destruction, as in the overthrow of Sodom or the sack of Jerusalem.

The awful gravity of the problem is at once conceded. It is for us now, perhaps, quite insoluble. There is something appalling in *the remorseless march of universal law*. It perplexed the patriarchs in the tent of Job, four thousand years ago, and they decided that “none by searching can find out God, none know the Almighty to perfection.” The wisest men of succeeding ages have piously concurred in the decision. Truly, we know but in part, and now see through a glass darkly. In the presence of the transcendent problem of Providence, the Christian philosopher is himself but an infant:

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

No generous soul will do me the injustice to suppose that I am presuming to offer here a solution of the profound mystery of divine providence, or of that still weightier problem, the terrible destiny of the sinner, Jew or Gentile, who rejects Jesus. I but offer a word of caution to the scoffer, and a suggestion to the philosopher, who presumes to construct a religion *without any reference to the history of Jesus Christ*.

"If these few thoughts of anguish born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were words that men might scorn."

From what source, then, is relief to come? We shall not find it in the darkness of a soulless materialism, nor in the blackness of darkness of sheer atheism. No, thrice no. Ye that sigh for life, and light, and rest, we will still believe in God, and we will trust in him, though he slay us! "His judgments are a great deep." Notwithstanding wars, pestilence, earthquakes, and though the innocent and the guilty here suffer together, and often *the innocent for the guilty*, we will still believe that the Judge of all the earth does right, and that, as the centuries in their sublime and everlasting march move on, he will interpret his providence and justify his ways to man. And what shall we "do with Jesus who is called Christ?" Shall we remand him to the thorns, the nails, the spear, the cross? Shall we condemn his tears and mock his agonies? Small joy in this for the weary, anxious heart. We will, then, still cling to the cross of Christ as our *last hope*, even though the

wicked and unbelieving, and abominable, must bear the terrible sentence of everlasting banishment from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power. Faith will carry us safely where philosophy can not go. Indeed, on this ground, faith is the highest philosophy, and Paul ascended to its summit, when he exclaimed: "O, the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things, to whom be glory forever."

In conclusion: The basis of Christianity is not theology nor philosophy, but history. If the reported facts concerning Jesus are true, then, the precepts and principles of his religion are divine and authoritative. The former are to be believed, the latter are to be learned; the first challenge our assent, the last require our hearty submission. And if the drama of redemption, as unfolded in the Bible, appalls by its sublime and awful mysteries, so do nature and providence. We are to bear in mind always, that human life and history are but parts of an infinite system, whose vast complications are beyond human comprehension, and in respect to which we walk by faith in what God has revealed. We must suppose that the candid, the sincere—those who have felt the burden of the immense problems of life and death, and of a judgment to come—will concur in the sentiment, that for us all, Jew and Gentile, the only sure refuge is faith in God, and in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

But Thou art not "a System,"
O Lamb of God, our Hope and
our Redeemer! Help us, poor sin-

ners, to believe in thee more perfectly, that we may find rest unto our souls, and be filled with all the fullness of God! Amen!

P.

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE desire for a direct revelation from God seems to be natural to man. We long to hear some voice from heaven—clear, distinct, and unmistakable—fixing our faith forever, and giving to it the certainty of knowledge. Judging others by myself, and after many conversations with good men and women on the subject, I am persuaded that this longing, whether good or evil, is common among men, if not universal.

Perhaps it arises from the fact that man was originally made to hold converse with God, and that one of the penalties of the fall is, that the presence of God is veiled, and that we are doomed to live on through the years of our pilgrimage without beholding his glory, except as reflected in his gracious works, or hearing his voice, except as it comes down the ages through the words of his inspired prophets and apostles. Blessed hope! It shall not always be so. I shall afterwards hear the gentle voice of my Father: "And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." To-day, the struggles, aspirations, and hopes of men are

the same as in the far off years when Job lived in the land of Uz.

Sometimes, it may be, this desire, especially when accompanied by doubts and misgivings, is, in part, the result of spiritual indolence. There is, in the gracious scheme of redemption, a substitute, at least, for this direct spiritual knowledge we desire. There are certain means of knowing God and attaining a peace that passeth all understanding, which we do not use; but in our spiritual sloth, we long and pine for that divine ecstasy which, if granted once, would perhaps only be desired again and again; and would leave us, at last, subject to the same misgivings that now cloud our way.

Romanism meets this want by the authority of her priests, who claim to represent God, to speak for him, and, in his name, to absolve from sin. Here ignorance might find the rest of certainty; but ere intelligence could accept such rest, it must deny the sight of its eyes, and the convictions of reason and conscience. A man may so long for rest, that he will be willing to find it in a delusive superstition, but certainly the wisdom of such a course can not be commended. We want an assurance that can give us rest

in the darkness of this life, and that will not be dispelled in the brightness of the great day of God. We want no refuge of lies, to be swept away when most we need a secure abiding place. We want the refuge of truth, that our peace and consolation may be eternally assured. The voice of the priest is not the voice of God—to accept it as such is to accept a miserable and palpable delusion.

Many Protestant churches meet this want of the soul by the doctrine of the direct Witness of the Spirit. Here I desire to speak gently. Without entering into a controversy, or presuming, for one moment, to deny the Witness of the Spirit, which is a Christian doctrine, it has long been evident that the excitements and wonderful experiences, and deep feelings, and heavenly lights and voices attendant on great revivals, and attributed to the direct agency of the Spirit, were (I speak with moderation) generated, in great measure, on the earth, and were the result of the use of certain means and appliances which, by natural laws, produce these ecstasies, and that they were not produced by the direct agency of the Spirit of God.

Men long for some divine witness, and, in the glow of a great excitement, certain emotions and raptures are felt, and these are attributed to the Spirit of God, and thus the soul is lulled into peace. God has whispered to it, and now all is well. It is not astonishing that these exercises of the soul should be called Christian experiences, for they supply the want which only a genuine

Christian experience can truly satisfy. This Christian experience in all its beauty and excellency, does not spring up in a night, like Jonah's gourd, but grows up, through the years of our toil, like the oak of the forest, during the storms of a century. I must not, for one moment, be supposed to affirm that there is nothing genuine in the revivals of which I have spoken. It is otherwise. Much precious truth is proclaimed which is calculated to awaken the soul, and lead it to look to the Saviour: this much I can attest from my own history. The only question raised is: do those evidences which are (or rather were) commonly used to prove that God has spoken peace to certain souls, prove the fact, or is the evidence delusive?

If I could believe that bowing at the anxious-seat, and lamenting my sins, would realize for me a direct and clear communication from God, never afterward to be doubted, I would bow there for months; but would it?—that is the question.

What has been said, perhaps, indicates *fully* the great truth which I desire to impress in this article, viz: If we would know God, we must obey him.

The following passages of Scripture teach with clearness, and distinctness, this important lesson:

“If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.”—John vii: 17.

“He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is

that loveth me ; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.”—John xiv: 21.

“If a man love me he will keep my words ; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”—John xiv : 23.

These are the words of Christ. But how, it may be asked, does doing the will of God bring to us the knowledge of God? What connection is there between keeping the commandments of Jesus and the manifestation of Jesus to the soul? I will not dogmatize. It may be by ways and methods we know not of ; it may be that there is a gracious manifestation which no human philosophy can explain. I believe that it is so. May it not be, too, that the divine government is so desirable, the law of God so perfectly adapted to our wants—so in harmony with all that is true within us—that by this very harmony and accord itself Jesus is manifested to us, and our faith becomes a divine assurance? May it not be true that the law of God is so holy that to obey it must, by an eternal necessity, give us an earnest of the heavenly joy, a conscious sense of fellowship and harmony with him who made us, and who made the law for our guidance and blessing? But enough. Here is the divine promise. Would you have more certain knowledge of God? Obey him. Do you sometimes fear and doubt, and cry like a child in the night? And would you have a

stronger faith and a clearer vision? Do right. Would you have the secret of the Almighty disclosed—even his eternal providence and his watchful care of your toiling life? Keep the words of Jesus, and the Father will love you, and he and Christ will come to you, and make their abode with you. Follow fearlessly the light you have, and you shall not abide in darkness. The voices of ten thousand angels could not make you believe more certainly than you do that a holy life is beautiful ; that cruelty, injustice, haughty arrogance, and lying speeches, are wrong and hideous. What you need, then, is not light with reference to the principles of duty, but courage and will to conform your life to these principles. Start prayerfully, then, on the highway of dutiful obedience, trusting the mercy of God in Christ Jesus that the sins of the past shall be cast into the depths of the sea, and you shall hear on the way still voices speaking to the soul revelations of the goodness and mercy of God, “and rooted and grounded in love, you shall be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height ; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.”

This way leads on to glory, to the eternal presence, to the heavenly city where the Lord God gives light by day and where there is no night.

The truth in the divine promises made in the beautiful verses quoted,

every true disciple, in a greater or less degree, has realized. Our faith is strongest, our hopes are brightest, when we are most earnestly engaged in the work of the Lord. Then we ascend to the mountain tops, and with anointed eyes behold the glory of God; then we hear the divine call to duty, and the peace of our souls is like the deep places of the ocean, which no line has ever fathomed.

Be assured, beloved, that in the way of duty are the visions of truth. Truth is seen in our best and highest moods, not in our lowest. The views of the good man are true—"for if the eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light." The philosophies of the wicked are deceitful—"for if the eye be evil the whole body shall be full of darkness."

If, perchance, this article should fall into the hands of some doubt-

ing Christian, let him be encouraged to start out to do his duty; to pray with what faith he can command; to attend perfunctorily (if he can not do better) on the ordinances of the Lord's house; to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction; to guard zealously the purity of his soul, and the very transfiguration of his life will be the strange and happy result. On the opposite hand there is no surer road to universal skepticism, to the denial of God and judgment to come, than the neglect of prayer and of the Lord's table, and the abandonment of the forms and symbols of religion instituted by the Divine Master. A religion of mere sentiment is a nerveless, flimsy thing. We can not worship God by the adoration of the beautiful alone. We must obey God reverently—this is true worship.

J. S.

A TROUBLED BROTHER COMFORTED.

The following is an extract from a letter I have received from a worthy brother in Indiana: After deploring the announcement of the *Independent Monthly*, as contained in the prospectus, he says: "Slavery is dead, and the issues growing out of slavery will soon find their level, and the men who owned them will see their folly. I think Brother Pinkerton insane on the subject of politics and slavery. I was told, while in Kentucky, that he advised the brethren who were in for the

Union to separate from the other brethren, and work with the Methodists until they could do better. Why did he not advise them to work with the freemasons or oddfellows? He would have been just as just in so doing. I advise you to withdraw. I love you too well to see you engage in such an enterprise." I have reason to believe that this brother is a representative of a large class, perhaps of a large majority, of the Disciples.

"Slavery," he says, "is dead,"

and so it is, but slavery was not the only corruption and evil in human society. Oppression and outrage are not dead, and probably will not die until Satan is chained. He fears the agitation of political questions in our paper. He may quiet his fears. The *Independent Monthly* is not devoted to the agitation of purely political questions, but only of those questions which enter into the divine idea of a true and righteous life, however these questions may be classified.

I would commend to this brother and all others who are troubled over the scope and freedom of discussion proposed in our prospectus, to read the prospectus of the first *Harbinger*. Among other grand purposes to which its great editor dedicated its pages, was the emancipation of slaves. The early *Harbingers* contained frequent discussions of the slavery question, and in later years the righteousness and binding obligations of the fugitive slave law was most ably debated by brother Campbell and brother Isaac Errett. Pending a great political controversy in Kentucky, Mr. Campbell issued a tract to the people of that State, calling on them, in framing their new constitution, to leave an open door for the emancipation of their slaves. I simply allude to these things to show that the editors of this paper do not enter on a new and untried way.

With reference to the supposed insanity of brother L. L. Pinkerton, a few words. This is not the first time this indecent thrust has been made at this good man. Nor is his

the only instance in which an earnest man, with great convictions and a fearless nature, moved by the love of his race, has been charged with madness by violent sectaries or trembling cowards. "Paul, thou art beside thyself. Much learning doth make thee mad," exclaimed Festus, as the great apostle stood before him, bearing his chain and delivering his testimony for Christ. The grand reply was, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." What has brother Pinkerton done that he should be thus charged? He has fulfilled a great duty which he conceived he owed his country in the hour of her trial—he has endeavored to lift up the poor and ignorant—he has refused to belie his own convictions, and palter with the eternal truth of God.

With reference to his advice to the union brethren in Lexington, Kentucky, to worship with the loyal Methodists until they could do better, I give the circumstances as I understand them. For his devotion to the country and to the slave, and his active participation in the great struggle, he was received coldly at his own home, and by his own brethren, and in large measure excluded from their pulpits. Dr. Winthrop Hopson, a man with a large, bold, earnest nature, convinced that the South was right, espoused her cause, and was certainly as active and open and determined on that side of the question as was Dr. Pinkerton on the other side; yet, notwithstanding his active participation in the Confederate "pol-

itics," he was not only received, but welcomed, back to Kentucky, after the war, on the "high ground of no confessions and no repentance."

Dr. Pinkerton's participation in politics was the alleged reason of his ostracism. But as Dr. Hopson's participation in "politics" was no bar to his public ministry, but rather a crown of glory for him, Dr. P., seeing nothing better for him, as he thought, in the way of Christian fellowship, advised those who sympathized with him to worship with a little company of Methodists until his own brethren would change their course, or another congregation of Disciples, with another spirit, could be formed. "His offense hath this extent—no more."

Dr. Pinkerton was one of the early movers in this reformation. He has done a man's work in Kentucky. He, as I well know, cherishes tender memories of "Auld Lang Syne." He loves his Saviour and the brethren. He deserves, on account of his years, and his labors, and his devotion to the cause of Christ, respectful treatment, at least, from his younger preaching brethren. He is a frank and candid man. Are frankness and candor not to be considered virtues among us? Are we forever expected to bow, and shuffle, and conceal, and deal in insincere compliments? Better, far, a little sharp contention than a hollow and insincere truce. It is a mistaken charity that cries out at every strong utterance of a brave man. If Dr. Pinkerton is wrong, show it; but do not expect to si-

lence him by the street-rabble cry of mad-dog. J. S.

Not without much hesitation, I assent to the wishes of my co-laborer for the insertion of the foregoing. The generous-hearted will know how to allow for his commendation, when they know how long we have toiled and suffered together in a great cause.

This young man, who considers me "insain" on certain matters, thinks also that a congregation of prayerful, generous, loving, loyal men and women, who call themselves Methodists, should be classed religiously with "freemasons and oddfellows"! He has been traveling of late, he tells us, through Kentucky and Missouri, and no doubt he found plenty of congenial society. It is to be hoped that these States are the better for his labors of love.

Alexander Pope said, in his day, that to oppose principles without attacking men, though safe, is yet but fighting shadows. I quote from memory, but give the pith of the sentiment. While heartily indorsing the wisdom of the sage of Twickenham, it is, perhaps, best that I should, for the present, disregard it, and allow my calumniators to proceed in their holy work of defamation. They love it, even as the vulture loves the carcass. They have "no creed but the Bible, without note or comment," and Jesus is their chosen exemplar! I have borne the defamatory insinuations of vulgar and ignorant

men, with what patience I could command, and for the most part in silence, for a long time, not without hope that justice would yet be done, even here. Only once, as I remember, in fifteen years, have I attempted to defend my reputation against ungenerous public assault; and then it was done for the sake of my family and the church of God. My defense was returned to me by my assailant,

Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by a note in which gross personal insult was heaped upon injury!

I may not consider it best always to leave my reputation, which is the property of the church of God, to the disposal of our "gospel preachers," in which case they may possibly make the discovery that those who disregard the demands of justice will have no claims to mercy.

P.

TRUST IN GOD.

"O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee!"

Trust in God, ye aged, for your bark is nearing the port—your voyage over time is about to end—and what anchorage awaits you on that unknown coast toward which you have sailed so long? What have you found, ye venerable sires, in this long voyage, but storm and calm—alternatings of hope and despondency? Now your eyes have grown dim, your locks are bleached and thin, your steps are tottering and ill-assured, your countenance and your speech are sadly changed, and soon you will be sent away. You, perhaps, are not aware that you are the mere wrecks of men, with only permission now to lie down in that earth after which, possibly, you have toiled so long and arduously. Trust in God, for this is all that is left you now—trust in him, and be thankful that you may.

Or are you still, with decayed energies, struggling to lay up treas-

ures on earth? Are the last lessons you give your children to be these: "Follow the world as I have; make yourselves rich." Few things could be sadder. Vice and worldly-mindedness are, to one truly awake, unpleasant enough in the young or the middle-aged, but shocking in an old man. To hear a frail old sinner mumbling through collapsed lips, blasphemies, and imprecations, and obscenities, is frightful. Not much less so is it to see an aged disciple—his Saturday evening of life far advanced—spurring to the markets, and to hear him on all days (Sundays not excepted) discussing the prices current; talking in the presence of the young, even of his own children, about trade and traffic, income, and prospects of increased wealth. Happy, thrice happy, Lazarus, the rather—with his lowly lodgings, his sores, his canine surgeons, his crumbs, and his angel attendants!

Trust in God, ye aged, for it is

meet you should round up to eternity thoughtfully and prayerfully. But perhaps you are anxious about the worldly circumstances of your children? You were more fitly concerned about their eternal salvation. Besides, have you not seen enough to convince you that people are sometimes injured by wealth? Has it never occurred to any of your kindred to be greatly cursed by the self-confidence inspired by great possessions? What assurance have you, that when you are once fairly dead and out of the way, your descendants will not worry and devour each other, during two generations, about that very property you have been at such infinite pains to accumulate, and at the imminent risk of your own soul and theirs? But the work is done: you have succeeded, you have made a fortune, and must soon die. All we ask is, that you give to religion and to your soul the waning twilight of your day of life. Trust in God, ere it is quite dark, for it may happen that after all this

success you shall find God far from you in the day of your calamity.

It would be well for you, fathers, to hear what your best friends think of you. Their reverence for your years prevents their being plain with you. Were they to speak out, they would tell you, perhaps, that you are considered a money-lover, stringent, calculating, selfish, and (for an *old* man now quite near the grave) penurious. They would tell you that you have been inclined to these great *vices* a long time, and that they are growing upon you rapidly—a thing which you do not even suspect.

Would it be well for any one to disregard the opinions of a whole population, in reference to himself? Is it not probable that, of all things, man is least qualified to judge fairly of himself? In a case in which it is next to impossible that a man should judge impartially, were it wise in him, nevertheless, to judge without appeal, disregarding the counter judgment of all who know him? P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

WE purpose to notice briefly, from time to time, such books and periodicals as, in our judgment, will tend to improve the taste, refine the manners, and elevate the tone of our life generally. Such we esteem the great magazine, *Harper's Monthly*. No one, perhaps, will incline to read all the articles in any Number, yet it is likely that in a family of four

or five members, able to read, the whole of every number will be read, and, as we believe, with advantage. Few upon whose bloom the frosts of autumn are falling, will fail to listen to the editor while he discourses from his "Easy Chair." We do not hesitate to say, that but little can be found in our lighter American literature superior to these productions. Grave or gay, fac-

tious or seriously argumentative, they are models of their kind—glow with a genial, sunny humor, and reek with human wisdom of the best type. We say *human* wisdom; yet while they do not assume to be theological, nor even religious in the technical sense of the word, they often inculcate “the wisdom which is from above.” Many persons, we have thought, may be taught religion more successfully from some books that do not explicitly and formally propose to teach it, than from many that do. Of this we shall speak again; meanwhile we are of the opinion that the still larger circulation of *Harper’s Magazine*, especially in the rural districts, would be a good work, and that many families would do well to observe yearly a self-imposed lent of two weeks, in order to procure it, if without such abstinence the luxury of the Magazine could not be enjoyed. For, what is the body to the soul? P.

CATHOLIC TACTICS.

Protestants may deride Catholic doctrines, superstitions and institutions, if they will—nothing is easier; but they will hardly deny that “the church” displays the most consummate tact in the management of her affairs, nor that she is growing in the United States with appalling rapidity. The priests manage to crowd our cities and larger towns with imposing buildings,—orphan asylums, hospitals, colleges (for males and for females), cathedrals, churches. No inconsiderable part of the money by which all these have been erected, and by which

they are sustained, is obtained, it is said, from day-laborers and from servant girls, while the tactics which obtains it, throws the burden of supporting Catholic paupers on Protestants. The Protestants of our cities should put an end to this. Justice to their own poor, and fidelity to the cause of Christ, demand it. Nor is it in matters of finance only, perhaps not chiefly, that Catholic tactics are displayed, as the following little incident may illustrate.

While spending a few hours with an excellent Protestant family recently, in one of our cities, the genial and happy mother had occasion to speak of the devotedness of the Catholic nurse to her Church. Among other things it was said that she took the children to church with her and obtained *pictures* for them. A dear little girl of about three summers, at once brought out her treasures for display—three pictured cards, eight by five inches in size, perhaps. On one was a representation of the dead Savior, on another “the babe in the manger,” on a third, the “Virgin and child,” with several little children grouped about the chief figure. Coming up to me and laying the manger-scene before me, the dear little one said, in the sweetest, piping voice—“that is Jesus,” as she laid her tiny finger on the babe. “The babe,” I thought it worth noticing, was *exceedingly small*—a mere mite of humanity, relatively to the other figures of the group. But my little instructor was not yet done with me, for, taking up another card and pointing as before, she continued, in the same win-

ning voice—"this is our mother." And looking below the Virgin, I read, in German, and English, and French, and Spanish—"This is our Mother." And then, thought I, are Roman Catholic tracts for "babies" more effective to their end, than was ever Dr. Watt's "Hymns for Infant minds," to a very different end. What shall be said of these things? Indeed, I know not what to say, except this: Mothers who do not wish their children to become victims of Catholic superstition, would do well to keep them away from Catholic churches, and from the arms of Catholic nurses.

P.

CASES OF DISCIPLINE.

For many years I have noticed that congregations are liable to become perplexed with disciplinary affairs, and that it is common, in such cases, to call for the opinion of some editor who may be in reputation for wisdom. I will not say that by this course the inquirers compromise their plea for the exceeding plainness of the New Testament, but they assuredly do not thus advance it. Now, it is possible that our periodicals, dead and living, contain discussions of most cases that are likely to arise in an American church. These discussions are scattered through many volumes and over many pages. The *Christian Review* contains many, some of which are exceedingly valuable, from their being *ex cathedra*. It sometimes happens, too, that cases substantially alike arise in different churches, and our courts of

appeal are called upon to repeat and republish their decisions—a matter somewhat trying to the patience. In view of this, it has occurred to me that it might be well for some one who has leisure for such a work, to gather together these decisions and publish them in a volume for convenient reference. A good deal of time and ink and paper would thus be saved, and an unnecessary wear and tear of editorial patience be prevented. Some might be disposed to regard such a compilation as savoring too much of a creed; but if these decisions touching matters of discipline, have any relation whatever to a creed, why are they not as objectionable while scattered, as they would be in their collected form? If they were worth being written and printed, are they not worth being preserved? If they were useful when first uttered, may they not be useful again? But the matter can be compromised. Instead of publishing the decision and the *argument*, let the decision alone be published. This would give us a digest, something like the digests of the decisions of common law courts, which may be seen in any lawyer's office. These suggestions are offered as suggestions merely, and not as serious and settled convictions.

P.

BIBLE TRANSLATION.

Will the time ever come when we shall have an English translation of even *one chapter* of the New Testament, which will be absolutely correct—one with which all who speak the English language

will be entirely satisfied? Any one could ask the question, but who shall answer it? Would it not be well for our numerous translators and revisers to take a single chapter, by way of trial, and starting it from some school, say in England, send it in order to all the universities, colleges, and renowned scholars among the English-speaking nations? Let each successive school and scholar examine the work of his predecessors, add his own, and send it on to the next on the list. Let the whole work come back to the place whence it was started, and then be published. The experiment would, at least, be in many ways instructive.

I should feel a much deeper interest in the work of translation and revision, had I not long ago noticed that men who read the Scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek, are not any better than men who read a translation only; and that men who can not read anything in any language, by simply hearing portions of the common revision read, do yet, somehow, manage to "do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God."

Without question, all Scripture given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; nor is any portion of the sacred volume to be lightly esteemed; yet from an induction of thousands of instances, made during a public ministry of more than thirty years, I have ascertain-

ed that everything in the Bible, exclusive of the Psalms, that constantly, powerfully, and effectively controls the souls of men, lighting them toward purity and heaven, can be written on a sheet of foolscap paper. To my own mind, no fact could be more conclusive as to the wisdom and loving kindness of the Author of the volume, nor as to who that author is. Most certainly, he who made the heavens and the earth, spoke to the fathers by the prophets, and has spoken unto us by his Son. The subject will be resumed in a subsequent number.

P.

PRAYER.

It is sometimes argued that God is so great and man is so small, that there is such a vast hiatus between the finite and the infinite, that it is absurd to suppose that he would hear the prayer of a dying man. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" There are doubtless suns and systems which lie beyond the range of all human vision, and there are infinitesimal worlds beneath us which the eye of man, aided by the most powerful microscope, can not behold; but the Infinite One not only controls the vast systems of his universe, but he governs and preserves by his providence the infinitesimal worlds he has created. He beholds their harmony; he hears the hum of their industry, and the melody of their songs. Not only is it possible to conceive that God thus compasses in his providence

every part of his creation, even the most minute, but to the enlightened and reflecting mind it is impossible to conceive the opposite as true. He not only cares for his whole creation, but he does so because he is infinite, because he is God. Nor must we conceive that God is burdened by such vast and intricate knowledge. The very attempt to think of it brings pain and confusion to us, but it must be remembered that it is God of whom we speak, and that his understanding is infinite. "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding." The withered leaf does not fall to the ground in autumn unobserved by God; the wounded bird does not seek its nest to die without his knowledge; the broken heart does not return to the home of childhood, to lay down in the long sleep, without his care and love. "God is so great" is the very reason why he can, and does, care for things so small.

Again, the importance of any creation of God must not be measured by its bulk. A very little thing may be very valuable.

An infant is a tiny object; a cold wind might rob it of its life; it is as feeble and ignorant as the young dove; yet a strong man holds it tenderly in his arms, kisses its soft cheek, and looks lovingly into the little eyes. He would cheerfully give up fortune and life for his dear child. Yes, and we may be feeble

and blind, but God loves us, for we are his children. He hears our prayers, and is ever near to bless and save us. J. S.

GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Brother Thomas Munnell is prosecuting his work as Corresponding Secretary, with vigor. We hope he may be able to carry out his purposes and secure a more general and more efficient co-operation than we have ever had. He is a worthy brother and deserves sympathy and confidence in the great work he has undertaken.

A LATE number of the *Christian Review* contains an article, by its editor, regretting the worldly tendencies of things in the Covington (Ky.) church. We have visited this church several times within a year, and have been struck with the order, earnestness, life and harmony that characterized it. No more worldly tendencies were manifest than are found in other churches. Brother Wiles seemed, and we doubt not is, faithful, and is certainly much beloved, and held in high esteem, for his work's sake.

Let any one who remembers the state of things in that congregation ten, or even five years ago, visit it now, and he will probably wish that "worldly tendencies" might be developed in the churches generally. If the contrast between then and now does not evince the efficiency of Brother Wiles, it ought, at least, to suggest the propriety of every man attending to his own business.

THE following beautiful extracts are from the published "Lectures and Addresses" of F. W. Robertson, a minister of the Church of England, who died in 1854, at the early age of 37. He was an original thinker, and one of the most forcible writers and eloquent speakers, of this century :

There are two bases of union on which men may be bound together. One is similarity of class, the other is identity of nature. The class feeling is a feeble bond ; for he who feels awe for another man, because he is in a rank above him, will cease to feel that awe if ever the man should cease to belong to that class. The pauperized aristocrat, and the decayed merchant, are soon neglected by their class. The man who respects another because he is in the same rank as himself, may cease to feel respect in one of two ways—either by his own elevation, in which case he tries to keep the distinction broad between himself and the class that he has left, or else by the depression of that other man, through any misfortune.

Now, there is another and a broader bond of union to be found in identity of nature. When all external differences have passed away, one element remains intact, unchanged, the everlasting basis of our common nature—the human soul by which we live. "We all are changed by slow degrees. All but the basis of the soul." Our tendencies to evil, our capacities of excellence, are the same in all classes. It is just in proportion as men recognize this real, original identity of all human nature, that it is possible on this earth to attain the realization of human brotherhood. It is the only possible ground of union

for the race. It was because this was not felt by the Jews of ancient times that they held themselves and their race proudly distinct from their Gentile brothers, and by that bigotry worked out their own inevitable downfall. The Christian of the middle ages tortured his Jew brother just because he did not recognize the same identity of sentiment and moral nature, which the great poet of our country has put so passionately, and so touchingly, into the lips of Shylock : "Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian ?" Had the feudal lord believed this he would not have put an iron collar round his serf's neck, nor made one law for the serf and another for the free-born. In our own times, if men who have been crying for the rights of our common humanity, and the duties of our common brotherhood, had understood the deep, glorious meaning of their own cry, we should have heard nothing of those human tortures, and that infernal cannibalism, which have disgraced the cause of freedom. Get this deeply by heart, and all that is galling in artificial distinctions will pass away. Well do I know that this language I am using now respecting brotherhood and the equality of our human nature, is language that passes into cant. It has been defiled by cruelty ; it has been polluted by selfishness ; but we will not be ashamed of it for all that. In an age in which it has become suspicious, we will dare to believe in it and love it. It is buried deep in the eternal truth of things. That truth can no more

pass away from the things that are, than heaven and earth can pass away. Sooner or later it must be realized in a more substantial form than it has yet ever assumed. All gradual improvements, all violent convulsions in the world, are only doing their part in bringing this about. The thunder-storm is terrible to look upon; but it leaves behind it a purer air and a serener sky. Let us hear the Ayrshire plowman in his high prophetic strain :

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

* * * * *

One of the best illustrations I can remember of the prerogative of the poet to fasten the attention on what is human and loveable, rather than on what is evil, is Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." This little poem is suggested by the sight of a poor suicide, who has cast herself from one of the London bridges. Prudery, male or female, would turn from such a spectacle with disgust; the disciple of some school of cold divinity would see in it only a text for a discourse on hell. The poet discerns something in it of a deeper mystery, not so flippantly to be solved. He bids you

"Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.
Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful."

And observe how, with exquisite truthfulness, he fixes your attention, not upon that in which the poor outcast differs from you, but on

that in which her sisterhood to the human family consisted—and, for aught *you* may dare to say, still consists :

"Wonderment guesses
Where was her home?
Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one
Yet, than all other?"

And mark how, without any feeble sentimentalism, without once confusing the boundaries of right and wrong, without hinting a suspicion that vice is not vice, and wrong not wrong—he simply reminds you that judgment does not belong to you, a fellow-creature and a sinner; and bids you place her in the attitude in which alone *you* have a right to regard her now :

"Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast;
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving in meekness
Her sins to her Savior."

I should not like to be the woman who could read that poem without something more than sentimental tears, an enlarged humanity, and a deeper justice; nor should I like to be the man who could rise from the perusal of it without a mighty throb added to the conviction that libertinism is a thing of damnable and selfish cowardice :

* * * * *

It seems to me that false notions respecting liberty are strangely common. People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man *likes*. The only liberty that a man, worthy the name of a man, ought to ask for, is to have all restrictions, inward and outward, removed which prevent his doing what he *ought*. I call that man

free who is master of his lower appetites, who is able to rule himself. I call him free who has his flesh in subjection to his spirit; who fears doing wrong, but who fears neither man nor devil besides. I think that man free, who has learnt the most blessed of all truths, that liberty consists in obedience to the power and to the will and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not free because he does what he likes, for in his better moments his soul protests against the act, and rejects the authority of the passion which commanded him, as an usurping force, and tyranny. He feels that he is a slave to his own unhallowed passions. But he is free when he does what he ought, because there is no protest in his soul against that submission.

Some people seem to think that there is no liberty in obedience. I tell you there is no liberty *except* in loyal obedience—the obedience of the unconstrained affections. Did you never see a mother kept at home, a kind of prisoner, by her sick child, obeying its every wish and caprice, passing the night sleepless? Will you call the mother a slave? Or is this obedience the obedience of slavery? I call it obedience of the highest liberty, the liberty of love.

We hear in these days a great deal respecting rights: the rights of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound those rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for

the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous, divine world than his own rights!

BOOK TABLE.

WE intend in future to reserve a portion of our space for the review of books. We hope to make it an interesting and valuable feature in our magazine.

WE trust our friends will be prompt in sending in their subscriptions, that we may be able to know how many copies of our paper to print. Make up your clubs and send on the names. If any brother desires the MONTHLY, and can not join a club, let him remit \$1.50, giving his name and postoffice, and we will send him the Monthly for one year. We invite attention to our advertisement on cover. We offer special inducements to any friend who may interest himself in procuring us subscribers. Address,
PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD,
Cincinnati, O.

WE send this number to many of our friends and brethren who have not subscribed. If they would like to have the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY as a regular visitor, we will be glad to receive their subscriptions.

OUR exchanges will please address us as "*Independent Monthly*," and not simply as Independent, as there is a weekly paper published in this city called the Cincinnati Independent.

Our office is 103 Main street.

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

R. W. CARROLL & CO.,

115 & 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHRISTIAN.

- AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENSE OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION, as it is revealed and taught in the Holy Scriptures. By R. Milligan, President of the College of the Bible in Kentucky University. 1 vol. crown 8vo. With a portrait of the author. Price, \$2 50.
- REASON AND REVELATION; OR, The Province of Reason in Matters pertaining to Divine Revelation Defined and Illustrated, and the Paramount Authority of the Holy Scriptures Vindicated. By R. Milligan, author of the "Scheme of Redemption." 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price, \$2 00.
- THE FAMILY COMPANION; OR, A Book of Sermons on Various Subjects, both Doctrinal and Practical, intended for the Private Edification and Comfort of the Disciples of Christ, and to aid the Honest Inquirer after Truth in finding the True Church, and the Law of Introduction into the same. New and enlarged edition. By Elijah Goodwin. 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.
- KOIVONS; OR, The Weekly Contribution. An extremely interesting and valuable little work on this important subject. By James Challen. 1 vol. 16mo., stiff cover. Price, 50 cents.
- ☞ The above books sent by mail on receipt of price.
- THE LIVING PULPIT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH; Being 28 Sermons from as many Eminent Preachers, with Steel Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the Contributors. Elegantly printed, and bound in Cloth, Leather, and Morocco. Sold only by Subscription. Agents wanted.

JUVENILE.

"THE LITTLE MONITOR SERIES."

For Boys and Girls.

By Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. 6 vols. in a neat box. Price, \$8 00.

ALICE KIDDER'S FAIRY TALE, AND OTHER STORIES. | SALLY'S RED APPLES, AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES.
MARY HOLMES; OR, PRIDE AND REPENTANCE. | DAVID; OR, THE LOST COW, AND OTHER STORIES.
WILLIAM WELSH, AND OTHER STORIES.
CLARA'S MIRROR, AND OTHER STORIES.

The authoress is well-known as a writer for Children and as the editor of the "Ladies' Christian Monitor," and assigns these books especially for Christian Sunday-Schools.

"THE GUN-BOAT SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

FRANK, THE YOUNG NATURALIST.....	\$1 75	FRANK ON A GUN BOAT.....	1 25
FRANK IN THE WOODS.....	1 25	FRANK BEFORE Vicksburg.....	1 25
FRANK ON THE PRairie.....	1 25	FRANK ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.....	1 25

Six volumes in a neat box. Each volume illustrated by the best artists. Price per set, \$7 50. Intensely interesting.

"THE ROLLING-STONE SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

THE NEWCOMER; OR, The Boy of Bad Habits (Ready).....	\$1 50
THE ARCADE; OR, The Fisher Boy's Motto (In press).....	1 50
NO MORE; OR, The Career of a Rolling Stone (In press).....	1 50

This is an entirely new set of books from the pen of the author of the Gunboat Series, and will be equally popular. The volumes may be placed in every day and Sabbath School library in the land.

☞ Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

R. W. CARROLL & CO. have just issued a complete Catalogue of Juvenile and Sunday-School Books, which they send by mail on receipt of stamp.

R. W. C. & CO. devote especial attention to the trade in Juvenile Books, and have facilities for supplying them unequalled in the West or South.

R. W. C. & CO. have lately enlarged their store, and now have ample facilities for transacting their large and increasing business as wholesale dealers in books and stationery of every kind.

PUBLICATIONS OF H. S. BOSWORTH,

No. 103 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CHRISTIAN HYMN-BOOK.

SMALL EDITION. (Pearl, 48mo.)

Arabesque	\$.65	Imitation Turkey, gilt edge	\$1.10
Arabesque, gilt back, burnished edge75	Turkey Morocco, gilt edge	1.35
Arabesque, gilt edge90	Turkey, with gilt clasp	2.00

MEDIUM EDITION. (Brevier, 24mo.)

Sheep Binding	\$.90	Turkey Morocco, gilt edge	\$2.00
Arabesque	1.10	Turkey, with gilt clasp	2.75
Arabesque, gilt back, burnished edge	1.25	Turkey, flexible	2.50
Arabesque, gilt edge	1.40	Silk Velvet, border and clasp	6.00
Imitation Turkey, gilt edge	1.60	Silk Velvet, extra	8.00

LARGE EDITION. (Pica, 12mo.)

Sheep Binding	\$2.00	Arabesque	\$2.50
Turkey Morocco			\$1.00

WORKS OF A. CAMPBELL.

THE CHRISTIAN BAPTIST.

This important work can not be superseded by any subsequent publications. Seven volumes in one, containing 670 double-columned pages. Price, in cloth, \$3; arabesque, \$3.50.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

In reference to the union of Christians and the restoration of Primitive Christianity. By A. Campbell. Price, \$1.10.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

With its Antecedents and Consequents. By Alex. Campbell. Price, \$1.40.

CAMPBELL AND PURCELL'S DEBATE.

On Roman Catholicism. A new edition of this very able discussion is ready. Price, \$1.40.

CAMPBELL AND OWEN'S DEBATE.

On all the Systems of Skepticism, Ancient and Modern. Complete in one volume. This will always remain a leading work on the Evidences of Christianity. Price, \$1.50. Net cash, \$1.30.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE PENTATEUCH.

Delivered before the Morning Class of Heshany College, during the Session of 1859-60, by Alexander Campbell; also, short extracts from his sermons during the same session; to which is prefixed a sketch of the life of President Campbell, with a fine steel portrait. Edited by W. T. Moore. Price, \$1.75. Net cash, \$1.20.

MATHES AND BROOKS' DEBATE.

On Baptism and Kindred Subjects. Price, \$1.25.

QUINTER AND McCONNELL'S DEBATE.

On True Immersion, Feet-Washing, etc. Price, \$1.25.

Prof J N Demmon

THE

INDEPENDENT MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO THE DISCUSSION OF EVERY QUESTION
THAT ENTERS INTO THE DIVINE IDEA OF
A TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS LIFE.

NO. II.—FEBRUARY, 1869.—VOL. I.

EDITORS:

L. L. PINKERTON.....JOHN SHACKLEFORD.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITORS BY H. S. BOSWORTH.

1869.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
MEMOIRS OF A. CAMPBELL, - - -	41	THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY, - - -	69
THE LATE WAR, - - -	45	AUGUST NEANDER, - - -	71
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, - - -	46	MISCELLANEOUS—	
MCGARVEY'S COMMENTARY ON ACTS, - - -	48	EVANGELICAL MINISTERIAL ASSO-	
THE NAME CHRISTIAN, - - -	52	CIATION, - - -	77
CURIOUS, - - -	55	OURSELVES, - - -	77
FOR THE QUERIST'S DEPARTMENT OF		THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD, - - -	78
THE CHRISTIAN RECORD, - - -	56	PERSONAL, - - -	78
"IS IT WELL WITH THEE?" - - -	56	MOTHER'S MONITOR, - - -	78
THE CHRISTIAN RECORD AND THE		EXTRACTS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR'S	
INDEPENDENT MONTHLY, - - -	59	SERMONS, - - -	79
RELIGION AND POLITICS.—II. - - -	60	A HERETIC TEACHER, - - -	79
ELEGANT EXTRACT, - - -	64	BE TRUE, - - -	80
ANTEDILUVIAN FRIENDSHIPS AND		FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION, - - -	80
IMMORTALITY, - - -	67		

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

TERMS:

Single subscribers, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Any person sending five subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge.

Any person sending ten subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and a copy of the large edition of the *Christian Hymn Book*, bound in morocco (worth \$4), or a copy of the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us twenty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to a copy of the large edition of the *Christian Hymn Book*, bound in morocco, and to the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us fifty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to twenty-five dollars' worth of books at regular retail rates in the Cincinnati market.

We will furnish the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY and the *Christian Quarterly* to single subscribers for \$4.50 per year.

AGENTS wanted to canvass for the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

Address, **PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD,**
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

NO. II.—FEBRUARY 1, 1869.—VOL. I.

“Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any *praise*, think on these things.”—*Phil.* iv: 8.

MEMOIRS OF A. CAMPBELL.

IT would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the disclosures, made by Dr. Richardson, in these memoirs, touching the springs and purposes of the reformation proposed by Thomas Campbell, and prosecuted, for more than half a century, by his son, with an earnestness rarely equaled. If I could so commend this work as to secure for it, on the part of young preachers especially—not, indeed, a simple reading only, but a most careful study, I should feel that I had achieved a good work.

More than twenty years ago, I made an effort, through a monthly publication, the *Christian Mirror*, to restate and to illustrate, as I best could, the main points in the “Declaration and Address,” a document prepared and published by Thomas Campbell in 1809. I had discovered that many thousands of our then young Kentucky Christians, including many ministers, were without any just conception

of the true nature of our plea for Christian union, and that we were fast becoming a dogmatical, censorious “party”—this, and nothing more.

This “Declaration and Address,” Dr. Richardson very justly remarks, “laid the foundation for the most important and extended religious reformation of modern times. It is as remarkable for the affectionate and Christian spirit which it manifests, in an age of bitter religious controversy, as for the clearness with which the true basis of Christian union is defined, and the conclusiveness of the arguments by which it is sustained. It takes a complete survey of the whole subject, and anticipates, in its exhaustive details, every phase which the subject afterward assumed during the years of discussion that ensued.”

This “Declaration and Address” is, truly, a most remarkable production, and yet there is at

least one thing in it that is greatly dark. It is, so to say, the dead-point in the reformation machine. Here it is:

"PROP. 6. Although inferences and deductions from scripture premises, when fairly inferred, may be truly called the doctrine of God's holy Word, yet are they not formally binding upon the consciences of Christians further than they perceive the connection, and evidently see that they are so, for their faith must not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power and veracity of God. Therefore, no such deductions can be made terms of communion, but do properly belong to the after and progressive edification of the church. Hence it is evident that no such deductions or inferential truths ought to have any place in the church's confession."

Now, if "deductions fairly inferred from scripture premises," are not *formally* binding, are they binding at all? And if such "deductions may be truly called the doctrine of God's holy Word," why are they not binding absolutely, on the consciences of Christians? Dr. Richardson comments thus:

"Not controverting at all the fact that human reason must be exercised in comprehending the scriptures, the effort is made to draw a distinction between faith and opinion, between an express scriptural declaration and inferences which may be deduced from it. By the latter were meant such conclusions as were not *necessarily involved* in the scripture premises."—*Memoirs*, p. 265.

This would be quite plain, and all difficulties would vanish, had we some one divinely commissioned to determine for us just what conclusions are "*necessarily involved* in the scripture premises." If the deductions are fairly—that is,

logically—inferred, then they constitute "the doctrine of God's holy Word," and are not to be classed with opinions; but, according to this *theory* of the matter, every one must draw his own inferences and determine their legitimacy. Nothing is gained, therefore, by the distinction between faith and opinion, as thus taken. The whole subject needs thorough elucidation. I have entertained the opinion, for a long time, that our formula for faith and opinion is, practically, useless. If any one can dissipate the fogs that hang thick, and low, and close about the subject, he will deserve the gratitude of the human race.

It may be proper to refer, in passing, to a few incidents that will serve to illustrate the practical difficulty above referred to. Thus, the church in Lexington, Kentucky, will not receive to her fellowship, one, otherwise unexceptionable, who infers, from scripture premises, that all men will be finally rescued from suffering and gathered home to God. Many will not tolerate the opinion that men's souls are unconscious from death till the resurrection; and the fate of Dr. Thomas, W. S. Russell, and others, is well remembered. Nor have we forgotten President Errett's *experiment* with the "creed" problem. He inferred, from scripture premises, no doubt, and the church in Detroit concurred in the justness of the inference, that it might be expedient for a people to publish a compend of their faith in order to prevent misrepresentation, and for purposes of general enlightenment,

and he carried out the inference. For this high crime he has been cudgelled by Moses E. Lard, and others, in the most exemplary manner, and it must be confessed that he has borne the cudgeling with the most commendable patience and resignation. Could he have exercised a similar patience with the quite obsolete question about "infant damnation"—as this is only an "opinion," and one that, fortunately, no man can put into practice—he would have been entitled to still greater credit.

The course pursued in all the instances above referred to, may have been correct. I neither affirm nor deny. To do so would needlessly embarrass my argument. Let those who allege that the Bible—of which every individual is to be *his own interpreter*—is our only creed, see to this. Our columns are open to them.

When all the gratings and crashings that have occurred among the Disciples, in the attempt to apply their formula for faith and opinion, shall have been disposed of, there will remain for solution this additional problem, viz :

The Disciples are not the only religious people who profess to have no creed but the Bible, without note or comment. The "Christians," sometimes called "New Lights," have no other creed. The regular Baptists of Kentucky have no other creed; the Unitarians and Universalists have professed to have no creed but the Bible. Why, then, do not these churches or societies unite? It may be replied

that all parties which profess to accept the Bible as their only creed, *except the Disciples*, make their deductions from scripture premises unfairly, or that they make these deductions the basis of Christian union, and that, being unable to agree in the legitimacy of the inferences, they must, of necessity, form separate fraternities. If this is quite satisfactory to any one, let him be duly thankful therefor.

I have ventured to think and to express the opinion, that what one *understands the Bible to teach*, is that which he believes, and in this sense of the word, his creed; and on this account, as I learn, the "representative men" express doubts of my "soundness." If I am not more befogged on the whole subject of creeds than I suspect, there is much necessity for an abatement of the disgusting dogmatism that, for a long time, has characterized the pen and pulpit performances of a good many reformers. "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is our creed," is shouted from village and cross-road pulpits. It would be well if these good brethren would, once in a-while, descend to particulars, and inform us more definitely on the subject. By the Bible, do they mean the original Hebrew and Greek, or a translation only? If a translation, then what particular translation is intended? These things being settled, I would like to know whether the right of individual interpretation is to be allowed *without limit*? If not without limit, then, how far is it to be permitted? Shall we receive to church-fellow-

ship every one who professes the faith of Christ, and allow him to entertain his own opinions, and to practice in harmony with those opinions?

Brother W. T. Moore, in his late newspaper discussion with several "orthodox evangelical" ministers of Cincinnati—a discussion conducted on his part with very marked ability, and for which he deserves the thanks of all Christ's disciples—was, as I think, ever conscious of the weakness of this part of his plea; and it would be well if all who long to see the people of God gathered into one fold, could divest themselves of prejudice, and look this creed problem squarely in the face. We believe the truth of the case may be so stated as to be acceptable to all who seek the peace of Zion and the conversion of the world *to God*. If possible, such a statement will be attempted in the MONTHLY.

A word more in relation to the "Declaration and Address." When it is considered that the venerated Thomas Campbell was educated in one of the strictest forms of Presbyterianism; that he was for many years an acceptable and efficient minister of that church; that his religious opinions, probably, remained Calvinistic; that he was gen-

tle toward all men; that he loved peace and Christian fraternity with great intensity,—it will be difficult, I think, to account for the Declaration and Address on purely philosophical or natural principles. Lying, as it does, so near the borders of the highest inspiration, we would incline to regard it as a foot-print, so to speak, of that Providence which has never forsaken the church. Whether the Reformation proposed by Thomas Campbell has been actually accomplished, may be doubted. For myself, I am well persuaded that what we now call the Reformation, is almost as different from the expression, or the form of Christianity which the Declaration and Address contemplated, as were the forms against which it was all but an inspired protest. I again commend to the young men and women of the Reformation, and especially to young ministers, the *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell*. Let the "Declaration" be read and studied in the light of Dr. Richardson's comments and historical explanations, and it will be seen and *felt* that, whatever the Reformation may have achieved up to this date, the establishment of a proscriptive, dogmatical party was not among the purposes of Thomas Campbell, nor of his more distinguished son. P.

THE LATE WAR.

It must be evident to every thoughtful mind that there was a great crime committed by some party in the late war. One or the other, or both, of the great belligerent parties were guilty before God.

Thousands were slain in battle, multitudes were murdered on the highways and in the wilderness, thousands languished in prison, "amidst damps and putrefactions, pale, torpid, spiritless, helpless," until death brought relief—besides countless instances of oppression, perjury and robbery.

It is useless to attempt to gloss it over, and to conceal from ourselves the enormity of the great offense so rank with blood. Pilate washed his hands and proclaimed his innocence of the Saviour's death. An easy process, to be sure, but a fruitless and idle one. Guilt can not be cleansed, innocence can not be established by such an ablution.

We are called on as men, calmly and fearlessly to confront this great question, and to seek to know the whole truth, though it lead to the deepest sorrow and the most humiliating confessions. Men may go out into the field and shoot at each other, and then shake hands, and drink wine together, but how does the whole matter appear before God?

1. If war itself is always a crime—and no nation has at any time a

right to make war, and no man a right to engage in it—then all persons who aided, upheld, sanctioned or sympathized with either party in the late war, were guilty before God. The question is a grave one beyond all conception, and it behooves us all to consider it prayerfully. If any brother can make it clear, he owes it to himself, to his brethren, to the church of God, to the souls of men, to do it fearlessly, as one who must give account to God. It is a question that weighs heavily on many souls, and the discussion of it is far more important than the discussion of the question as to the mode in which the Spirit operates, or the question as to the right of a penitent unbaptized sinner to pray. It is no excuse for declining the discussion, that nothing can be settled by it; the same plea will silence controversy about all truth. The gravest questions, questions that measure the whole distance between heaven and hell, we are continually pushing from us, to wrangle over dogmatic theology, or to scent out some supposed heresy. We seem oftentimes more anxious to convict a brother of "unsoundness" in the faith, than to save a soul from hell.

2. If the North was an arrogant aggressor, invading the South for robbery and plunder, depriving their people of divine rights, then we ought to know it, for in such

case the guilt of those who supported the Government is measureless.

3. If the rebellion was a causeless insurrection (as I believe,) against a lawful government, in the interest of oppression, then all who fomented it, fomented a crime; all who promoted it, promoted a crime; all who sympathized with it, sympathized with a crime; all who ignorantly engaged in it, ignorantly engaged in a crime; all who were silent in its presence, were silent in the presence of a crime.

I am not anxious to determine any man's guilt—"at the balance let's be mute"—but let us, each for himself, confront the question.

God knows my heart. I am not anxious to perpetuate any estrangement. My feelings continually prompt me to the tenderest judgment of all who differed from me in the war. I feel reluctant to speak one word that could give pain to the least or greatest; but I feel still more deeply that a great, bloody crime stands unrepented of.

Concealment and flattery are the way to hypocrisy—not to unity. Manly Christian utterance is the way to liberty, to fraternity, to power. The crimes and mistakes of the past may all be pardoned and forgotten, provided only we love the truth, which makes us free.

J. S.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

THE *Millennial Harbinger*, for October last, contains an article, from President Pendleton, on the subject of Instrumental Music in public worship. The style and spirit of the article leave nothing to be desired, if we except a single expression—"the organs and melodeons, and *all their tinkling accompaniments*." I had supposed that these instruments were used without any accompaniments, "tinkling" or non-tinkling; but I do not profess to be thoroughly informed on the subject. When these "tinkling accompaniments" shall have been specified, it may be found that their exclusion from the public worship will reconcile all

parties to what will remain—the organ and the tune.

If we will allow the sacred scriptures to direct us, I think it may yet appear that one can "make melody in his heart to the Lord," even when the voice is regulated and sustained by the tones of an organ. I say, with emphasis, if we will allow the scriptures to instruct us. Whether or not we will do this, remains to be seen. For the present, we can only regret the "slip" that gave us the "tinkling accompaniments," since it occasions fear that the subject of instrumental music in worship, even in President Pendleton's mind, has not been fairly judged on its merits.

A bubble may serve to indicate the general direction of the current, as well as a raft. The expression is, as it seems to me, gratuitous and unworthy of the able article which it disfigures. A small flake of soot shows large on a bank of virgin snow.

Christians being in favor of free discussion, and having no creed but the Bible, will no doubt be able to investigate the subject of church music patiently, and to discuss it temperately and candidly. We may, therefore, hope that results will be reached with which the people of God will be satisfied—results that will be well-pleasing to our Redeemer. I shall have a few things to say on the subject in the coming months; meanwhile I give the results of my observations and experience in relation to church music generally.

1. During a public ministry of more than thirty years, I have constantly found it difficult to have the singing of the congregations conducted to edification, on any and every plan that has been tried. If a few disciples are selected, on account of their musical talent, and seated together, that they may direct the singing, we have a choir, and gradually a large majority of the congregation will cease to sing. If there is no "choir," the whole matter of song being left to accident—well, it would not be well to say what often takes place, lest the description should be taken for caricature. But this noisy demonstration, carried on in various keys, in different time, and, as I

have known often, in two tunes at once, is considered praising God, according to "the ancient order of things," singing with melody in the heart to the Lord. Some persons may enjoy it; for my own part I do not.

2. I had never, till recently, witnessed any ill-bred or disorderly behavior in a congregation that accompanied their singing with the organ. Nor have I, in such a congregation, ever witnessed a dogfight, nor any other canine performances. Indeed, so uniformly are these quadrupedantic episodes wanting in these "organ-grinding" congregations, as to warrant the conclusion that, from some cause, organs and dogs do not harmonize.

3. After worshiping for a few weeks with a church in which an organ is used, I have always ceased to notice it specially during the singing, being conscious only of the mingling of sweet sounds—the blending of glorious melodies into harmonies that aid the effort to appreciate the sentiment of the song, and lift the weary, sluggish soul toward peace and hope and heaven.

4. It will, perhaps, be difficult always to prevent choir singing, whether with or without an organ accompaniment, from becoming exclusive; still, it has been prevented, which proves that the difficulty is not insuperable. I would, for myself, yield choir and organ, rather than dispense with congregational singing; but I have never yet had everything in family, or school, or state, or church, in all respects, that I could have de-

sired. In truth, I have never been myself all that I would like to be. Who has?

5. Not many members in any congregation, of any denomination, are found able to pray to public edification, nor are very many able so to sing. This, perhaps, ought not so to be. It does seem that God's people ought to be able to pray in the presence of each other without embarrassment, but they are not. To many, however, God has denied the power of song. Now, if we can pray and praise, deprecate and give thanks, by following in thought the one who leads in prayer, why may we not "make melody in our hearts to the Lord," while a choir commends to our acceptance the sentiments of our beautiful hymns, doubling their power on the soul through the agency of melodious voices and appropriate tunes, the voices meanwhile being regulated and sustained by means of the organ? Is this impossible?

6. The propriety of introducing instrumental music into any particular church, must be determined by the peculiar circumstances of that church. The whole matter belongs to the category of expedi-

ency. There are, doubtless, many churches which would regard carpets and cushions as very much out of place in a meeting-house. Such things would be regarded as evidence of a worldly spirit, and, I suppose, that in such circumstances it would be injudicious to insist on their introduction. Cushions, carpets, and much else about our modern churches, are what Hymn Books once were—"an innovation;" and it would be exceedingly difficult to produce "a thus saith the Lord, either in express terms or by unquestioned precedent," for any of these things—except the pulpit! It is, perhaps, true that churches learn what is expedient by the "logic of events," and to that logic I would be willing to leave the issue in the present instance.

7. The calm, and even sublime indifference of the churches of Christ to the ill-natured, dictatorial and ponderous protests that have been hurled against instrumental music in public worship, by our reviewers and their admiring correspondents, is a hopeful indication of progress in the knowledge and appreciation of Christian liberty, and of *true* church independence. P.

McGARVEY'S COMMENTARY ON ACTS.

THIS book has been for several years before the public, and has had a large circulation. It gives evidence both of the ability and studious habits of its author. Its

style is lucid, clear, plain, and intensely logical. In these respects it is superior to many commentaries of more fame and higher pretensions. Nevertheless, we have

somewhat against it. We think it was published too soon, and that the experience and study of five or six additional years would have relieved our author from several crudities which mar his book and impair its usefulness.

Brother McGarvey is a mathematician, and he argues the great questions of his text very much as he would demonstrate a proposition in Euclid. We think this is the chief defect of his book, and of that school of theology which it represents. We would not undervalue logic; but we have long since learned that, as an interpreter of Scripture, it is "unco weak and little to be trusted." The explicit declarations of the Word of God are to be accepted without question and without reserve, but human inferences drawn from these declarations are to be received with great caution. It is very easy to let a fallacy slip in at some point without knowing it—and the Scriptures you take for premises, in their amplest meaning, may not be fully understood—there may be something in them unknown or not clearly seen, which, if known, might vitiate the conclusion.

Brother McGarvey's logic very much resembles that of a good brother in Indiana, who used to argue the question of remission of sins in this way: "Faith + Repentance + Baptism = Remission of sins. Now, the equation is destroyed if you strike out any one of these positive quantities," etc. By a strict algebraic process we might have Faith + Repentance = Re-

mission of sins — Baptism. This is all quite logical and plausible, but the method is dangerous, because not suited to the subject.

Brother McGarvey, too, has a legal mind, and is a most admirable special pleader. He investigates the law of pardon much in the style of a lawyer examining the validity of a contract. That there is some truth, and a great deal of power in this method, we are not prepared to deny; but that there is something misleading and false in it, we are confidently assured. It certainly is not to be implicitly relied on. It resembles very much the iron and remorseless logic of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, that

"Sends one to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory;
And no for any guid or ill
They've done afore Thee."

What we have written may be construed as latitudinarianism, and wrested to unlawful ends, but we are sure there is at least a grain of truth in it worth receiving.

A mind like Brother McGarvey's needs some counterpoise to check its logical excesses. On the second of Acts, thirty-eighth verse, he is very clear, and honest, and able. With great simplicity he maintains the divine testimony, and shows that Peter did say, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, *for* the remission of sins."

Brother McGarvey, on this same subject of remission of sins, in the examination of the conversion of the Phillippian jailer, Acts xvi,

uses the following language: "If faith without works is dead, then it remains dead as long as it remains without works. It thus remains until the believer is immersed, if he proceed according to Apostolic example; therefore faith without immersion is dead." We have here a fair specimen of the peculiar method of Brother McGarvey which we have criticised, and about an average result in the case of such reasonings generally. His major premise is, "if faith without works is dead, then it remains dead so long as it remains without works." He here wrests the expression of James, "Faith without works is dead," from its context, and uses it simply as a leal maxim. James is speaking to baptized men and women, who comfort themselves with the hope of salvation by faith without the life of faith; Brother McGarvey applies the expression to another purpose, and uses it in a technical theological sense never intended by the apostle. Brother McGarvey's theory is, that works give life to faith; that if a man has faith it is dead until he mixes works with it, and the two having wrought together a living faith, is the result; whereas, the apostle says of Abraham, that "faith wrought with his works and by works was faith made perfect"—*not made alive*. Works strengthen and perpetuate faith, so that faith without works dies; but before faith can work it must live. A man works not to give life to his faith, but because his faith has life. The absence of works indicates the death of faith. As the motion of

the body is the result of life, but is afterward necessary to the perpetuity and development of life, so obedience springs from a living faith, and is afterward the condition of its continued existence. But, even if his major premise could be sustained, his minor premise is a gratuitous and unwarranted assumption. He says, "it (faith) thus remains (dead) until the believer is immersed, if he proceed according to apostolic example." This is not true. Faith in the pierced hearts of thousands on Pentecost caused them to cry out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" It led them to sincere repentance and a glad reception of the divine Word—all before their baptism. Faith, prior to immersion, brought Saul of Tarsus to Damascus in obedience to the divine command, and humbled him in fasting and prayer before his God. It wrought out in the jailer a repentance that needed not to be repented of, and induced him to confess the blessed name of Christ. But, as a matter of fact, does Brother McGarvey now baptize men and women on a confession of a dead faith in Christ? Certainly not. Is it a dead faith that suffuses the eyes with tears, and stammers out the great confession in the Son of God? No! it can not be.

Brother McGarvey, in his commentary on the twentieth of Acts, declares that faith comes before repentance; but his reasoning here proves that a living faith, which alone saves the soul, comes not only after repentance, but after bap-

tism. He is more orthodox than the orthodox. Brother McGarvey, you must readjust your syllogism. You see here how mere technical reasoning brings you not only in conflict with the Scripture history, but with facts of which you are daily cognizant. We may always suspect the logic which involves us in absurd conclusions, which, however much we may profess to believe, we do not, and can not, really believe.

But let us leave this matter.

Brother McGarvey has lately been involved in quite a dispute with several scribes about his solution of the difficulty in Acts xxi: 26, with reference to Paul's conformity to Jewish customs, especially in offering sacrifice. Brother McGarvey thinks that at this time Paul "did not yet understand the subject correctly." This is bold ground, but not necessarily false. We think it possible that one verse in Hebrews will furnish a key for the solution of the problem. "In that he saith, A new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old, is ready to vanish away." Hebrews, viii: 13. God did not suddenly abolish the forms of the Jewish religion and forbid their use, except so far as they conflicted with the rights of the Gentile disciples. After Christ's resurrection and ascension, they were no longer living and divine forms, but they were dear to many of God's people by the associations of years, by the traditions of their fathers, by the history of their country; and God dealing tenderly

with them, allowed their forms to wax old and decay, and gradually to vanish away. The sacrifice which Paul offered did not in any way set aside the one only true sin-offering, the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world. He conformed to an old custom which had lost its divine meaning, and he did it innocently, and yet with a full understanding of the subject. In fact, there never was in human history but one offering that could take away sin—the offering of Christ. At best the Jewish sacrifices were but the types of the sin-offering of the Cross.

In the commentary on that passage, in the sixteenth of Acts, which gives an account of Paul's casting out a demon from a female slave, who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying, we find the following language:

"In the present instance, Paul could not pursue the settled course of the apostles without greatly depreciating the value of the slave; and it was doubtless an extreme reluctance to interference with the rights of property which induced him to submit to the annoyance for so many days."

This, we apprehend, is quite original. It suggests the question why the Saviour was not more mindful of the rights of property, in the country of the Gadarenes, when he wrought a miracle that drove a herd of swine into the sea. Perhaps the difference is found in the nature of the property—property in swine being only a common affair, while property in slaves was a divine institution. Was he so tender of the right of property in slaves that he

would hesitate to stop the unholy gains which resulted from sooth-saying? Did these masters not only have a title to the female slave, but to the very devil that was in her? Were they not only entitled to the labor of their slave's hands, but to the machinations of an unclean spirit? The right of property in man we have often heard vindicated, but the right of property in devils is a new development. Considerate apostle! It is wonderful that, with such a tender spirit, he could afterward disturb the conscience and mar the domestic felicity of Felix and Drusilla, by reasoning concerning righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, in their guilty presence. The reluctance which made him so tender of the unholy gains of these masters ought to have caused him to hesitate to disturb the marital relation of this distinguished couple, who were living in a criminal intimacy.

To be perfectly candid, we think this passage in Brother McGarvey's Commentary is discreditable to himself and dishonorable to the apostle. He owes it to himself to erase it from his book.

There are some other passages in the book which deserve notice, but we must defer further criticism indefinitely. There is much that is good and valuable in the Commentary. In pointing out what we conceive to be some of its defects and fallacies, we are not conscious of any unfriendly spirit. Brother McGarvey is a man of very marked ability, and of decided influence, and any serious public blunder he may make will be likely to affect not only his readers, but especially the young men he teaches in the Bible school. At any rate, truth demands that a book like this should be treated, not with gentle flattery, but with entire candor.

J. S.

THE NAME CHRISTIAN.

"THE thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."—SOLOMON.

ONE who is given to reading old books will meet with much to surprise him, and will be likely to sympathize with the would-be author who complained that "the ancients had stolen all his ideas." The following pertinent and forcible words were spoken more than one

hundred years ago by a Mr. Davies, a Presbyterian minister of much distinction. From 1745 till 1759 he preached in Eastern Virginia, where he had sharp conflicts with his Episcopalian brethren. In the year last named he was elected President of the College of New Jersey, and held that office till his death, in 1769. He was distinguished not only for ability and learning, but for his deep piety, and

his earnest devotion to the work of the ministry. Shortly after Braddock's defeat, he preached a patriotic sermon, in which, alluding to Washington, he said: "I may point out that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I can not but hope Providence has hitherto preserved, in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country." Some of our readers will remember that this semi-prophetic "hope" of Mr. Davies is quoted by Weems in his *Life of Washington*:

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch"—Acts xi: 26.

"Mere names are empty sounds, and of but little consequence; and yet it must be owned there are names of honor and significancy; and, when they are attended by the things signified by them, they are of great and sacred importance.

"Such is the Christian name—a name about seventeen hundred years old. And now, when the name is almost lost in party distinctions, and the thing is almost lost in ignorance, error, vice, hypocrisy and formality, it may be worth our while to consider the original import of that sacred name, as a proper expedient to recover both name and thing.

"The original word, which is here (Acts xi: 26) rendered *called*, seems to indicate that they were called Christians by divine appointment; for it generally signifies an oracular nomination or a declaration from God. Hence it follows, that the very name Christian, as well as the thing, was a divine original, assumed, not by a private agreement of the disciples among themselves, but by the appointment of God. And in this view it is a remarkable accomplishment of an old prophecy of Isaiah, chap. lxii: 2: 'The Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all the kings thy glory, and thou shalt be called by a

new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.'*

"Now, we may consider this name in various views, particularly as a name of distinction from the rest of the world, who know not the Lord Jesus, or reject him as an impostor; as a patronymic name, pointing out the Father and Founder of our holy religion and the Christian Church; as a badge of our relation to Christ as his servants, his children, his bride; as intimating our unction of the Holy Spirit, or our being the subjects of his influences, and as a name of appropriation, signifying that we are the property of Christ, and his peculiar people. Each of these particulars might be profitably illustrated. But my present design confines me to consider the Christian name only in two views, viz: as a Catholic name intended to bury all party denominations; and as a name of Christian obligation, upon all who wear it, to be Christians indeed, or to form their temper and practice upon the sacred model of Christianity.

"The name Gentile was odious to the Jews, and the name Jew was odious to the Gentiles. The name Christian swallows up both in one common and agreeable appellation. He that hath taken down the partition wall has taken away partition names, and united all his followers in his own name, as a common denomination. It is but a due honor to Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity, that all who profess his religion should wear his name; and they pay an extravagant and even idolatrous compliment to his subordinate officers and ministers, when they take their denomination from them. Had this humor prevailed in the primitive church, instead of the common name Christian, there would have been as many party names as there were apostles or eminent ministers. (I Cor. i: 12-15.) But, alas! how little has

* In a note to this paragraph, Mr. Davies cites all the passages in the New Testament, in which *christenizo* occurs, and then adds: "In all these it seems to mean a revelation from God, or something oracular. And this is a strong presumption that the word is to be so understood in the text."

this convictive reasoning of the apostle been regarded in the future ages of the church! What an endless variety of denominations, taken from some men of character, or from some little peculiarities, has prevailed in the Christian world, and crumbled it to pieces, while the Christian name is hardly regarded. Not to take notice of Jesuits, Jansenists, Dominicans, Franciscans, and other denominations and Orders in Popish Church, where, having corrupted the thing, they act very consistently to lay aside the name. What party names have been adopted by the Protestant churches, whose religion is substantially the same common Christianity, and who agree in much more important articles than those in which they differ; and who, therefore, might peacefully unite under the common name of Christians? We have Lutherans, Calvinists, Arminians, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and a long list of names which I can not now enumerate.

"To be a Christian is not enough now-a-days, but a man must also be something more and better; that is, he must be a strenuous bigot to this or that particular church. But where is the reason or propriety of this? I may, indeed, believe the same things which Luther or Calvin believed; but I do not believe them on the authority of Luther or Calvin, but on the sole authority of Jesus Christ; and, therefore, I should not call myself by their name, as one of their disciples, but by the name of Christ, whom alone I acknowledge, as the author of my religion and my only Master and Lord. If I learn my religion from one of these great men, it is, indeed, proper I should assume their name. A Christian learns his religion, not from acts of parliament, or from the determination of councils, but from Jesus Christ and his gospel.

"To be a Christian in the popular and fashionable sense, is no difficult or excellent thing. It is to be baptized, to profess the Christian religion, to believe like our neighbor that Christ is the Messiah, and to

attend upon public worship once a week in some church or other that bears only the Christian name. In this sense a man may be a Christian and yet fall short of the morality of many of the heathen—a Christian, and yet a willful, impenitent offender against God and man. To be a Christian in this sense, is no high character, and if this be the whole of Christianity, it is very little matter whether the world be Christianized or not.

"To be a Christian is to be like to Christ from whom the name is taken: it is to be a follower and imitator of him; to be possessed of his spirit and temper, and to live as he lived in the world."

Thus far President Davies, to which I will add only this, my firm conviction: If, by any means, the Protestant families could be induced to lay aside their denominational names, and piously and resolutely refuse to be called by any name but Christian, their essential unity would inevitably follow. It is not without many reasons of deepest import that the people, opprobriously called Campbellites, refuse utterly to be called by any other names than those divinely ordained, viz: Disciples of Christ, or Christians. They do not by this intend to affirm that they only are Christians, of all who love Jesus our Lord. Indeed, the "Reformation" began in a plea for the *union of Christians* before there was a church of the Reformation on earth, and while those urging the plea and suffering for it were yet unimmersed.

P.

CURIOUS.

THE following remarkable sentences are from the pen of Brother Mathes, editor of the *Christian Record*, Bedford, Indiana. Speaking of "The Scheme of Redemption," a late work by President Milligan, the *Record* says:

"It supplies a want long felt in our Christian literature, and we have no doubt it will have a great sale. It ought to be in the library of every family. It is just such a book as we would love to place in the hands of a neighbor who might be *desirous to understand the truth as it is in Jesus*. In reading this book carefully, he could *scarcely* fail to come to an *understanding of the Gospel*, so clear and full are its teachings."

The italics are mine. No dissent from the opinion of the *Record*, touching the merits of "The Scheme of Redemption," is here expressed or implied; but I would have supposed that a thoroughly "sound gospel man," who believes in "exposing the errors of the sects," would "love to put into the hands of a neighbor, desirous to understand the truth as it is in Jesus," not a man-made book, but the New Testament. But, perhaps the New Testament is not so "full and clear in its teachings" as the "Scheme of Redemption," and therefore the careful reader of the Testament might fail to "come to an understanding of the Gospel." This is curious talk for one who insists that the Gospel—the truth as it is in Jesus—is exceedingly plain and simple, and to be learned

from the Bible alone. But perhaps the "new editors" have not fully understood "our earnest men, who make no compromise with sectarianism."

Besides the foregoing, the *Record*, for January, 1869, devotes about twelve pages to querists, who, it seems, find some difficulty in understanding some portions of their creed. Some of the queries and some of the answers would strike a "new editor" as a little remarkable. This is especially the case with the answer to Brother Byers' questions concerning a case of discipline. In the discussion of the case, the editor of the *Record* makes many important statements, of which he offers no proof whatever. Indeed, in rendering his decisions, he makes but one specific reference to the New Testament, and then with manifest doubt as to the propriety of the reference. "Sound" men, who "make no compromise with sectarianism," ought, it seems to us, to show chapter and verse for all important decisions. Brother Mathes has, however, made the important discovery that "each congregation is, *to some extent*, independent in the management of *its internal affairs*." It would be interesting to know precisely *to what extent* each congregation is thus independent. *Sic itur ad astra*. We are progressing. There is no logic, after all, so convincing as the logic of events.

P.

FOR THE "QUERIST'S DEPARTMENT" OF THE CHRISTIAN RECORD.

1. WAS the late insurrection against the Government of the United States, for the purpose of extending the empire of human slavery, a sin against God?

2. Was the course pursued by the *Christian Review*, in relation to that insurrection, worthy of a "sound book-man?" See Rom. xiii.

3. What ought to be done with aged preachers of the Gospel—"earnest men who expose the errors of the sects," who attend the circus?

4. Was Barton W. Stone a Christian at the time of the great revival at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, in 1803?

5. Were Thomas and Alexander Campbell Christians in 1809, at the time the Society for the Promotion of Christian Union was formed?

6. Are the Baptists in the United States Christians?

If it would not be unpleasantly inconvenient, I would like categorical answers to the fourth and fifth of the foregoing queries. We intend some pretty sharp work with our "sound men," and hope they will face their brother with the same "pluck" they are accustomed to manifest when a "noisy Methodist" is to be encountered.

"IS IT WELL WITH THEE?"

WE may easily perplex ourselves with the great problems of Nature, Providence, and Redemption. We can ask questions that no man can answer—that, perhaps, a seraph can not answer; and what then? Shall we decline to do our duty, become indifferent to the welfare of the church, and allow the love of Christ to die within us? This would be as if one should refuse to drink of the pure waters of a fountain, because he could not trace the waters, drop by drop, to their sources in the heart of the mountain; or refuse to eat, until he could understand the living alchemy by which the crude elements of earth and atmosphere are wrought into flowers and fruit

and grain, and finally into blood and brain.

There is a life for man beyond the present life, and the great work of this world is preparation for the world to come. And in what does that preparation consist? Not in wealth, else the poor must be shut out of heaven; not in learning, else all the unlearned must perish. Not in any particular condition of life, but in the temper in which the present life is accepted and its issues wrought out, are we to find preparation, or the want of it, for the eternity to which we hasten. Duty, lovingly performed, brings to the soul the assurance that all is well. Faith, Love, Duty—these three, in

life, bring hope in death, and beyond death, glory eternal.

I do not propose to determine whether or not it is well with the *church*, or with my neighbor. It is common with us, when we are conscious of indifference to religion, to blame the church, or the preacher, or our neighbors—anything but ourselves. And yet, our joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, is not, or need not be, committed to accident. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, with them that hope in his mercy." "If any man love me," said the Christ, "he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him." These are wonderful sayings;—hast thou received them? With their reception, in all their fullness of blessed meaning, comes the Holy Spirit, to dwell in the lowly, contrite heart; and where the Spirit dwells, there must be joy. Is it well with thee? Never mind the logic or the philosophy of the matter, but believe, *trust*, and enter into rest. Men have well nigh philosophized God out of his own universe, and the Holy Spirit out of the Church, and Christ, the hope of glory, out of our hearts. "Verily I say unto you, he that receives not the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall not enter therein." Christ comes to us in the Gospel, because we are lost sinners, poor and miserable and blind and naked; not because we are talented and philosophic; the Spirit of God dwells with us and in us, because we are weak—because, without his pres-

ence our lives are barren and unfruitful, and our profession of religion, profitless to ourselves and to others; not because we understand all mysteries and all knowledge.

The healthful would not be likely to starve in the midst of abundance, free to all, without money and without price; nor ought "the children of a king go mourning all the days." But is it not true, that the same *unrest* that characterizes the "people of the world," in the midst of our hurrying, bustling, driving civilization, is characteristic of the people of the church also? Is it well with thee? The question presses for an answer. Does thy soul prosper? We shall not be happy as churches till we learn to be happy individually; we shall never keep a church in the love of God till the members shall learn so to keep themselves, somewhat independently of all things except God. To keep one's self in the love of God, hoping for the grace of our Saviour, to eternal life—this is the work, the very especial work, of each individual soul; and is it not the work that each individual soul is least apt to do? Why is it so? Are you Christ's redeemed one? Then all things are yours, and you have only to ask aright and you shall receive. Does the world treat you unkindly? Remember how it treated your Lord, and let your spirit be composed. Are you poor, dragging along toward the grave through weariness and endless toil? Let us think of him who had not where to lay his head, and take heart. Are you ignorant?

Be true and trusting, and the all-knowing One will guide you to heights that the learning and philosophy of this world never reached. Is the home where your days and nights are passed, "cold and dark and dreary"—a place from which natural affection has fled—a place where no tender, kindly sympathies have play? Meet your duties with unshaking firmness, be faithful to "the light that is in you," and "with prayer and thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God that passes understanding shall possess your heart and mind through Jesus Christ our Lord." Yes, the peace of God shall keep your heart, and with all the saints on earth you can join to sing:

"We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord has gone;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem."

Are you rich in the things of earth, and yet joyless in Christ? Then it is not well with thee, brother—assuredly not. And why? Have you trusted in uncertain riches? Have you received God's bounty without gratitude, and has the Spirit of God forsaken you? Go, then, at once, to the house of some poor, faint and weary one, and lift him up; speak words of brotherly cheer to him, and show, in every way, a brother's love, and Jesus will accompany you back to your pleasant home, and dwell with you there. The blessing of him that was ready to perish, will rest

on your heart like dew on flowers, and the love that binds you to the dear ones about your own hearthstone, will become an earnest of happy reunions beyond the Jordan.

Would it put one's orthodoxy into questionable shape, should he sometimes sing, with the pious John Newton:

"T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

What convincing evidence have I that I love the Lord? Do I keep his commandments? or even try to keep them? I have confessed his name and have been baptized, and "attend church" in good weather, during protracted meetings, and when there is preaching of unusual interest. When did I last pray to God? and for what did I pray? Can I say that I hunger and thirst after righteousness? Can I sing with the spirit and with the understanding:

"Break off the yoke of every sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee?"

Is it, indeed, well with thee? If yes, then are all things working together for thy good—the quiet angels of God are busy with thee, and soon shalt thou get home from thy perilous voyage:

"Rest for my soul I long to find,
Saviour of all, since mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and holy mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart."

P.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORD AND THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

WE acknowledge the courtesy and fraternal kindness of the *Christian Record*, as exhibited in the following notice of our Prospectus :

"What do these brethren mean by 'all Christian communions?' The Church of Christ is *one* 'Christian communion,' and it has no branches. Where, then, do brethren Pinkerton and Shackleford find the other 'Christian communions' which they propose to 'treat with fraternal regard?' It can be understood, we think, only as a small bid for recognition by the 'sects.' These new editors propose to be conservative in religion, and if they succeed, will publish a *conservative paper*! They think we have had quite enough of the 'wooden Gospel,' as some of them denominate the Gospel preached by our earnest brethren, who expose the errors of the sects, and make no compromise with sectarianism!

"They say that the 'original purpose of the Reformation was *not* the building up of a bigoted, proscriptive, censorious party!' Now, this is a charge against the Christian Brotherhood of the 'current Reformation,' that they are a 'bigoted, proscriptive, censorious party!' How modest!

"Now, if the brethren want a monthly paper, advocating such principles as these, let them send to Cincinnati and get the *Independent Monthly*—provided it succeeds."

We do not give the whole of what Brother Mathes has thought proper to say, but only the best things—those which he has garnished with notes of admiration. He seems desirous to know where "brethren Pinkerton and Shackleford find the other Christian communions which they propose to treat with fraternal regard." We

never proposed to treat any Christian communions with fraternal regard, and to so represent us is to misrepresent us. We propose, in our Prospectus, to treat with fraternal regard *all who call upon God out of a pure heart*, in all Christian communions.

As Brother Mathes is sorely troubled to know what we mean by all Christian communions, we will state, for his benefit, that we mean what we suppose he means when he speaks of "sects." We are aware that the church of God is *one*, and we are equally aware that none of these Christian communions, or sects, or even the "Christian Brotherhood of the current Reformation," constitute that church; but that it is made up of all the faithful and accepted followers of our Lord Jesus Christ, wherever they are scattered abroad. We hope this will be satisfactory to Brother Mathes, and to other "earnest brethren who expose the errors of the sects, and make no compromise with sectarianism."

He thinks we make a small bid for recognition by the "sects." If he can find comfort in this reflection, he is welcome to it; but he is mistaken. We neither bid for recognition by the "sects," or by sectarians among the Disciples. We desire to recognize the truth, and to deal justly and honestly with all men. We have no compromise to make with the errors of the sects, or with the errors of the

earnest men who expose the errors of the sects. Brother Mathes has so expressed himself as to make the impression on his readers that we have designated the "Gospel preached by our earnest brethren" as a "wooden Gospel." This is not fair. It can be understood, we think, only as a small bid for the support of these preachers, and an attempt to prejudice them against the editors of the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

He says these new editors propose to be conservative in religion, and if they succeed, will publish a conservative paper. This is not true. We say in our Prospectus, "We shall prayerfully strive to deal faithfully with the souls of men—to shrink from the utterance of no truth, however unpopular, that involves human duty, the eternal destinies of souls, and the honor of the Redeemer's kingdom." There is no foundation in our Prospectus for this gratuitous and misleading assumption of the *Record*.

He says that we charge "against the Christian Brotherhood of the current Reformation" that they are a "bigoted, proscriptive, censorious party." This is not true. Our language implies that there is a tendency in that direction—a tendency which we regret, and which it is our purpose to attempt to counteract. We did not say that our brotherhood is a censorious, bigoted, proscriptive party; but we do say, that if this article of the *Record* truly represents their spirit (as it does not), then it is not only a bigoted, proscriptive, censorious party, but an intensely narrow and mean one withal.

In conclusion, we will say, for Brother Mathes' edification, that the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY will perhaps succeed beyond his hope or wish; for there are some things in heaven and earth, and even in the "current Reformation," never dreamed of in his philosophy.

J. S.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—II.

OUR first proposition affirms the supreme Lordship of the Christ, and as a consequence of this, that every official act of every political or civil functionary that contravenes the authority of Christ, is an act of guilty usurpation. It can hardly be necessary to cite scriptures in proof of this statement. Christian people allow the proposition, whatever they may think of the inference. Nor can it be ne-

cessary to prove to unchristian people, what the history of the world demonstrates—that the human race needs the guidance of a wisdom higher than the highest human wisdom, if swords are ever to be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks—if peace and good-will are ever to prevail among men.

"All authority in heaven and in earth is given unto me," said Jesus

See Gen 1:1

to the men whom he commissioned to preach the gospel to *every creature*, and to make known to the human race the whole counsel of God. According to the teachings of the sacred scriptures, Jesus is King of kings and Lord of lords. It seems, however, to have entered largely into the imaginations of men, that while the authority of Christ is, indeed, supreme, and to be accepted without demur in all that relates to the conversion of sinners, the organization of congregations and of churches, the exercise of worship in Christian assemblies, and their edification, yet that, in all outside of this, men are left to the resources of their own understandings. In all that respects nations, states, municipalities and corporations, it seems to be assumed that the word of God has nothing to do—that there the will of man is supreme. It is on this account, perhaps, that our political centers are filled with violence and fraud—that, according to the political press, the public revenues are, to a large extent, controlled by “blaspheming thieves,” and States and lesser municipalities robbed of millions. For all this immense wrong the people of God, in the United States at least, are largely responsible; and it is full time that Courts and Cabinets, Kings, Presidents, Governors, Legislators and Judges, should *be made* to see, and in some sober, practical sense, to acknowledge that God does really exist, and that he has a right to govern a world he made, and which, with infinite patience, he preserves. There is too much suffering from poverty on this earth, considering the large amount of property Christ has in it; and though “the earth is his and the fullness thereof,” I mean here only

so much of both as is in the hands of his professed disciples. Destitute widows and orphans, the maimed and the lame, the sick and the ignorant, swarm in our cities and towns, and are plentiful even in the country; but God’s people are so taxed for the support of infidel politics—for every species of scoundrelism, that they are unable to succor these variously afflicted ones. “No religion in politics!” Truly there is none, but there ought to be; and one purpose of these papers is to demonstrate that the people of God, in the exercise of their political rights and franchises, are bound to do all that is possible in order to secure the triumph of justice and honesty in the administration of State affairs. For the present, I glance at the feature of the general subject furthest removed from the notice and agency of the body of the people—International Law.

International law is defined by President Woolsey to be—“the aggregate of the rules which *Christian* States acknowledge as obligatory in their relations to each other and to each other’s subjects.” This, though a restricted definition, is sufficiently broad for my purpose; and all the authors I have examined, substantially concur in its correctness. But whence springs the *obligation* of Christian States to observe the laws of nations? From the same source, I reply, whence spring the obligations of men to observe the rules of natural justice, equity and right, or the explicit or clearly implied will of God, in their dealings with one another.

“The natural law of nations has been subdivided into the divine law, and the application of the *law of God* to States.” Halleck, Int.

Law, chap. 1, p. 43. "An international code, though voluntary, can not, for that reason, be arbitrary, irrational, or inconsistent with justice." Woolsey, p. 30. "The natural or internal law of nations is obligatory on nations in point of *conscience*, and a nation ought never to lose sight of it in deliberating on the line of conduct she is to pursue in order to fulfill her duty." Vattel. "As an *individual* is bound by the law of nature (by the law of God, we would say) to deal honorably and truly with other individuals, whether the precise acts required of him be or be not such as their own municipal law will enforce; just so a *State*, in its relations with other States, is bound to conduct herself in the spirit of justice, benevolence, and good faith, even though there be no positive rules of international law, by the letter of which she may be actually tied down. The same rules of morality which hold together men in families, and which form families into commonwealths, also link together several commonwealths as members of the great society of mankind. Commonwealths, as well as private men, are liable to injury and capable of benefit from each other; it is, therefore, their duty to reverence, to practice and to enforce those rules of justice which control and restrain injury, which regulate and augment benefit, which preserve civilized States in a tolerable condition of security from wrong, and which, if they could be generally obeyed, would establish and permanently maintain the well-being of the universal Commonwealth of the human race." Chitty, note, Vattel, p. 59.

I have quoted these authorities for the benefit of such as may be

influenced by great men. For myself, this is sufficient, viz: The word of God enjoins upon all men, everywhere, the observance of whatever is just and honest and true, and, directly and by implication, forbids the opposite of these. The Bible ordains *justice* in all the divinely appointed relations of human society, and gives its own inspired definitions of justice, and appeals directly to the natural convictions of the human heart. These argumentative suggestions need not be pursued, for it is presumed no one will contend for diverse codes of morals; no one will affirm that falsehood, or injustice, or dishonesty, is anywhere to be commended or practiced. Then, *religion* is an important element in international law.

It happens that the laws of nations are little known or thought of by the masses of mankind, from the circumstances of their being discussed, interpreted and enforced almost exclusively by cabinets, and by conventions in the negotiation of treaties; but this circumstance does not carry these laws beyond the reach of the pulpit. It is seldom, indeed, that a preacher can accomplish anything by a discussion of matters which are made the subjects of national disputes. Unless, like a Breckinridge or a Beecher, he can make himself be heard by the millions, it is, therefore, as well for him to be silent. The humblest preacher might, nevertheless, at times, illustrate a principle by reference to such subjects, as fitly as by referring to the Scribes and Pharisees. This, however, I affirm: If a nation intelligently assents to wrong done by its rulers, whether the rulers are elective or hereditary, it does thereby assume, before all mankind, and before

God, the guilt of the ruler's conduct. An illustration or two will close this paper :

When the State of Texas, more than twenty years ago, was annexed to the United States, her western boundary seemed not to have been well defined. The United States *Government* claimed the Rio Grande as the true boundary, while the Mexican Cabinet insisted that the river Neuces—a river further east—marked the western limit of Texas. The arguments on either side are not remembered ; but, at the time, my opinion was that Mexico had the better claim to the disputed territory, and that, if England or France had been the opposing claimant, our Cabinet would not have been in such hot haste to inaugurate war. I do not insist that the opinion once formed and still entertained on the subject, is correct,—my purposed of requiring this. But this I do affirm, that if the claim of Mexico to the disputed territory was well founded, then the United States was guilty of meanness, as well as of gross injustice in wresting it from a weak neighbor—that, in fact, the war upon Mexico was robbery and murder, and all who intelligently concurred in that war, on our part, will be held to answer at the bar of God for their crimes. There ought to be religion in politics. Jesus Christ claims the same authority over nations as over churches.

The Government of the United States is at this time seriously perplexed in her relations with Great Britain. During the late civil war, as our authorities allege, England violated the law of nations in several particulars, but especially in allowing vessels of war to be fitted out in her waters by a power then at war with the United States.

No opinion is ventured on the merits of the controversy—allusion being here made to it for the purpose of illustration only. But, if the views entertained by the Washington Cabinet are correct, then the conduct of England, in the case complained of, was not only ungenerous and unjust, but it was, in effect, piracy and murder, and every Briton that aided in the evil work, or assented to it, will be arraigned for these crimes at the judgment-seat of Jesus Christ. If there is no religion in politics, there ought to be, as all men will one day learn ; it may be to the infinite sorrow of many.

And what will the people of the United States say when God shall call them to account for the merciless manner in which, for weary decades, they have treated *His Indians* ?

“ My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.”

Perhaps the American pulpit may some day come to regard God's poor children of the woods as worthy of prayerful mention. That day should be hastened, for if our “ Indian policy ” should ever become a “ plank ” in a “ political platform,” it will at once cease to be either moral or religious, and, therefore, unfit for the pulpit ! Scalp away, then, you white precursors of a Godless civilization ! Your victims are nothing but Indians ! An Indian war is profitable in some respects, and shrewd men can “ make a good thing of it.” By the time you shall have murdered the last Indian, the Millennium may dawn ; or, should it not, the Christian people of the United States may have settled some interesting questions about conversion, sanctification, baptism, church government, and *universal salva-*

tion, and will have time to think of justice, mercy, love, and the fear of God. For the present, Indians and

"niggers" must look out for themselves. There is no religion in politics ! P.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

As evidence that the Reformation is *not* tending toward bigoted, proscriptive sectarianism—in fact, that there is no danger of its acquiring such tendency, we submit the following paragraphs from the "Introductory Address" to the patrons of the "*American Christian Review*," of the current year. The "Address" is by the editor of the *Review*, who is pre-eminently a "representative man." President Pendleton says of the *Review*—"it is the most popular paper among us," and he might have added, the most influential.

I beg to dedicate this edition of the following paragraphs to the presidents of the several colleges fostered by the Reformation, and to the professors in the Bible schools of said colleges. It might occur, too, that the professors of *Belles-Lettres* would find in them matter of instruction, if they could be induced to consider the case attentively. Speaking of the religious denominations in the United States, the editor of the *Review* says :

"Look at that cold and inanimate shadow, called 'the Church,' the central idea of which is the Episcopal form of church government, in a three years' quarrel about ritualism, numbering about 150,000 in the United States. Any man who dreams of it ever amounting to anything more than a decaying old body,

rapidly hastening to dissolution, must be, indeed, slow of observation. Where is the life to come from to keep it in existence? Its main attraction is as purely worldly as a State or County fair. It has the charm of *aristocracy* written on it. But there is as little, if anything, in it for the people as there is of the grace of God or anything *divine*.

"Look again, and see the rise and founding of the Presbyterian Church, the central idea of which is the Presbyterial form of government, but, in some two hundred years, split into some ten parties, and the whole of these parties together containing less than 500,000 members in the United States, and rapidly declining and dying away in some sections of country where they were once strongest.

"Look, also, at that other noisy and boastful people called Methodists, with no central idea, no particular aim, nor clearly defined ground; split into a dozen or more fragments, and continuing to split every few years on church policy, on slavery, and then on politics. The man who can have any hope in these scattered fragments of Methodists, amounting to anything more than alienated parties, rapidly retrograding, dispersing and scattering to the four winds, can certainly hope against hope. The Baptists have been trying for a couple of centuries to build up a great church, with baptism for its central idea. But there is no cohesive power in baptism to bind them in Union. They have split into more than a dozen parties. There is nothing of promise here."

And such unkind and ungentle utterances as the foregoing is the food on which young immortals are to be fed, and breathes the spirit

in which our young ministers are to go forth to preach to the lost in the blessed name of Jesus—the spirit in which they are to present the great plea of the Reformation, for the union of the children of God! What must be the *type* of the religion engendered under the reign of such a spirit? I will not allow myself the license of a single remark on the subject.

Whatever may be the defects of the Episcopal Church—whatever its lack of popular power, is it true that its “*central idea* is the Episcopal form of government?” Did Cranmer, and Ridley, and good old Bishop Latimer, die for the Episcopal form of church government? Was not the Roman Catholic government Episcopal? And yet the Catholic Church put these good men to death by burning, and Jesus helped them to endure it. Is it true that “the main attraction” of the Episcopal Church “is as purely worldly as a State or County fair?” Is it true that there is nothing in it for the people? “nothing of the grace of God, or anything *divine*?” Is this the truth? If not, what is it?

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, was away recently on a tour in the far Northwest, endeavoring to do something, in the name of the Saviour of sinners, for the poor Indians. Speaking of his tour, the Bishop says:

“I have just returned from a long visit to the Indians near Fort Wadsworth, and it has been one of the most perilous of my life. The way lay over vast prairies, often twenty or thirty miles without a

human habitation, and then a mere shanty of logs, as cheerless as any attic in your city. There was from six to fifteen inches of snow on the ground. I went up to care for some poor Indians. * * * I knew those Indians well six years ago, and could not have believed that poverty and sorrow could work such havoc in six years. Nearly one in ten of the whole tribe are blind or lame or sick. It would have touched your heart to have seen the joy and gratitude of this poor people when I came.”

This earnest man says to his friend:

“Never in my life have I been so straitened for means in every department of my work; and, at times, it does seem as if my heart would faint within me, but I try to be hopeful, and work on with abiding trust in God.”

This “Episcopalian’s” work differs slightly from preaching in the “Blue Grass” regions of Kentucky at from fifty to eighty dollars per week, and sumptuous fare! But, then, Bishop Whipple belongs to a church whose “main attraction is as purely worldly as a State or County fair”—a church that has “as little in it for the people as there is of the grace of God or anything divine,” while the editor of the *Review* is, according to his own statement, preaching and practicing the veritable Christian religion. Perhaps he is. Alas for poor Bishop Whipple, with his “*aristocracy*” and his poor, sick Indians, among the wilds of Minnesota!

What is said in our extract concerning the Episcopalians is not more untrue nor more ungenerous than what is said of the Presbyterians and Methodists. It is not

true that the "central idea" of the Presbyterian Church is its form of government. Its foundation is Christ and him crucified, the only hope of sinful man. Thomas and Alexander Campbell were Presbyterians in 1808. Was the "Presbyterial form of church government the central idea" of their religion at that time? Is it true that the "noisy and boastful people called Methodists" have "no central idea, no particular aim, no clearly-defined ground?" If this is not true, then it is simply slanderous. Had John Wesley no particular aim when he was preaching at five o'clock in the morning to the coal-heavers of New Castle, or to the weavers of Spitalfields? He preached thus early, for years together, that some of the poor people of England might hear of the love of God in Christ, before going to their daily toils. He often preached to a poor, ignorant rabble, at the peril of his life. During his long and active career he made many thousands of pounds, yet died worth less than one hundred dollars, if memory is not at fault. Except a pittance, all his income, from all sources, had gone to meeting-houses, to schools, and to the poor.

Methodism may have degenerated since the time of John Wesley. It has, probably, merely changed its type or mode of expression; but, however this may be, there are not wanting at this day, among Methodists, examples of devotion to the work of the ministry that are worthy of all com-

mendation. There are poor Methodist ministers preaching among the mountains of Kentucky now, for less money per annum than the editor of the *Review* sometimes receives for one of his *noiseless* "Big Meetings!" But, then, poor fellows, "they have no particular aim!" They are most certainly not aiming to make money—nor are they compromising the thirteenth chapter of Romans.

Our brethren complain often, and justly, of the want of candor in their opponents. They allege that the representations often made of our teaching and practice, are unfair, ungenerous and untrue. Should we not do to others whatsoever we would that others should do to us? Now, when some preacher or editor says of us, that we do not believe in the work of the Holy Spirit, nor in the divinity of Christ—that the central idea of our religion is immersion—that if a man will only *say* he believes in Christ, and be baptized, he may believe and do pretty much whatever else he pleases—we say that the statements are not true, and that the preacher or editor who makes them, is either culpably ignorant or else reckless of truth. Not more untrue are such statements, concerning us, than are those quoted from the "*American Christian Review*," of the people to whom they refer.

I deem it unnecessary to say that baptism is not the "central idea of the Baptist Church." So far as the writer knows, the brethren of the Reformation have al-

ways regarded the Baptist Church as a church of Christ, more or less in darkness concerning some matters of Christian doctrine and practice; and the Reformation began its aggressive work in the attempt to effect some changes in the particulars in which the Baptists were supposed to be wrong. But I desist. It is surely time that all who profess faith in Christ had learned to speak of each other kindly, or, at least, truthfully. We can do this without compromising our own convictions of divine truth, or ceasing to proclaim them, or without hesitating to oppose whatever we believe to be wrong in principle. If we can not have a religion that

will allow us to honor the good, and noble, and pure men and women, who have suffered and toiled, or who are now suffering and toiling, according to their best convictions, for the blessing and salvation of our poor, unfortunate race, then it were better that we should have no religion at all. To check, if possible, the growth of a spirit of intolerant bigotry is one purpose of the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY*. "Finally, brethren, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are true—if there be any virtue, and if there be any *praise*, think on these things."

P.

ANTEDILUVIAN FRIENDSHIPS AND IMMORTALITY.

THE following is one of the Greyson letters, written by Henry Rodgers, the author of the "Eclipse of Faith:"

GREAT BARR, August, 1843.

MY DEAR WEST—I am not ashamed to say that, after you left me, I felt very much like a fish out of water, if, indeed, you know how that feels. I could settle to nothing. My books seemed uninteresting—the garden-walk we had so often paced of late, intolerably lonesome—the silent piano a positively disagreeable object. The sun shines as bright over the green fields and hills as when we rambled and talked so merrily there yesterday, and yet it seems to shine with a sombre and melancholy light. Certainly those of us who live almost absolutely in solitude are much to be pitied when we have parted with a friend; for,

if the pleasure of seeing him is keen in proportion to the rarity of the enjoyment, the separation is felt with a far more exquisite sensibility than can ever be experienced by those to whom each day brings a new guest, and whose memories, like the waxen tablet of the ancients, are ready each moment to receive a new impression.

These partings—when will they cease? or cease to be regretted because they can be at pleasure eternally renewed? But in this world, and at our age, I can not help thinking, whenever we part, of what Cowper says so pathetically, that "the robin red-breast may be chirping on the grave of one of us before the winter is over." I sometimes envy the patriarchs their longevity, who could, without absurdity, invite a friend to pay a visit, "if all be well," half a century, or, for the matter of that, two centuries hence, and at sixty bespeak the honor and pleasure, "if nothing

happened, of your company at their three hundred and fiftieth birthday!—at all events, when they did meet, could speak not only of an ancient friendship of thirty or forty years, as we poor ephemerals so complacently do, but of one of five or six centuries! Terribly long-winded, though, depend upon it, must have been some of those stories which the old gentleman told over a winter fire; I imagine Methuselah's youngest son, a stripling of eighty or so, must often have anticipated the maxim of Montaigne, "*Les vieillards sont dangereux.*" No doubt he often quietly slipped out of the room just as the patriarch began that desperately tough affair of his "first love," when he was a gay youth of just one hundred. Can not you imagine the ancient, surrounded with his great-great-great-grandchildren, to the seventh or eighth generation, in a small family party of seven hundred and forty-five—all assembled to celebrate his eight hundred and fifty-first birthday? What prodigious lapses of time, methinks, would the old gentleman be apt to deal with—how he remembered something four hundred and fifty years ago, "come next fall," as well as if it happened "yesterday;" how he remembered it very well, because his eldest daughter's great grandchild's fifth daughter's son's nephew was then a little lad of forty years of age, and died of the measles!

Yet, on second thoughts, it seems irrelevant thus to talk of the imagined prosiness of him on whose silver hairs we should have looked as on the snowy summit of Mont Blanc; whose eyes had gazed on those of Adam; who could tell us traditions of the young beauty of Eve, and carry us back to memories of the world's dawn!

But would even patriarchal longevity suffice us? I trow not. Even *that* must come to an end; and if we were to live, not only as long as Methuselah, but as long as Voltaire's little man of Saturn, whose term was thirty thousand years, or even as "Micromegas" himself, we should still

say: "This, you see, is just to be admitted to a glimpse of the world; we are doomed to die, as one may say, the moment we are born." No question but Methuselah himself often read sage lessons in his nine hundredth year on the extreme brevity and vanity of human life, and told his descendants, when near a thousand, that his days were but "as a shadow," and "as a dream in the night." What then the remedy? Ah! my friend, how these partings make one long for that immortality in which there shall be none, or none that shall be attended with regrets; because we shall be assured that after a little interval—yes, for even if separation be for a thousand years, it will be little in comparison with eternal duration—we shall meet in joy again, and friendship know no death. Strange, glorious issue of things! when friends shall bid each other farewell, even for five hundred years, with an unmoistened eye: set out, on a little tour of some small portion of the universe (to visit Cassiopea, for example, or Orion, for two or three centuries), and come back, still to find the charmed home-circle unbroken, the "immortal amaranth" still mantling the porch with its unfading leaf, and gardens ever verdant, because there "eternal summer dwells."

Mystery of mysteries! that human folly should ever forego these enchanting hopes, and count itself "unworthy of eternal life:" still greater mystery, that sin should ever induce us to do anything to forfeit them! Yet, in truth, the latter mystery will enable us to comprehend the former; for the fact that man is such a fool as to imperil immortal delight for momentary gratifications, too well explains his apathy. Apart from the consciousness of demerit, there is not a human being who would not, amidst the sorrows and separations of this world, sooner part with anything than the hopes—even though they be faint—of immortality. Let a future life be only matter of guesses and conjectures, yet, if man thought that the sole alternatives it presented were No-

thing or "eternal happiness," you would see all mankind true to the principles on which they generally act, and believing as *the will directed them*. Yes, ready to knock anybody on the head who but whispered a doubt of that fair reversion which man's hope would soon teach him to convert into certainty.

Strange that any one, for the sake of a little gain, or a profitable lie, or the momentary gratification of any passion or appetite whatever, should do any thing to cloud such bright hopes, which surely, even if delusive, are, so long as they are believed, by far the most solid and precious of all our pleasures! May you and

I, my friend, seek, in the only right way, the realization of these hopes, and every day earnestly strive to render ourselves less strange to the scenes which await us, by foregoing every appetite and passion which is inconsistent with them. We shall then at length greet each other, I doubt not, in that world where we shall either part no more, or part and meet, and meet and part, without end—meet with ever fresh delight, and part without fear or sorrow; where "farewell"—no empty wish—will always fulfill itself, and "welcome" will be repeated forever.

Yours ever,

R. E. H. G.

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

CALIFORNIA, MO., Sept. 29, '68.

Brother Errett—It is in sorrow and sadness I write you, relative to *our cause* in this part of Missouri. The immediate cause of my sorrow is this: One year ago I came to California a stranger. Our people had no organization or house of worship in the place. The Baptists, however, had a small house, and were then running a very flourishing little Sunday school, where I at once became a regular attendant and an active worker. In a short time I was elected Assistant Superintendent of this school, in which position I remained until very recently. About six months ago I organized (with the consent of the Baptists) a separate school, to meet in the forenoon. We called this school the "*Union School*," and I was made its Superintendent. About one month ago the Baptists proposed to join the two schools in one, and make myself the Superintendent of the joint schools; and this was actually done. But, in

the meantime, the colored people of the town made application to me (in connection with Rev. Mr. Sherrill and lady, of the Congregational Church) to start a Sunday school for them, to meet at a different time and place from the white school. We immediately called a meeting for them, but found it impossible for the greater part of them to meet until the afternoon. This was made known to the Assistant Superintendent of the Baptist school (united), and they were solicited to change the time of meeting to the morning, in order to make it *possible* for the blacks to have a school. But they indignantly refused to do so, saying, "If I preferred a black school to a white one, I might go"—and this, too, after we had explained to them the impossibility of the blacks meeting in the forenoon; and they at once proceeded to elect another Superintendent in my stead—to all of which I made no protest at all.

And now comes the sad part of

my story. As soon as my own brethren and sisters learned that I had consented to take charge of the black school, they immediately withdrew their children, turned the cold shoulder to me, and "*refused to allow their children to go to Sunday school to any man who would teach niggers.*" But, my dear brother, surely I am in the right here, and from the right I *can not* and will not deviate, even though brothers and sisters (!) should join the street rabble in their mocking jeers and taunts at this humble attempt to elevate and make better the poor, destitute, unfortunate blacks of our town. God save me from such a foolish prejudice as this!

Brother Errett, I can but turn away from *such Christianity* (!) in utter disgust. Oh! how very unlike the glorious pattern given by the great Teacher—even Jesus. And yet, these all claim to be followers—disciples—of Him. Our black school is flourishing, only we are nearly destitute of teachers. Only a very few have moral courage enough to brook public opinion. A great field is open here.

In sorrow, I am yours in Christ,
JOHN H. COTTON.

[Brother C., and all who, like him, labor for truth and righteousness against popular prejudice, must, after the example of the Master, and, according to apostolic instructions, "in meekness instruct those who oppose themselves, if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth." Patience, gentleness, and steadfastness will, in the end, overcome this unrighteous prejudice. It is good to suffer—it is but little we have to suffer at most. Go on steadily, Brother C., and kindly, and you will have the prayers of all enlightened

Christians for your success in a righteous work.—ED. STANDARD.]

The foregoing, which we clip from the *Standard*, will serve to show that, though slavery is dead, its spirit still lives. Some persons are disposed to make light over any discussion of the spirit and history of slavery, or any allusions to the outrages which are now perpetrated on the blacks. These are either accounted dead issues, or at least not worthy of the consideration of enlightened Christian white men, who are on their journey home, and who do not like their dreams of heaven disturbed by any mundane controversy. Christ was crucified almost two thousand years since, and yet men can now crucify him afresh and put him to an open shame by entering into the spirit of the men who murdered him. Abel was slain far back in the history of our race; yet his blood, with all the righteous blood unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, who was slain between the temple and the altar, came upon the generation that crucified our Saviour. Andersonville has passed into history, and the grass grows over the graves of its starved and murdered victims; but the crime of Andersonville attaches to all who approve in their hearts its measureless inhumanities. Slavery is abolished by law, but its sin clings to every tyrant who despises and oppresses the weak. The issues between truth and falsehood, justice and oppression, are of old. They will never die until God or Satan triumphs.

AUGUST NEANDER.

WE make the following extracts from an article in an old *Eclectic*, copied into that paper from the *Prospective Review*:

Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born at Gottingen, January 16, 1789. His parents were Jews, and educated their son in their own religious principles. When he was very young they removed to Hamburg—a city which Neander always regarded as his home, and to the excellent institutions of which he was indebted for great part of his education. As his relations were wretchedly poor, and had great difficulty in providing for his support at college, even according to the very moderate scale of a German student's expenses, we may conclude that most of his early training was gratuitous. In his sixteenth year he was converted to Christianity, and proceeded to study first at Halle, and afterward at Gottingen. Of his university life we know little. His physical disadvantages, combined with his sensitive modesty, made him shy—but he bore the reputation of great learning, and piety, rare in one so young. An anecdote of this period of his life is so characteristic of the man of whom the youth was father, that we can not forbear to narrate it. Neander was, as we have said, very poor—nor let the idea of a poor student be a disparagement at an English university, or a lodging in London, with the smallest possible share of English comforts. Goethe, in his "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," tells of a student who went to bed at dusk, because he could not afford lamp oil; and we have ourselves known one, who,

when he could no longer endure the intense cold of a German winter, did the same, because unable to pay for a fire. Such instances are not uncommon, as is proved by the fact, that the young Neander, suffering thus, found a student so much poorer than himself as to be in actual danger of starvation. It was discovered not long after—accidentally, for Neander would never have revealed it—that he had divided his scanty store with his absolutely penniless acquaintance, and that both had lived for six weeks on bread and water only. It is such quiet heroism of self-denial as this, which the "Father who seeth in secret" will one day openly reward.

From Gottingen he returned to Hamburg, where he resided for a short time. But in 1811 he removed to Heidelberg, and occupied himself in writing his first work, "*The Emperor Julian and his age*," published at Leipzig in 1812. It was now at once seen that he possessed no ordinary talent for the study of ecclesiastical history. In the same year he was appointed extraordinary professor of theology at Heidelberg, and invited after a few months to become ordinary professor in the same faculty, in the infant university at Berlin, where he labored assiduously and successfully for thirty-eight years. His life, during that period, is void of all events, save the successive publication of his very numerous works, and the steady growth of his reputation. It was free even from those domestic vicissitudes—by which most men reckon up their joys and sorrows—for he never married. His sister—who was old enough to have

watched over him when young, and still survives to lament her irreparable loss—tended him with unwearied love, and exercised an influence over him, compounded of reverence for his virtues and talent, and of authority arising from her superior knowledge of the world, which perhaps no wife could have successfully assumed.

* * * * *

Yet these thirty-eight years of deep diving into the fathers, and exploring old libraries, and writing church history, and exposition of Scripture, though affording little to relate in detail, were laborious enough, and not without result. To this a goodly range of octavos on very many periods of Christian history—from the life of Christ to the life of St. Bernard; pamphlets and monographs of every variety of subject difficult of enumeration; daily lectures on every conceivable theological topic—philosophy, doctrine, history, biblical criticism; and the numberless hearts he won—hearts now mourning his loss all over Germany, and England, and America—abundantly testify. Indeed a chief characteristic of the man, was his capacity for continuous labor. Work was an essential part of his religious faith and practice. It is true, his whole soul was in his vocation, and, therefore, toil was delightful to him. This characteristic manifested itself not only in the magnitude of his literary achievements, but even more in his daily habits and conduct. The students remarked that Neander was somewhat of a hard master—for he conceived himself wanting to his duty, if he availed himself of even the most valid excuse to omit a lecture, short of absolute necessity. In a German university a lecturer does not hold himself very

strictly bound by the legal definition of the length of a session, but Neander's holydays were always shorter than those of any one else. The latter part of his life was full of touching examples of this characteristic. When worn by disease, and so far blind as to be unable to write more than his name, he dictated popular expositions of the Epistles for the periodical which stands at the head of this article, and which was conducted by one of his pupils. When attacked by his last illness, he persisted in his usual labors, and answered the expostulations of his sister with an impatience very strange to his usual saint-like temper: "Leave me alone. Can not every day-laborer work when he will, and wilt thou not let me do the same?" When, on the same night his physician had pronounced the symptoms highly dangerous—he was with difficulty persuaded to issue a notice for the suspension of his lectures, and then limited the suspension to a day. Even at last, when his mental powers were impaired, he fancied himself in the university, and commenced a lecture on New Testament exegesis; then called for paper that he might commit to writing the subjects of his lectures in the ensuing session—and finally, dictated for some time a portion of his unfinished history, taking up the subject where he had left it a few days before, and carrying it forward, in a regular connection of ideas, to the end of a chapter. Then, with the words, "I am weary, and will go to sleep; good night," he fell asleep indeed. Was there ever a more touchingly characteristic close to a life of conscientious labor? The Christian soldier died in harness.

This conscientiousness was nowhere more strikingly exhibited

than in the performance of his university duties. As we have before said, a connection with a university is an object of ambition to the German man of letters, as giving him a position in the world, and a fixed though often small income. This once obtained, many of them, and especially men of literary celebrity, are content to perform merely routine duties; to read year after year the same courses of lectures, and employ the leisure thus gained to extending and establishing their reputation. If that reputation be but wide enough, they will be sure of full classes, even though—as we know to be true of a distinguished living scholar—sons should hear the lectures their fathers heard before them. The case was widely different with Neander. He did indeed regularly go through, in a fixed number of courses, the whole subject of church history. But this was only a small portion of his public labors. He devoted fully as much time to other theological topics—perhaps with a preference for Christian morals, and the exposition of the New Testament. Nor did these latter prelections form part of any cycle; at least, if so, the cycle was so large that observing students never discovered the law of their recurrence. He seemed to consider theological education as his chief work, and first duty, and thus, whatever new train of thought arose in his own mind, whatever new investigation occupied his time, was soon carried to the university for the benefit of his pupils. And when there, it was plain that his heart was in the work. His lecture was no hour's mechanical and lifeless reading, from a worn and discolored MS. It was extempore, and the bystander could not but wonder as he poured forth names,

dates, facts, and even long quotations from the capacious storehouse of his memory. Once behind the well-known desk, and with the accustomed array of benches before him, and the shy student, who glided along the passages of the university with downcast eye, and stealthy step, as if to shun recognition—might have excited ridicule by the odd enthusiasm of his gestures, had he not at once disarmed it, by the evident sincerity which glowed within. Nor was this labor, at least, without reward. His lecture-room, the largest in the university building, has been known to contain a class of four hundred students.

His influence over his pupils was, however, acquired and exercised far less in the lecture room than beyond its walls. He sought every opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with each. The custom of a German university compels every student to wait personally upon the professor he intends to hear. This occasion Neander always seized to inform them, that his society, his advice, if need be his help—were ready for each. One evening in the week was spent with a chosen few in reading some Greek or Latin father, and in discussion on a subject previously announced, which Neander himself led. On another occasion he kept open house for all who attended his classes. A curious scene his library was, on such Saturday evenings. Shelves piled to the roof; doors, and even window frames, hung with prints; bird cages hung from the ceiling; folios on every table but one, and on nearly every chair; busts and models wherever possible. In the midst of this confusion sat the kind old man, in his tattered library gown, with a smile and warm

grasp of the hand for every comer. Forms there were none. No introduction was necessary; if unknown, the guest merely stated his name, and stumbled to a seat as best he might, over prostrate Fathers of the Church. The one table, not book-laden, held the materials for tea; each helped himself; and the host discoursed, or conversed, as the case might be, on topics chiefly of religious or social interest—ever as ready to listen as to speak. Again, no Sunday passed but a company of students, with others, assembled around the professor's hospitable board; the company somewhat more select, and the topics of conversation more varied. These may seem to some persons trivial details. They are nevertheless the facts which account for Neander's extraordinary influence for good over his pupils. Few teachers have ever been loved as he was. Nor can any details of so noble an influence, so holy a life, be rightly considered trivial by the student of the Christian character.

There was, however, one characteristic of his mind, peculiarly adapted to engage and secure both love and confidence—namely, the child-like simplicity and guilelessness of his kindness. As an old pupil enthusiastically says:

"All that he said and did was truth. The peculiarity of his demeanor was simply this—that without concealment or embarrassment, he was himself. The inner and outer man were in him the same. Naked, unprotected, guileless as a child, he stood before the world—guarded from every rude touch only by the atmosphere of divinity which surrounded him. * * It was this openness which kept all that was merely outward at a distance from Neander. With him nothing was only a form. What other men do because they are more or less accustomed to it, received at his hands the spirit which had at first originated it. His grasp of the hand, his

greeting, his inquiry after your health, were all real and true. At his how-do-you-do? it was impossible to preserve the indifference with which one usually hears the question; his voice and manner showed that he was really anxious to know. And he had too a gift of observation and remembrance of accidental indications of this kind, which neither *savoir vivre*, nor general kindliness of heart, but only love, can give."—*Deutsche Zeitschrift*, etc., August 3.

A little incident once witnessed by ourselves, though somewhat laughable, strongly shows this childlike kindliness of heart. He one day received a letter from the wilds of Western America, from a correspondent, who, to the characteristic assurance of the Yankee, joined the share of that quality usually possessed by the collector of autographs. He was a perfect stranger to our good professor, yet had written to make the three modest requests following: that Dr. Neander would send his autograph—that the said autograph should be in the form of a long letter giving a sketch of the then state of theology and religion in Germany—and that the professor would also procure and send the autographs of Niebuhr and A. Von Humboldt. Would Dr. Whewell or any other Cambridge notability, believe that Neander not only immediately set about executing the commission, but refused to be persuaded by an English friend that there was anything impudent or unreasonable in the request? But to return to the serious part of the subject. Can we wonder that this man won the hearts of all who knew him, and was the subject of their most enthusiastic admiration, when we remember that he added to this simple kindness a self-denying benevolence, which knew no bounds, save the entreaties and expostulations of his friends? Let the fol-

lowing anecdote display the man ; the self-denial was exercised on behalf of the student whom we have above quoted, then lying on his death-bed :

"Our departed friend had been long ill, and was unable to procure the comforts necessary for his condition. In this necessity, the friend who nursed him went with heavy heart to Neander. He, when the former had endeavored to break the matter to him with some little circumlocution, went up to him in great trouble, and begged to be told the plain state of the case. The friend named the sum which would be necessary. Neander rubbed his hands together, anxious and perplexed. He never had any money at his own disposal. He went up and down his library, and looked at his books, one after another, as a father looks at his children. All at once he stopped before a large volume in costly binding, one of the most valuable books in his library, and all the more valuable, from the fact that only a few copies had been printed and distributed by the author. He took the book, laid it in the hands of the applicant, and said : 'Money I have none, but take this, and try to sell it—but take care to do it secretly—no one must know.' The seal is now taken from the mouth so long closed. He alone who knows what his books were to Neander—how he denied himself the necessities of life to be extravagant in books, what a bond of love and gratitude existed between him and them, can fully estimate the magnitude of the gift, when he offered on the altar of his God the dearest treasure which his house contained."—*Deutsche Zeitschrift*, etc., July 27.

We have lingered so long over the character of the Christian teacher, as to have left ourselves but little time for the church historian and the theologian—yet as the former, Neander is most widely known out of Germany. And the first characteristic of the historian we remark, is a Christian impartiality, produced by the childlike simplicity of love which we mentioned as displayed in his daily habits. Church history has too frequently been written with a definite dogmatic

purpose ; with fixed intent to find in the progress of Christianity—ever moulding itself to the specific wants of the age and nationality of its disciples—only the development of a creed. Others again have treated it—not as if there were but one truth and no other, but as if there were no truth at all ; as if Cerinthus and John, Manes and Augustine, Leo and Luther, were developments of Christ equally worthy of consideration and regard. Whereas, we conceive that it can be rightly written only by one, who, himself apprehending the essence of the gospel apart from dogmatic forms, having been made free by "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," "from the law of sin and death," is not only willing but anxious to trace the operation of the same spirit in the lives of those whose conception of "the form of sound doctrine" is different from his own. For neither indifference, which is careless of truth, nor bigotry, which is ignorant of love, can write the history of those good tidings, which are at once both truth and love. In such a spirit, if we apprehend him rightly, did Neander write the history of the church. His vast learning made him familiar with the whole data of church history. The dry bones were all there—how to inform them with life ? And for the accomplishment of this problem, his heart, so filled with a wide and generous love of all fellow disciples real or so-called ; his mind, so humble, so childlike, so divested of all forms and prejudices, were peculiarly fitted. Hence the power of entering into the peculiarities of the Christian life—so manifested in his popular "*Memorabilia* of the Christian life in the first centuries." Hence, too, the reproach sometimes made against him, that

he has written the history of the invisible rather than of the visible church; of the kingdom of God silently making its way among the hearts of men, rather than of the hypocrisy, the worldliness, the unreality, the untruthfulness, which have too often disgraced so-called Christian sects.

* * * * *

It is necessary that we should say something of the theological opinions of one, who by his writings and personal intercourse has exercised so wide and deep an influence over the present generation of German theologians. The task is by no means easy—nor are we aware that it is likely to lead to any profitable result. We will, therefore, be very brief. Neander occupied a middle position between the two contending schools of extreme supernaturalists and extreme rationalists; between the school which assumes scripture as the organ of revelation, to be the basis of religion and the criterion of philosophy, and that which altogether subjects the Bible to the abstract conclusions of the human intellect. Whether or not he consciously strove to occupy this position we know not. It was the fortune of his life to have to contend alternately against the extremes on either side of him. At one time he was vindicating the liberty of biblical criticism, at another defending it from license. But the truth is, that the historic and the philosophic mind are rarely conjoined in one person. The historian is too dependent on the statements and conclusions of others; too much accustomed to weigh evidence, and extract an average of truth, to be able to follow boldly and independently a train of abstract reasoning to its ultimate consequences; especially in a case

where the adoption of such consequences results in opposition to a great majority of thinkers on the same subject. No doubt there are subjects in which the “*in medio tutissimus ibis*” is justly applicable to the discovery of truth. But even in those it is rather practically safe, than theoretically true; and in the case of religious truth, above all others, can lead only to ill-founded principles, vague statements, and hasty assumptions. Such, we say it reverently, have seemed to us the practical faults of Neander’s theological opinions, so far as his somewhat cloudy written statements and evident disinclination to converse on doctrinal subjects allowed a student or observer to form a conclusion. He recoiled from the orthodoxy which he himself disbelieved; yet recoiled equally from the heterodoxy to which his own principles, logically carried out, would inevitably have led. Something, too, may be attributed to the fears of a spiritually-minded and deeply religious man, lest in departing too far from the form of doctrine in which he had originally received Christianity, he should lose those practical benefits which were the blessings of his daily life. And as we do not the less love Howard for his narrow-minded Calvinism, nor Fletcher for his enthusiastic Methodism—so in this case, too, we will not quarrel with the saint, because he was not prophet too.

One word more and we have done. Neander, like many other German theologians of eminence, was a layman; and as such he presented an example, not altogether unprofitable to be regarded both in Germany and England, of one who by no means imagined that theology may be studied on the same terms as any other science, or that the re-

quisites for a successful theologian are no more than those for a successful astronomer. In Germany there are many who take up theology as a profession; in Germany and England there are no few, who, profaning the inmost sanctuary, make religion a profession too. Against such, the whole life of August Neander is an accusing example. The saint-like purity of his

daily life; his consuming devotion to the duty of Christian labor; the quiet self-denial, which was the habit of his soul, prove how sincerely he believed the truth of his favorite motto, that it is neither profoundest learning, nor most vigorous intellect, nor most fervid eloquence, but "*pectus est quod facit theologum*"—the heart which makes the theologian.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVANGELICAL MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

We know of few smaller affairs than the late action of the Evangelical Ministerial Association of Cincinnati, to force Brother W. T. Moore to leave the Association. That this was the purpose of Mr. McCune in fomenting and pressing the passage of the Doctrinal Statement, can scarcely admit of a question.

Mr. McCune has lately been tried for latitudinarian faith and practice in the United Presbyterian Church, and he seems to feel called on to demonstrate his orthodoxy by a crusade against the Disciples. He has proved, at least, "that if he can not bite he can bark." There are some matters connected with his present ecclesiastical relations that needed adjustment before he attended to Brother Moore's case. If we understand him aright, although a member of the Old School Presbyterian Church, he does not believe in the divine authority of infant baptism, and prac-

tices it—not because God has commanded it, but because it is "a good thing."

We think Brother Moore has borne himself well in the controversy. He at least can know that before an intelligent community, the gentlemen who were so determined to place him under ban, and with him his brethren, have evidently been put to confusion. J. S.

OURSELVES.

We published last month forty pages instead of thirty-two, as promised in our Prospectus. A notice was written (which, by some inadvertance, was omitted), that we would increase the number of pages to forty-eight if our subscription justified, and if not we might be compelled to reduce the number of pages to thirty-two, as advertised in our Prospectus.

We hope our friends will stir themselves to secure a list of subscribers that will justify us in the enlargement of our paper. We will be gratified to receive commu-

nications on matters of interest from any of our brethren or friends.

Agents will please remit to us, as far as possible, in checks and postoffice orders. A little activity on the part of those persons who approve our purpose will soon secure for us a circulation that will enable us to enlarge and improve our magazine.

Address, PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

WE are glad to see evidence that the *Christian Standard* is reaching a circulation that will secure for it a permanent existence. For the editor we entertain a high respect and a Christian friendship. He is a pure and able man. As he gives us a gentle hint in his paper, we take the occasion, with all friendly feeling, to minister to him a fraternal admonition. Speaking of the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY* and its editors, he says:

"Let our good brethren feel that they have need of peculiar grace to enable them to minister to the spirit, rather than the flesh, in this task."

We accept the advice, and value its truth as of universal application in the work of life. Let our good brother, the editor of the *Standard*, feel that he, too, has need of peculiar grace to enable him, "as he is allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so to speak; not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth our hearts." J. S.

PERSONAL.

We would have sent the first number of the *INDEPENDENT*

MONTHLY to many brethren in Kentucky, had we not feared that to do so would give them offense. We would be indeed glad if many thousands of them would think of "the days that are no more," and hear us for our cause; but we can not venture to do what might be construed into a deliberate personal insult. Knowing, as we do, that a very great majority of them will be apt to regard our work with much disfavor, we shall not obtrude it on the attention of any. It would much aid us in getting forward, if friends in the different localities to which our paper has found its way, would send us the names of such as they suppose, *with good reason*, would not be offended by receiving a number. Should any do us this favor, let them be careful to write the names of persons and post-offices very plainly.

The senior editor acknowledges, with sentiments of deepest appreciation, the kindness of his brethren and friends of Lexington and vicinity, among whom he has lived so long—among whom, indeed, he has spent all the summer, and much of the autumn of his life. He had not anticipated the liberal encouragement given by them to the *MONTHLY*. He can not venture to say more.

MOTHER'S MONITOR.

The *Mother's Monitor*, published by Sister Goodwin, in Indianapolis, is a very decided improvement on the *Ladies' Christian Monitor*. It is edited with taste and ability, and deserves a wide circulation. The

faithful toil of Sister Goodwin (against many obstacles and in feeble health), in building up her paper, merits the success which she has attained. The price of the *Monitor* is two dollars per annum. We will furnish the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY and the *Monitor* to subscribers for three dollars.

EXTRACTS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR'S SERMONS.

"Jesus entered into the world with all the circumstances of poverty. He had a star to illustrate his birth; but a stable for his bed-chamber, and a manger for his cradle. The angels sang hymns when he was born; but he was cold, and cried, uneasy and unprovided. * * All that Christ came for was, or was mingled with, sufferings: for all those little joys which God sent, either to recreate his person, or to illustrate his office, were abated or attended with afflictions; God being more careful to establish in him the covenant of sufferings, than to refresh his sorrows. Presently, after the angels had finished their hallelujahs, he was forced to fly to save his life, and the air became full of shrieks of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem for their dying babes. God had no sooner made him illustrious with a voice from heaven, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him in the waters of Baptism, but he was delivered over to be tempted and assaulted by the devil in the wilderness. His transfiguration was a bright ray of glory; but then also he entered into a cloud, and was told a sad story of what he was to suffer at Jerusalem. And upon Palm Sunday, when he rode triumphantly into Jerusalem,

and was adorned with the acclamations of a king and a god, he wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls of heaven that descended upon Mount Hermon; weeping in the midst of this triumph over obstinate, perishing, and malicious Jerusalem.

* * * * *

"They that had overcome the world could not strangle Christianity. But so have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the power of darkness, and without violence and noise climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightfulness of the morning: and Christianity, without violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation, without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny, without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with toleration and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into Christianity, and persecution into victory."

A HERETIC TEACHER.

The following extract is from an article by Brother John A. Brooks, in the *Review* of December 22d, on "Our Schools." After commending some of our female schools, he says:

"We are sorry that we can not say as much for all our schools; I fear that the smell of heresy is upon the garments of at least one of our presidents. Let him whose foot the shoe fits wear it, and let the brethren who regard the purity of the faith mark him."

"Orthodox! orthodox!

Who believe in John Knox,

Let me sound an alarm to your conscience."

A President of one of our schools, Brother Brooks *fears*, has the smell of heresy on his garments, and all who regard the purity of the faith are called on to mark him. If Brother Brooks *fears* a man has the smell of heresy on his garments, he is from that day a marked man. Who is this heretic? How can we mark him unless we know him? Name him. What is his heresy? Has he denied God, or Christ? Is he a vile corrupter of the morals of the young? What is his offense?

This kind of attack is unworthy of Brother Brooks. It throws suspicion on many good men, and it may even unjustly insinuate a vile reproach against the man whom it was intended to hit. He may be just as good and true as the men whom Brother Brooks so generously commends.

In matters of this kind, a Christian people can not allow Brother Brooks, or any other man, to judge for them. Such charges have to be proved before they can be accepted as true. If they are not proved, they must be supposed to be groundless. J. S.

BE TRUE.

We must be true. The measure of a man's power is the truth he speaks from his soul. If a preacher entertains a great conviction, which involves the issues of life and death, and instead of uttering it thunders out commonplaces,

deals in cant, and labors to prove his own orthodoxy rather than win men to the truth, he is a false and weak man. Did you ever read an essay from a man of ability that sounded insipid, forced, lifeless?—he was not uttering *the* truth that was in him, that burned in his soul, and which he had a divine commission to speak. What really interested him, from some reason, he withheld.

No man is called to be true to another man's conviction, but to his own he *must be true*. The Christ that is in our hearts must speak out. We need not speak defiantly and vulgarly. Truth is calm as heaven. We need not fear to be misunderstood. The grave will close over all misunderstandings and prejudices. But if a man is untrue to the light that is in him, where is his hope? J. S.

FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Elder A. M. Atkinson is now traveling in Indiana as an agent for the Freedmen's Aid Association. We commend his work to the readers of the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY. He has promised to give us some account of his labors.

BEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS & CHICAGO. Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette

RAILROAD.

Great Through Passenger Route from Cincinnati to St. Louis, Chicago, Cairo, Memphis, New Orleans, Springfield, Quincy, St. Joseph, Keokuk, Des Moines, Omaha, and all Rail and River Towns and Cities in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Through Tickets can be obtained at the Bureau of House Office, corner of Third and Vine; River Office, corner of Walnut and river; and at Depot, corner of Plum and Pearl streets.

The splendid Passenger Depot of the I., C. and L. R. R. is about a mile nearer the business center of the city than the depot of any other railroad, and within a few squares of the Postoffice, and the principal hotels and steamboat landings.

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

R. W. CARROLL & CO.,

115 & 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHRISTIAN.

AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENSE OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION, as it is revealed and taught in the Holy Scriptures. By R. Milligan, President of the College of the Bible in Kentucky University. 1 vol. crown 8vo. With a portrait of the author. Price, \$2 50.

REASON AND REVELATION; or, The Province of Reason in Matters pertaining to Divine Revelation Defined and Illustrated, and the Paramount Authority of the Holy Scriptures Vindicated. By R. Milligan, author of the "Scheme of Redemption." 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price, \$2 00.

THE FAMILY COMPANION; or, A Book of Sermons on Various Subjects, both Doctrinal and Practical, intended for the Private Edification and Comfort of the Disciples of Christ, and to aid the Honest Inquirer after Truth in finding the True Church, and the Law of Introduction into the same. New and enlarged edition. By Elijah Goodwin. 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.

EXONORA; or, The Weekly Contribution. An extremely interesting and valuable little work on this important subject. By James Challen. 1 vol. 16mo., stiff cover. Price, 50 cents.

The above books sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE LIVING PULPIT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH; Being 28 Sermons from as many Eminent Preachers, with Steel Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the Contributors. Elegantly printed, and bound in Cloth, Leather, and Morocco. Sold only by Subscription. Agents wanted.

JUVENILE.

"THE LITTLE MONITOR SERIES."

For Boys and Girls.

By Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. 6 vols. in a neat box. Price, \$3 00.

ALICE KUNCE'S FAIRY TALE, AND OTHER STORIES.	SAMMY'S RED APPLES, AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES.
MEET HOLMES; OR, PRIDE AND REPENTANCE.	DAIRY; OR, THE LOST COW, AND OTHER STORIES.
WILLIE WELSH, AND OTHER STORIES.	
CLARE'S MISADVENTURE, AND OTHER STORIES.	

The authoress is well-known as a writer for Children and as the editor of the "Ladies' Christian Monitor," and designs these books especially for Christian Sunday-Schools.

"THE GUN-BOAT SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

FRANK, THE YOUNG NATURALIST.....	\$1 25	FRANK ON A GUN BOAT.....	1 25
FRANK IN PAID WOODS.....	1 25	FRANK BEFORE VIOURSBURG.....	1 25
FRANK ON THE PRAIRIE.....	1 25	FRANK ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.....	1 25

Six volumes in a neat box. Each volume illustrated by the best artists. Price per set, \$7 50. Intensely interesting.

"THE ROLLING-STONE SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

THE NEWSBOY; or, The Boy of Bad Habits (Ready).....	\$1 50
DEARIE; or, The Fisher Boy's Motto (In press).....	1 50
SO BORN; or, The Career of a Rolling Stone (In press).....	1 50

This is an entirely new set of books from the pen of the author of the Gunboat Series, and will be equally popular. The volumes may be placed in every day and Sabbath School library in the land.

Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

R. W. CARROLL & CO. have just issued a complete Catalogue of Juvenile and Sunday-School Books, which they send by mail on receipt of stamp.

R. W. C. & CO. devote especial attention to the trade in Juvenile Books, and have facilities for supplying them unequalled in the West or South.

R. W. C. & CO. have lately enlarged their store, and now have ample facilities for transacting their large and increasing business as wholesale dealers in books and stationery of every kind.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
THE CREED PROBLEM STATED,	- 81	MISCELLANEOUS—	
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,	- - - 84	THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY,	- 115
NOAH SPHARS,	- - - 89	THE CHURCH AT PARIS, KY.	116
SELF-DECEPTION,	- - - 99	SELECTIONS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR,	117
FLESH OR SPIRIT,	- - - 101	THE APOSTOLIC TIMES,	- - 119
BE HOPEFUL,	- - - 104	WORK AND CONTEMPLATION. By	
THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY,	- 106	Mrs. Browning,	- - - 120
THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE,	108	SPARE HOURS; SCHEME OF RE-	
NOBODY'S STORY,	- - - 111	DEMPTION, ETC.,	- - - 120

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

TERMS :

Single subscribers, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Any person sending five subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge.

Any person sending ten subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and a copy of the large edition of the *Christian Hymn Book*, bound in morocco (worth \$4), or a copy of the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us twenty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to a copy of the large edition of the *Christian Hymn Book*, bound in morocco, and to the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us fifty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to twenty-five dollars' worth of books at regular retail rates in the Cincinnati market.

We will furnish the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY* and the *Christian Quarterly* to single subscribers for \$4.50 per year.

AGENTS wanted to canvass for the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY*.

Address, PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

NO. III.—MARCH 1, 1869.—VOL. I.

“Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any *praise*, think on these things.”—*Phil. iv*: 8.

THE CREED PROBLEM STATED.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY is devoted to whatever things are true. Its editors may at times seem to differ in their view of the great subjects canvassed, but their purpose is single—“to buy the truth and sell it not.” The present article is an attempt to “dissipate the fogs that hang thick, and low, and close” about the Creed question. It may not relieve the subject entirely of difficulties, but is believed by its author to be a fair statement and candid consideration of those difficulties.

Suppose ten women and six men (or any other number), form a church, or sect, or communion—I care not what you call it—and agree to take the doctrinal statement of the Westminster Confession of Faith as their creed,—**Queries**:

1st. Can they do it? and, if so, then,

2d. Is this doctrinal statement

their creed, or is their interpretation of it their creed?

3d. Suppose on some question they should afterward differ as to the meaning of their creed, then how is the correct interpretation to be determined?

Now, suppose ten women and six men organize a church, and agree to take the New Testament as their creed,—**Queries**:

1st. Can they do it? and, if so, then,

2d. Is the New Testament their creed, or is their interpretation of the New Testament their creed?

3d. Suppose they afterward differ on some question of interpretation, then who is to determine which is right?

If any brother will furnish satisfactory answers to the first three questions, then he will have furnished equally satisfactory answers to the last three questions.

If men can take any document as

a common creed, then they can take the New Testament; their agreement will not make them infallible, or even intelligent and honest; but it binds them all truly and fearlessly to submit to the teachings of the New Testament.

I hold that a number of men and women can unite on the New Testament as a creed, and that, as a common creed among them, the New Testament—and not their interpretation of it—is their creed.

If two men enter into a written covenant, the covenant, and not the mere interpretation of it, is their common agreement; one of them may interpret it dishonestly or foolishly, and his interpretation is not the covenant; the other interprets it honestly and wisely, and his interpretation is *not merely his interpretation*, but is the covenant, and therefore, in equity, is binding. But suppose the persons who agree to take the New Testament as their creed, should differ as to the meaning of the New Testament; then how are they bound?

1st. They are bound in honor to look at the whole question of difference with a single eye, to discern the true meaning of the creed, and to be determined by that meaning in their conduct.

2d. If they differ vitally and irreconcilably on a question of duty, the discharge or neglect of which duty is involved in the organization—then, perhaps, they must separate, and their differences be carried to the bar of God.

Still, in the popular sense, the New Testament is the creed of

each party in the case—that is, it is their professed only ultimate standard of appeal, and in as far as the profession of either party corresponds with its practice, just so far is their profession real; and just so far as profession and practice do not correspond, their profession is profession, and nothing more.

The Presbyterian Church split into Old and New School parties on a question of the interpretation of the Westminster Confession. Now, the party which interpreted the Confession rightly, held to the creed, and the other party did not.

Take a supposed case: In a church professing to have no creed but the New Testament, some members insist that the New Testament teaches that sprinkling is baptism; others insist that the New Testament teaches that immersion only is baptism;—what then? Why, they must separate, and the party which holds the truth before God in the matter of difference does, in this matter, have the New Testament as their creed, and the other party only professes to have, and, instead thereof, has a perversion of the New Testament—and so on to the end of the chapter of differences.

A member of a congregation of Christians, which professes to have no creed but the New Testament, claims the right to hold, as an opinion, that a man may have two wives, and ultimately reduces his opinion to practice—what is to be done? He must be excluded. If, before God, his opinion and practice are in accord with the New

Testament, then the church, by its action, violated the creed; but if, on the other hand, his opinion and practice, before God, were contrary to the New Testament, then he was false to the creed, and the church true—so on *ad libitum*.

Practically, the public opinion of a body—the voice of the majority—expressed by their representative men, whether elected or by common consent recognized (or in any other way fairly expressed), determines for that body what is in conformity with their creed, or what vitally violates it. If, on any mooted question, the verdict of this public opinion—this final decision—is just, then the body, as a body, are true to their creed; if not just, then the body is not true to their creed.

The right of individual interpretation is to be allowed without limit,* but as this equally belongs to each, the interpretation which is to bind the whole, as a body, is to be determined by the whole; and where the individual differs from the body, the question as to which party is true to the creed, is the question of fact. A party may be untrue to their creed through ignorance or prejudice; but to make the ultimate truth the *only* creed—the first and last standard of appeal—and to strive to be true to the profession made, is certainly right in theory.

The dead-point in our reformation scheme, is *human fallibility*,

*I mean, that in entering the church the right of individual interpretation is not by covenant relinquished.

and this must be the dead-point in every scheme executed by uninspired men; but this certainly is no reason for making several other dead-points, which may be avoided. With a human creed, we have the dead-point of a fallible interpretation of that which is itself but a fallible interpretation. Human fallibility has been the dead-point in the history of the church in all ages. It never can be wholly overcome, but it may be greatly modified by making men wiser, and better, and more loving. And only thus do I see any hope of Christian union.

You might burn every human creed to-morrow, and still professed Christians would not be united, if they held erroneous creeds in their heads, and practiced, as the commandments of God, those things which are only the traditions of men. Error divides; therefore, truth must be established in the hearts of men in order to union. Sin divides; therefore, in order to union, men must be made to hate iniquity and love righteousness. Disunion is the effect of causes at work among men; these evil causes must be overcome. Union will be the effect of an honest and fearless respect for, and submission to, the Word of God. Each man and woman who makes his or her own life beautiful by constant communion with the Spirit of God, does more to effect Christian union than a hundred partizan sermons on the subject.

But suppose things stand as they now are, and the Disciples live on without a written human creed,

may not the public opinion of the people—say, those who have endowed Kentucky University—change, and in fifty years, instead of the lessons now taught in the Bible School at Lexington, may not very different lessons be taught? Yes; but all human foresight is vain against such changes. While it is possible that worse lessons may be taught than at present, it is also possible that better lessons may be taught. Without the iron formulæ of a written human creed, if evil principles are free to spring up and supplant good ones, so good principles are free to supplant evil ones. This is our hope. In agreeing to carry every question of faith and practice to the ultimate truth as the Supreme Arbiter, we are right in theory—in as far as we wisely and fairly do it, we are right in practice.

The trouble with a written human creed, is, that while it may bind truth on the members of the body which adopts it, it equally binds any error or falsehood that may be embodied in it; whereas, the New Testament as firmly binds the truth on the members of the body which adopts it, and binds no error or falsehood. Dr. Tyng, for instance, has outgrown the creed of

his church, and violates it, but still remains in the Episcopal Church. It is a nice question, whether he is not guilty of dishonorable action in remaining in covenant with a people when he knowingly repudiates the terms of the covenant. The narrow and absurd terms of the creed are binding on Dr. Tyng; but President Pendleton, President Milligan, President Errett, President Burgess, Dr. Pinkerton, Brother Lard, or any other good brother, might differ about inferences and deductions from Scriptural premises which are commonly received among us, and, in advocating their convictions they would be guilty of no breach of honor so long as they held in good conscience to the New Testament. They might be excluded from the church unjustly, for their brethren might err; they might be excluded justly, for they might themselves fall into grievous and hurtful error; but their right of individual interpretation they never covenanted away, and in exercising it within the denomination they are in heart guilty of no breach of covenant, whatever judgment their brethren may visit on them. Here is our liberty. The subject will be resumed in a subsequent number. J. S.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

It is expedient to say that we do not propose to devote many of our pages to the discussion of the subject of instrumental music in wor-

ship, and that the writer of these thoughts is alone responsible for them. He has lived more than thirty-eight years in the church

without the aid of an organ, and he feels that he can get on to the end now, without it. It is on account of the *principle* involved in the discussion, rather than from a desire to make any particular application of the principle, that any attention is given to the subject at present. Matters of far weightier import than "modes of faith," or *forms* of worship, claim our attention.

Our brethren of the reformation insist that the "ancient order of things" is essential to apostolic Christianity. Without attempting to determine what that order was, I shall state briefly the modern order, and let others determine how far it corresponds with the order observed in the church at Jerusalem, at Antioch, at Ephesus, and at Corinth, in the days of Paul.

A bell is generally rung to signify that the time to repair to the meeting house has arrived. The congregation being gathered, and consisting of men, and women, and children of all existing ages, some saints and some sinners, the preacher takes his place in the pulpit, with a Bible and a hymn book, and sometimes with "notes" of the discourse about to be delivered—sometimes with a discourse fully written. A hymn is read, which a part of the congregation sing; the preacher then prays; after this, another song is sung; then comes the sermon; then another song; then the Lord's supper; then the contribution or collection, followed by a closing hymn; then the benediction. And this is "the an-

cient order of things!" Now, if any man can persuade himself that Paul, or Peter, or James, or John, or any pastor or teacher of "apostolic times," went through a performance even similar to this, I do not see why he should thereafter stick at anything. And yet, we believe that God, our Father, may be acceptably worshiped, through Jesus Christ our Lord, in such an order of exercises as is here sketched; yes, even should the singing be accompanied by an organ, in order that the saints may be the better able to "make melody *in their hearts* to the Lord."

And then the preaching, whether as to matter or style—what shall be said of it? Did the apostles discuss the questions that engage our attention in these days, and in these ends of the earth? Did any of them discuss depravity, spiritual influence, the mode, design, or subject of baptism; election and reprobation; the union of Christians; soul-sleeping, etc.? Did they belabor, in ungentle phrase, the Scribes and Pharisees, the Platonists, Gnostics, and other sects of their time? Or has the *matter* of our preaching no relation whatever to apostolic Christianity? Did the apostles indulge in "systematic fury, and fits of voluntary distraction?" Is it likely that the apostles had "invitation hymns" sung—that the congregations, directed by them, ever gave "the hand of *congratulation*" to those who "*came forward*" to make the good confession?

The bearing of these suggestions:

on the question of instrumental music in worship, it will not be difficult to perceive. Whatever suits the tastes and inclinations of some men, is apostolic, and nothing else is. After all our debates and dissensions, it were well to remember always, that what God requires of us is, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him," in conformity to the example of the Christ, "who has left us an example that we should follow his steps."

Many men grow zealous for God, and even furious for righteousness, when their conceits about apostolic order are disturbed, who can yet stalk about complacently and quietly among sins that darken earth and heaven. We are aware that "two wrongs do not make one right," but we love consistency, and are tired of seeing model "saints" swallow camels after affecting to choke on a gnat. As a general rule, indeed, men who scrupulously tithe mint, anise, and cumin, are not likely to be zealous for justice, mercy, and the fear of God.

It is not denied by any, that the people of God, under the Jewish economy, with divine permission, used instruments of music in worship. Several of these pages might be filled with quotations from the Old Testament scriptures, in which mention is made of musical instruments being used in the worship of Jehovah. Once we find the expression—"musical instruments of God." I Chron. xvi: 42. Instrumental music can not, therefore, be, in itself, displeasing to

God. How should it be so, if the rainbow is not? We may be assured that the Holy One of Israel, never was worshiped by that which is sinful *per se*.

Did Moses give any *commandment* concerning the immense musical performances that characterized the temple service? I can recollect none. Indeed, Moses spoke no word concerning the temple itself. In several passages of the law, mention is made of the blowing of trumpets, but the singing and the instruments that belonged to the temple services, were added, it is presumed, on the ground of expediency. Are the children less free than were the servants?

In the book called Revelations, John tells us that he "heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." Here is mention made of musical instruments in glory, with which the musicians accompanied their voices while "they sung as it were a new song, *before the throne*—a song that no man could learn, but the hundred and forty and four thousand who were redeemed from the earth." Rev. xiv: 2, 3.

A distinguished teacher in spiritual Israel, has said that he never would enter a church that used an instrument of music in worship; and he emphasized the protest with a form of asseveration very near akin to an oath. What is he to do with affairs in the church triumphant? How is he to notify the

harpers in the New Jerusalem, that they may make timely preparation for his coming? God's great mercy transcends our wisdom infinitely, and here is our refuge, even from ourselves.

Is the experience of many thousands of pious people to be reckoned of no account in this investigation? These thousands tell us that their spirits are elevated and quickened to devotion by means of the majestic tones of the organ. That, says a distinguished and revered teacher, is the "triumph of the *sensual* over the *spiritual*." This is, on every account, a remarkable statement. We may not deny that the pleasures of sight and hearing are semi-sensuous, but that they are *sensual*, in the ordinary sense of the word, is not to be admitted. What, then, is the nature of the delights that thrill the soul when one looks up at the star-lit sky? Are they sensual? How shall we classify the pleasures we feel in the glad Spring time, when nature greets us, on her coming out, newly dressed as it were, from the presence of the Lord? If one should be sensible of a warmer glow of religious emotion at such a time, is he to regard this, too, as sensual, and say to this beautiful creation of God, get thee behind me, Satan? And whoever listened at night to the weird sigh of a forest, as it swayed in the first strong breathings of a coming storm; or to the indescribable, everlasting moan of the ocean, without a quickened sense of the infinite Presence—without being sensible of

an uplifting of the soul toward him whose paths are in the sea, and who walks upon the wings of the wind? To designate the pleasures divinely administered to the soul through its æsthetic sensibilities as *sensual*, is as monstrous in philosophy, as it is false in religion. Again, if instrumental music is sensual, what is singing? Singing is music, or ought to be, and is just as "*sensual*" as the music of the organ. Indeed, if both are *essentially* sensual, the singing is likely to be the more sensual of the two. Our music, whether of the instrument or of the voice, is not for God, I apprehend, but for ourselves. The melody to which the Father listens, is the melody *of the heart*; and the design of music in worship, is to awaken melodies there. Otherwise, why not simply *read* the hymn, and have done with it? Or why not sing "Old Grimes," or "Yankee Doodle," as well as "Avon" or "Sessions?" "Such tunes as those first named, are not suitable for the worship of God," some one may reply. Truly, they are not, nor do the "fiddle" and the fife afford suitable accompaniments to sacred song. But why is this? Simply because there are many kinds of music, both vocal and instrumental, and some kinds are not calculated to awaken the soul to devotion.

If instrumental music is sensual, it has been justly argued, it ought not to be tolerated in the family. This, it is true, is only what is technically called an *argumentum ad hominem*, unless, indeed, it should

be accepted as a reduction of the position against which it is directed, to an absurdity. It does, at least, sustain the charge of inconsistency against those who assert that instrumental music is sensual, and yet encourage it in the family and elsewhere—everywhere but in the church. The question is not, “is it as lawful to use a musical instrument in the church as in the social circle;” but does instrumental music minister only to sensuality? If it be decided in the affirmative, then is instrumental music unlawful in both family and church. If the answer be negative, then instrumental music may minister to a true and elevated spirituality.

Nor does it follow that we may introduce “blind-man’s buff, or a game of hot-cockles into the church,” because we infer from the effects of instrumental music in the family, that it may prove beneficial in the ordinance of public worship. If blind-man’s buff, or anything akin to it, had ever been a part of divine worship on earth, or in heaven, then I should not object to the church exercises being opened, on Sunday mornings, by the “elders and deacons,” with an exhibition in the game of leap-frog down one of the isles. But the church does not assemble for amusement, but for social worship; and if parents, and children, and servants, gathered around a family altar, may lawfully aid the voice with the melodeon, while they raise a song of praise, we argue that God’s family may lawfully do so, when gathered in their place of prayer.

It is not well to indulge in the saying of sharp things. Thus, the esteemed scribe, to whose utterances allusion is made in this article, attributes the desire entertained by some for instrumental music in worship, to “itching ears.” This is not kind. How would it appear, should some one attribute opposition to the organ to the lack of ears altogether—or to very long ones?

But it is alleged that the word in the original, which is rendered Psalms in the English version, does, when properly understood, prohibit the use of musical instruments in Christian worship. Perhaps it does, but this is inferential only, and is, therefore, *not binding*; besides, it is based on *transcendental etymology*, which, in our judgment, is at best but an aerial foundation.

Those Christians who think the use of musical instruments in public worship may be tolerated, and those who are of opinion that their introduction would contribute to the spirituality of church *performances*, are, I think, willing to stay the discussion of the subject for the present. They are satisfied with results up to date, and hope that those brethren who forced the discussion, with so much spirit, feel as comfortable as gentlemen could reasonably be expected to feel, in their circumstances. They have our kindest wishes, that hereafter, their increase in knowledge, may be commensurate with the fervor of their zeal.

P.

NOAH SPEARS.

BIOGRAPHY is too exclusively devoted to persons of distinction—such as by unusual deeds draw upon themselves the attention of large numbers of their contemporaries. Statesmen, warriors, successful authors, ministers of extraordinary talents, and sometimes pre-eminent criminals, receive mention in story or in song, while the humble, good, and therefore the truly great of earth, pass to oblivion. The most heroic life ever lived among men was the life of Jesus; and how different in its spirit and aim is the story of that life from that of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Jackson? It is time Christian people had adjusted their notions of human greatness to the divine idea of that greatness, as it is illustrated in the life of Christ. But Jesus has not yet become for the nations the type of the highest, grandest humanity. Notwithstanding his divinity—his *only-begotten* Sonship—he called himself the Son of Man—he indeed “became flesh and dwelt among us.” The spirit of his life—the divine idea of it, may be apprehended by us, and his example imitated, in all save the exercise of divine power and authority. This character of Jesus is the ensign for the nations—the light of heaven, by which mankind are to see their way back to God.

Men thrown into public life often *act* their part—they consciously make a history for themselves. Almost any man, if placed at the head of an army, or of a brigade, with the eyes of thousands upon him, and knowing that millions of ears are open to hear of his bearing in danger, would act a valiant part—perhaps a rash one—although at

the time he might be half blind with terror. But the man who imperils reputation or life in defense of some obscure sufferer, without thought of fame, and when none but the All-seeing One takes note of his conduct, is the true hero. The noblest, truest lives that have been lived on earth are not those that are written elsewhere than in God’s book of remembrance. It is easy and pleasant enough to go with the wind and tide of public opinion and prejudice, but to make head against these, in obedience to earnest and irrepressible conviction, is another thing, quite; but it is the path to true renown.

“Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And ’t is prosperous to be just.
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit
Till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they once denied.”

Many a noble martyr to truth and duty has gone down to the grave unhonored and unsung, for whom immortal honors are in reserve. The neglected wife and patient, much-enduring mother, out of whose heart all earthly hope has fled, and from whose life all earthly light has gone, but who suffers in quiet and faithfully stands by her duty, is nobler, grander, greater than was Napoleon on the day of Austerlitz.

If it be true, that “lives of great men remind us that we may make our lives *sublime*,” they do not generally afford illustrations of sublimity, but of unsanctified ambition and selfishness. Or, if there are

among the illustrious men and women of the past, those whose deeds are worthy to be held in remembrance, too often the examples they furnish are not imitable by the masses of mankind. Great historic personages live in unusual times; their life-work is performed under peculiar circumstances; and, on this account, their lives do not furnish examples that can be generally followed. It is among those whose lives have passed under the usual conditions, that we are to seek for available examples of devotion to truth and righteousness. A brief sketch of the career of one such, we attempt to give.

Noah Spears was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, October 13, 1793, and died in Paris, the county seat of Bourbon, in July, 1868. It may be said that he passed his life of seventy-five years in one locality, "nor ever changed his place, nor wished to change." Three score and fifteen years in retrospect, seem short indeed; yet, when the events that transpire during that time, in the midst of a busy, progressive population, are considered somewhat in detail, we are impressed with the grandeur of human life. When Noah Spears was born, General Wayne was moving his army through the unbroken forests of the great Northwestern Territory toward Fallen Timber, where he vanquished the Indians in a decisive battle; he was a boy of six summers when Washington died, and Washington had been in the tomb at Mt. Vernon sixty-nine years when the venerable Kentuckian was borne to his grave; he was performing a child's part in a Kentucky cabin when Napoleon was winning his renown in Italian campaigns; he had been married five years when

Waterloo was fought, and Napoleon had been dead forty-seven years when Noah Spears passed to his rest. He had seen his native State transformed from a grand wilderness into a land of orchards, and groves, and gardens, and vineyards, and grain-fields, unsurpassed in beauty and fertility. He saw the cabin of the frontiersman displaced by the ornate mansion of modern times, and the paths that led from place to place, through cane-brakes and spice-wood thickets, expand into great public highways. He saw Lexington, Kentucky, rise from a collection of cabins to a city of twenty thousand citizens, and Cincinnati, from a military post—a mere fort—to a great commercial mart of 300,000 inhabitants. He connected the first immigrants to the Bloody Ground with the present polished society of Northern Kentucky. He had been twenty-seven years contemporary with Daniel Boone, had talked with men who fought under Washington at Trenton in 1775, and listened to the stories of some who had, for the independence of their country, struggled with starvation and the British among the swamps of the Carolinas.

The scholastic training of our friend amounted to very little. The elementary schools of Kentucky, during the years of his childhood, afforded but few facilities for the acquisition of knowledge of any kind, but the activities and enterprise incident to back-woods life quickened the powers of perception and compelled reflection, and were a substitute for the pedagogue, and something more. The first generation of native Kentuckians, now fast disappearing, leave no successors. In all the grander elements of manhood and womanhood, they

surpassed, in our apprehension, those who have taken their places. We shall learn, sometime before the Millennium, the difference between education and mere scholarship.

In August, 1810, in his seventeenth year, the subject of this notice was married to Miss Margaret Morin, with whom he lived in happy union during fifty-eight years. Like her youthful husband, she was a native of Kentucky, born in the wilderness, and brought up in the simplicity of those earlier, and, perhaps, pleasanter times. In 1816, he became interested in the great matter of religion. His mother was a Baptist, and his wife was not very favorable to the religious tendencies of her husband's mind. The church to which he inclined was then every-where spoken against, and it required no ordinary amount of moral courage and depth of conviction to carry a man, against the frowns of society, into alliance with the "New Lights" of that time. This was, perhaps, the first test to which the moral manhood of our brother had been subjected. The strongest cords that bound him to earth were strained to their utmost tension when he took his place, as a Christian, in the ranks of a persecuted band. Even then the resolute heart had begun to beat the time to which the brave man marched through the trials of fifty-two years, to the repose of the grave; and if the loved and trusted wife faltered once and for the moment, right nobly did she atone for the temporary weakness, for she not only followed her husband into the Kingdom of Christ, but for more than half a century she stood firmly by his side, sharing in all his labors and in all his perils. It is with unspeakable gratitude to the Father that one thinks of the bless-

ed re-union of such friends in the paradise of God; and we but delude ourselves when, in any case of parting here, we think of such reunions as far in the future. They are near even to the young mother, who yesterday saw her first-born laid in the tomb; to such as have passed into the shadows of "dim, declining age," the meeting with the loved ones gone before cometh to-morrow.

Some years after Noah Spears had united himself with the church, from causes not well known, his mind was darkened by doubts—in fact, he became skeptical. Here again appeared the genuineness of the man—*he must be true to his convictions*. He could not tolerate shams, pretentious hypocrisies, compromises of principle, and so he ceased to attend to any forms of religious service. His religious acquaintance—among them preachers of different denominations—continued to visit him, and, as opportunity offered, conversed with him on the subject of his doubts. He heard them with patience and respect, but the one essential thing for men of his type, is to see for themselves. At last the eclipse passed. He came through the shadows that had enveloped his spirit into the sunlight of faith in Christ, and without having communicated his purpose to any one, he arose in a congregation and, to the great joy of all, announced his deliverance. His confidence in the foundations of his hope in Christ never afterward wavered, and when age and disease were pressing him to the grave, his soul was sustained by trust in God, and in our Lord and Saviour.

Till his removal to Paris, in 1837, he had steadily pursued the calling to which he had been

brought up—that of farmer. After that time his business varied, but for the greater part of the time he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was not slothful in business, but the reverse; and by steady attention to business he acquired a considerable estate. His probity was, we presume, never questioned. "I have known Noah Spears," said a venerable lawyer of Paris, a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, "I have known Noah Spears for sixty years, and I can testify that he was an honest man." Bourbon county, Kentucky, was the theater of great activity in traffic and commercial enterprise generally during the whole period of our brother's more active life, and doubtless, in the collisions of interest that must have occurred, the conflict between avarice and honesty was fatal to many reputations—perhaps to many souls. Noah Spears passed through the ordeal unscathed. He came up out of his business life with the reputation not only of an honest man, but of a generous one. Of many that might be recited, one instance only of his generosity can be mentioned here. In 1860 he sold a valuable property in Paris, on terms that were considered fair and every way equitable. In 1861 the war came, and with it much uncertainty as to its effect on business generally, and as to the fate of the cities and towns of Kentucky especially. Noah Spears went to the parties who had purchased his property, and said, "that in the altered times, they might possibly prefer to return the property to him." "It will," said the noble-hearted man, "be very likely to get burned up, and if you wish, the contract may be destroyed. *I am better able to lose it than you are.*" A man of peace,

yet ever unyielding where his convictions of truth and duty were involved, he managed to live three-score and fifteen years in one community, and to secure and to retain the respect and confidence of all, the friendship of most, and the love and veneration of many of his neighbors.

His charities were constant, and the amount he gave to the poor and to the Church must have been very great. His hospitality was cordial, but without any affectation of display. His home was the home of "the preachers" also; and but few of those in whom he confided ever failed of being helped on their journey by him.

He had long desired to see the lands beyond the ocean, and in 1846, accompanied by Mrs. Spears, he visited Europe, and spent four or five months in traveling over Great Britain, France, and Belgium. His notes of travel evince ample powers of enlightened observation, and many of his reflections on the incidents of his journeyings, and the objects of interest that he saw, are worthy of record, had we space for them. His general bearing and appearance indicated habitual gravity, yet there was in him a vein of sly but genial humor, that often showed itself in hours of social relaxation. Some sparks of this appear in his notes of travel. Thus, in speaking of his outward voyage, he says: "Our cabin passengers are mostly E—s. They dance, and wind up at night with *hot whiskey punch!*" At York, England, he attended church on a certain evening, but was aware, when he went, that he could not safely remain till the service closed, as he was to leave that night for London. Having remained as long as he thought expedient, he was surprised, when

he attempted to leave, to find himself locked in, and still more disconcerted when he found all explanations and entreaties vain, "the officer of the church utterly refusing to allow his exit till the service closed." "We, however, got to the cars in time," he remarks, "but no thanks to him. This is, I think, a tolerably fair sample of the *Established Church in England!*" We have read many "letters from Europe," which, though they may have been more scholarly, yet contained much less instruction than these unpretending "notes." The last entry in his memoranda is this, under Greenwich Hospital: "Among the old soldiers, I noticed two old black men (probably runaways from the U. S.)"

He seems never to have had any aspirations for office of any kind; and we believe the only office he ever held was Deacon in the church—a church that he saw swell from a few hundreds to more than as many thousands; and from a despised company to the most numerous, in its white membership, of any denomination in his native State. Would that his brethren—or even a few thousands of them—could have been like him.

In the year 1803, a remarkable "revival of religion" began on the Cumberland river, in Tennessee, and spread with astounding rapidity over large portions of that State, and of Kentucky. Barton W. Stone, at that time a Presbyterian minister of marked abilities and fervent piety, had the pastoral care of Cane Ridge Church, in Bourbon county, and of the church at Concord, in the adjoining county of Nicholas. These churches felt the new religious impulse, and Mr. Stone became deeply interested in

the work. He believed it to be from God. Judged by its fruits, it certainly was not from Satan—unless, indeed, his kingdom, divided against itself, for a time, by way of experiment. If this explanation is satisfactory to any one, be it so. It is to be feared, however, that the malignant powers will not repeat the experiment in our time. It is quite certain that they have not, since the early years of the passing century, risked such a freak in Kentucky. A few aged men and women still live who were eyewitnesses of the great "revival" of which we speak, as well as subjects of its transforming powers; but, we doubt not, many thousands have passed on to their everlasting rest, who first learned the saving power of the Gospel during the "revival," and by means of its instrumentalities.

Speaking of this religious awakening, years after it had passed, Barton W. Stone said: "This revival struck the shackles from many a poor slave; for what was our religion worth, if it did not teach us justice and mercy?" This is quoted from memory, but it is given with substantial accuracy. It is not questioned that that good man never looked upon slavery with satisfaction—that he liberated all his own slaves, and finally, as he said, "liberated himself," by removing to Illinois. "The good men do lives after them," and the writer remembers with satisfaction, that numerous as his visits have been to all parts of Kentucky, in no church of his acquaintance were the servants so numerous, so well clad, so happy in appearance, so cordially welcome, as in the church at "old Cane Ridge." The ashes of Barton W. Stone repose beneath its shadow; the moral of his life is

with the people still. Noah Spears sympathized with Mr. Stone in his opposition to slavery, and in his efforts to make his sentiments on that subject effective, the heroic grandeur of his character more fully displays itself.

For many years after Kentucky became one of the States of the Union, a large and eminently respectable minority of her inhabitants were in favor of emancipation—some from considerations of economy, others from conscientious convictions of the essential wrong and injustice of the institution of slavery. Gradually, however, the pro-slavery sentiment gathered force, and the opposing sentiment weakened, until, as is well known, it became, in many respects, dangerous to express views decidedly hostile to the institution. Indeed, all discussion of the subject was disallowed, or even any allusion to it, unless it was to denounce “northern fanatics,” or to prove, from Holy Writ, that slavery was a divine institution. Noah Spears was of the number who could *not* be convinced by self-interest, nor by logic, nor by moral philosophy, nor by texts of Scripture, that the African slave-trade was a lawful kind of commerce. He could not believe that when God gave Adam dominion over the lower creations he included his own descendants, and that, therefore, the strong might lawfully oppress the weak—that, therefore, enlightened, and especially *Christian* nations, might, by arms and violence, or by fraud, capture the ignorant and weak, and sell them as stock is sold, in the markets of the world. Noah Spears did not so interpret the Golden Rule. The fact that men professing to believe in Jesus, did so interpret it, completes the evidence

for the necessity of punishment after death.

It is difficult to speak truthfully of African slavery in the United States, so as not to give offense to some in both parties to the great controversy concerning it—a controversy not yet decided. A paragraph only can be given to the subject now.

We suppose it to be quite impossible for chattel slavery to exist in a milder form than it was found in Kentucky at the outbreak of the late civil war. Many thousands of Kentucky slaves, controlled by benignant masters, lived in physical comfort, and, to some extent, in social comfort. Instances of cruelty were not wanting, but they were exceptional. Men who overworked and under-fed their slaves could have been found, doubtless, but such men, when known, were not esteemed—hardly tolerated—by their peers. Those, therefore, who, when they think of slavery, always picture to themselves a driver with whip in hand, and before him a dusky crowd, working in constant apprehension of the lash, some of whom could at all times exhibit bloody or bleeding shoulders, wholly misconceive the case. We speak not here of slavery as it existed in the cotton and sugar growing States. The probabilities are that its horrors constantly increased as it approached the Gulf and Atlantic coast. On such a subject, however, it is best that one should confine his statements to what he knows, and testify only to what he has seen. The system of African bondage was inherently and essentially vicious. It was in the beginning a measureless outrage on the natural and inalienable rights of every descendant of Adam, and this

first outrage brought with it a train of evils which no human skill could avert—which no benignity on the part of the dominant class could more than slightly alleviate. It would not much mitigate the sufferings of a wretch fallen into the crater of Vesuvius, to throw on him a pint of water. The intolerable evils of slavery did not appear *on the surface*—far from it. It was not a boil upon the skin, but gangrene of the heart of society. Let the slave code of any one of the late slave States be read with care, or even the *free negro code*, and it will be apparent that the original wrong of enslaving a man, by a fatal necessity, *compelled* the perpetration of perpetual outrage—either this, or the abolishment of the institution altogether. It admitted of no considerable amelioration, and hence occasioned perpetual war between the righteous instincts of the human heart, and the lust of power and of possession. That the latter should have so generally triumphed where slavery existed, will not be regarded as extraordinary in the history of mankind.

This warfare became intolerable to Noah Spears, and he nobly determined to end it. This he did by emancipating his slaves, and providing homes for them in the State of Ohio, where they now reside, in comfort and prosperity, justifying, by general rectitude of conduct, the benefactions of their late revered master and friend.

It may be as well to say here as elsewhere, that in the final disposition of his estate, he had bequeathed about twenty-five thousand dollars to his late slaves. His venerable widow remarked in our hearing, by way of explanation, that "Mr. Spears said the servants had helped him to make all he had, and he

thought they had a good right to their share of it." In this view she fully concurred. I am of opinion that the decision will not be reversed at the Bar of final judgment. But the war came and passed, leaving the civil, political, social and ecclesiastical affairs of Kentucky in much confusion. By the treachery of Governor Thomas E. Bramlette, and the perfidy of other Government functionaries, the control of the affairs of the State passed into the hands of traitors. Dark shadows fell on the prospects of the poor freedmen, and our friend became fearful that some law might be enacted that would interfere with his benevolent purposes. To a near relative, to whom he had confided the direction of his affairs, he one day said: "I do not know what laws the Legislature may enact, bearing upon my bequest to my servants, and I have determined to attend to the matter now, and put it beyond the reach of accident." And he did it. That was like Noah Spears.

From the time we first knew him, twenty-six years ago, he was fleshy, and though his habits were active, and he was constant in his attention to business, his movements were measured and slow. He was attentive to secure the comforts of his home, and to make all about him happy. He cared not who it was that applied to him for aid, whether he was high or low, black or white, in reputation fair, or in disgrace, if he could see that the necessity for relief existed, his hand was opened. Like the editors of an independent paper, he could say and do what he believed to be right, without regard to the opinions of the elders, scribes, and pharisees—or even to the opinions of Mrs. Grundy. Envious state!

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—
They were men who stood alone,
While the men they agonized for
Hurled the contumelious stone—
Stood serene, and down the future
Saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice."

The political agitations of 1860 found Noah Spears an aged man, growing somewhat embarrassed in his motions, and suffering much pain, at times, from a chronic and incurable malady—a malady which hastened his departure to the unknown land. He went to the poll in November and voted for Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States. One other vote was cast for Lincoln in Bourbon county, Kentucky, in 1860, and that was given by John T. Croxton, now Brigadier-General Croxton, distinguished for his steadfast devotion to the cause of "Union and liberty," and for his gallantry and efficiency as commander of Division in the Army of the Cumberland. True men! Separated for a time, may they stand together at last, where wars and conflicts are not known. Two votes for Lincoln in Bourbon county, Kentucky, in 1860! Absurd, was it? It may be so to brainless, heartless men and women, but the deed is sublime and immortal, nevertheless. It will be spoken of far down the coming years, when the memory of Freedom's and the Union's enemies shall be rotten, and execrated in all languages under heaven.

"When a deed is done for freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching
breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west—
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood,
As the energy sublime
Of a century bursts, full-blossomed,
On the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit,
And an instinct bears along,
'Round the earth's electric circle
The swift flash of right or wrong—
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres
Feels the gush of joy or shame—
In the gain or loss of one race,
All the rest have equal claim."

It would be difficult for any one not intimately conversant with Kentucky society, to appreciate the moral heroism displayed in voting for a "Black Republican" in Paris, Kentucky, in 1860. It must be recollected that the voting in Kentucky is by calling out the names of those voted for—there are no ballots allowed there. Our political manipulators could not trust their *tenants and shop-keepers* with the ballot. Noah Spears was by no means eccentric; he did not affect any peculiarities of thought or action; he did not wish to appear singular. He loved peace and good fellowship—he appreciated the good opinion of his neighbors—but he could not afford to sacrifice his convictions of truth and duty for all that;—hence his vote. When he announced his vote—"there's another traitor," said some one in the crowd. The kind-hearted, unassuming old gentleman heard of this sometime during the day, and though his Christian meekness did not forsake him, he felt such a taunt as an American citizen, proud of his country and of his patriotic ancestry, *ought* to feel it, and he concluded "he would walk down and see about it." But his day for chastising insolence was long past. We have heard that the offender offered some apology, or made some explanation that soothed the stung heart of the venerable Christian patriot, and he forgave the offense.

The dreadful war came on apace, and the Confederate flag was displayed from the steeple of the Court-House in Paris. It was a strange banner to Noah Spears—the emblem of revolt, of treason, of a dismembered Union, of the extension of the area of human bondage, and he hated it. Looking up at the luckless ensign on a certain day, he remarked, in his quiet way: “I have seen the time when I would have torn that down.” Doubtless he had, for he was a man of dauntless courage, and had been a man of great physical strength.

During the war, he did what he could consistently with his views of loyalty, to mitigate its horrors; and he saw it close as he had prayed it might close—in the triumph of Union and liberty. Once during the war, esteeming it unsafe to remain at his home, accompanied by his wife, he took refuge among the people whom he had liberated, and settled in Green county, Ohio. It may be imagined with what joy the venerable couple were welcomed by these grateful people to *their* homes, and with what deference and respect they were entertained. And how must the fugitives have felt, as they looked into the happy countenances of their late slaves, and thought of the past, felt the pressure of the present, and looked by faith into that infinite future where all shall stand before God! Happy, heroic old man! He saw his day, and had courage and faith equal to it. How many thousands of his brethren, who were faithful to the flag of their country, and to their Redeemer, in the earlier years of the struggle, fell at last beneath the Juggernaut of slavery, and are lost! Sorrowfully we may apply to them the words of Lowell, whom we have quoted so often in this article:

“Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
And the sheep upon the right—
And the choice goes by forever,
‘Twixt that darkness and that light.”

The year 1868 came, and with its advancing months, it became more and more apparent, that Noah Spears was getting very near the end of his journey. He became less able for his accustomed walk; his attacks of suffering increased in frequency and intensity. We were witness to the wonderful patience and fortitude with which he bore these fierce attacks. He still loved to see his friends—still had kind words and gifts for them; he still loved to sit for an hour—the genial, dear old man—with the lads and young men of his acquaintance, and tell them of Kentucky’s early days. But disease gained apace, till mitigation of his suffering could be obtained only by the use of the strongest opiates. At last the strong man could no more, and he fell asleep. He died as he had lived, a Christian. We sat by his manly form as he lay encoffined in the room where he had so often prayed for the blessing and salvation of the world, and saw the *aged negroes* constantly passing in to look for the last time upon the face of their heroic and faithful friend. Many of them brought bunches of flowers on that July day, which they were allowed to lay about the quiet sleeper. Touching sight! Eulogy, not to be equaled by mortal tongue! Seen from “the great White Throne,” that humble procession of hoary-headed negroes was grander, more august, than the procession that conveyed the ashes

of Napoleon from the Seine to their final resting-place in the Hotel of the Invalides. Our passions blind us, and hide from us the star of true glory. Let those who spoke, and prayed, and fought, that African slavery might be perpetual, and who, after the war had released the captives, sought in every way to embarrass them—who heaped maledictions on the heads of all who endeavored to mitigate the sufferings and guide the ignorance of the poor freedmen—let them contemplate that scene in the room where Noah Spears lay in his last sleep, and think what they have sacrificed to selfishness, and to an ignoble hatred of a race that had served them and their fathers faithfully; let them think, if they are equal to it, how it will probably fare with them, in the day of the wrath of the Lamb. He may fear the worst, who goes to the grave loaded with the execrations of the poor of his place; and it is to be feared that some in Kentucky, who have gone preaching the gospel, will pass to the tomb bathed in the curses of the negroes of half a county, unless the negro's proverbial meekness under wrong, aided by divine grace, shall enable him to forgive the greatest injuries to his race. We would still hope, that these men with whom we have labored in love in the days long past, will yet obtain repentance unto life. May they yet learn that:

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.
Long before us gleam her camp-fires,
We ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the Future's portal,
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

That Noah Spears was less than perfect, we may not doubt; but we are not able to say wherein he failed. In all the relations he sustained in life, he seemed to walk in a perfect way. A faithful friend, an indulgent master, an obliging neighbor, a patriotic citizen, a zealous Christian, a tender husband, he worthily filled up the measure of his duties, and left the world without a fear.

In the days that are to come, Kentucky will remember her heroic men. When the children of the grand old Commonwealth shall weep over the crimes and follies of these days, the tomb of Noah Spears will be a shrine to which they will come, and as they look upon the mound beneath which his ashes sleep, in hope of a joyous awakening, they will say: "He was great in the sight of the Lord," and but for the unbelief and blindness of his times he would have been esteemed great in the sight of men. But we must close this imperfect sketch. Venerable brother and friend—friend of the slave, patriot, philanthropist, hero, Christian—hail, and farewell! P.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing was in type, I have procured a copy of B. W. Stone's Biography, and am thus able to give his own words, from p. 44:

"This happy state of things continued for some time, and seemed to gather strength with days. My mind became unearthly, and was solely engaged in the work of the Lord. I had emancipated my slaves from a sense of right, choosing poverty with a good conscience, in preference to all the treasures of the world. This revival cut the bonds of many poor slaves; and this argument speaks volumes in favor of the work. For of what avail is a religion of decency and order, without righteousness?"

SELF-DECEPTION.

"WELL, Willie, I understand you are about to unite with the Presbyterian Church, and study for the ministry. How is it?"

"Why! how did you hear such news?" was the reply.

"Is it not so?"

"Well," said Willie, "I think we make too much of baptism. I asked brother B. and brother C. about baptism, and they did not say so directly, but plainly left me to infer that a person could not be saved in the Presbyterian Church. What do you think about it, brother S.? Do you think any devout, unimmersed Presbyterian or Methodist ever goes to heaven?"

"Yes, Willie, I do not doubt but that many of them have gone to glory."

"Well, then, immersion is not essential to salvation," said Willie.

"I believe," was the reply, "that where the heart is right and the life devoted, an ignorant mistake about the meaning of baptism will not be fatal. We all, in some things, ignorantly mistake our duty; but to persist in the deliberate violation of a known duty, is necessarily fatal. If I were to neglect immersion, I believe I would be damned, and ought to be damned."

"Is baptism a saving ordinance?" said Willie. "Do not our preachers put baptism for the blood of Christ?"

"Oh, no; the merit of our salvation is all in the blood of Christ. His blood alone washes away sin,

but baptism may be a damning ordinance; to the man who willfully perverts it and neglects it, it may stand an eternal bar to his happiness. Where I am unwillingly ignorant, I may find mercy for my ignorance; but to live in the constant violation of a known duty, would infect my whole life with a spiritual leprosy which would unfit me for heaven."

"Well," said Willie, "but I can not think the mode essential."

"The mode of what?"

"The mode of baptism."

"What is baptism? What does the word mean in the original tongue?"

"The lexicons say, immersion," said Willie.

"Well, is immersion essential to immersion?"

"Yes, but God cares not for the form."

"Why did he ordain it, then?"

"But where did the Saviour, who was a poor man, get a change of raiment, if he were immersed," said Willie.

"Now, Willie, you are trifling with your conscience. You must not do that."

"Well, there are difficulties in the subject," said Willie.

"But, Willie, the Bible says Jesus was baptised in Jordan, and you say it is doubtful, because you do not know where he procured a change of raiment. Is this honest? Is it manly?"

This is not more absurd and

false than the plea of learned theologians, that there was not time to immerse three thousand on Pentecost, or there was not sufficient water, etc. This is all the most contemptible and ungodly quibbling.

"But I can not think forms are essential," said Willie.

"Well, suppose then we celebrate the Lord's Supper with nuts and figs. Or suppose you sprinkle a little water on the palm of a man's hand or the sole of his foot, and call it baptism."

"But did you not admit that some unimmersed persons, in your opinion, might go heaven?"

"Yes, but on the score of ignorance of their duty in this one particular, while their hearts were true to Christ; but you are not ignorant, not even blinded by the prejudice of early education; you are deliberately shutting your eyes to the truth."

"But I can not think baptism is a saving ordinance," said Willie.

"But Peter says baptism does save us, (not putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience.) Now, Willie, can *you* have the answer of a good conscience if you neglect what God commanded, and teach others to neglect it? Ponder the subject well. On it, maybe, hangs your eternal destiny. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the dear boy.

Alas! Willie is not alone in this effort at self-blindness. I have a hope for the salvation of some of our mistaken Pedobaptist friends. If I were to say otherwise, I would

myself be untrue. But candor compels me to affirm that, on this subject of baptism, I have seen such a vast amount of shuffling and deliberate perversion that I tremble to think of the consequences when men shall stand before the Judge of all the earth.

At some point in our history, perhaps oftentimes, this awful temptation to self-deception comes to each of us, and we are in danger of lying to our own spirits as well as to the Holy Spirit. We see, perhaps dimly, some revelation of truth that calls us to painful duties and stern self-denial; but lest we should see more clearly, we are fearfully tempted to close our eyes, avert our heads, and pass truth's door without a recognition. There He sits, a strong and beautiful friend, ready to bless us and strengthen us, and help us to the eternal home; but we turn away from Him to be flattered and cheated by some false friend in the shape of a Lie, which promises us life and peace without a true heart and a loyal obedience to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. Remember Eden's sad story. This evil spirit of self-blindness possesses us, when we justify a corrupt practice that brings us gain, or when we persuade ourselves that we have repented of a sin which we refuse to relinquish, or when we hold back from a wholesome confession of a sin that lies on our heart like the weight of a mountain.

A poor fellow who had been excluded from the church on a charge of a violation of the pure law of

Christ, used to come frequently to see me. He protested his innocence, but I often thought that a humiliating confession hung on his lips, which he had not the courage to speak. He asked quietly, but with evident agony: "What shall I do?" I told him, if innocent, perhaps, he would never be vindicated except when the secrets of all hearts were made manifest; if guilty, the cup of a painful confession stood between him and heaven, and must be drunk to its bitter dregs before he could reach the eternal home. He went his way. God will never cast him off if he is true, but will reverse the mistaken judgment of his fellow men; if he is not true—but I pause, for who can tell the story of a lost soul.

Baptism is not the only or even the most painful test to which our loyalty to the King of Truth is subjected. Every year brings its trials, some of them even more fearful than that which was or-

daind for Abraham when he was commanded to offer up Isaac. A man is not called to wear his heart on his sleeve, for the inspection of the world, but he is called to cast off the burthen of every lie from his conscience, and to be careful that his whole life is not a lie.

It will be sad, indeed, to live in the pleasing hope of acceptance with God, and finally to wake up to the realization that all is lost because our lives were false.

Let us struggle to be true, whatever it cost. The truth will make us free.

No self-deception can last forever. Masks must fall off. Conscience, long silenced, will be quickened into a terrible life. Mistaken, ignorant, tempted, thou mayest be, brother; but is thy soul true to the Saviour as the needle to the pole? Then there is hope for thee.

J. S.

FLESH OR SPIRIT?

EXPERIENCE keeps not only a dear school, but a sad one as well. A young man enters the army at the call of his country, flushed with patriotic purposes and hopes, nobly ambitious, it may be, to prove himself a "hero in the strife." He does not doubt that all who march under the same flag are animated by the spirit that stirs within him, till, on a day, he discovers that the Quartermaster and the Com-

missary, who had been hurrahing themselves hoarse for the cause in which he has become a soldier, are thieves, and serving their country for pelf—that his Colonel, or his General, is merely a politician in military uniform, and thinking more about future elections than about battles or the health and safety of his men. The heroic youth becomes doubtful of all about him, and will be apt to say, in his haste,

"all men are liars," shams and hypocrites. His generalization is hasty, and doubtless wrong; but a shadow has fallen on his heart nevertheless—a shadow that no earthly sunlight will ever lift.

An ingenuous youth enters the church. He has believed in the Son of God, and yielded his heart's deepest, holiest affections to his Saviour. He has been dwelling in innocence, unobservant of the darker side of human affairs. For a while, in his new found joy, he thinks all his brethren are "saints of the Lord," and that there is no song like :

"How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above."

But he comes to discover at length, that one of the deacons "runs" a distillery, that a brother who prays for the heathen, and for the spread of the gospel generally, "runs" a saloon, or something of that kind—it may be a "grocery," where all who have money, whether black or white, can obtain the means of getting drunk. He discovers that it is with extreme difficulty money enough is obtained to carry forward the home-work of the church—that the preacher is in a constant hand-to-hand scuffle with want—that he can not even fight the frosts and storms of winter "at long range," but is compelled to meet them squarely, face to face, when they come, as he best can. In short, the young zealot discovers that there is much of flesh—and of the *meanest* kind of flesh—

about the church, and it is well if he does not begin to grow "indifferent" himself. Ah, poor, young, hopeful soul, may the Saviour pity thee, for else thou art lost! Your song is changed now, and as you meditate and half doubt of all you had once believed and hoped, you sing :

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Its smiles of joy and tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven."

Be careful, my young friend, above all things, not to be lulled into a dance. You can attend a circus, twice in twenty-four hours, if you feel like it, and have money enough—you can hob-nob with blackguards, for the sake of getting some petty office, you can engineer "primary political meetings," and be hail-fellow with the lowest, meanest of the human race—you may patronize the turf occasionally—you can absent yourself from church whenever convenience or inclination demands it—you can get on quite well with the reputation of a "sharper," or of a covetous idolator; but should you, in a moment of weakness, yield to the temptation to dance, you are lost! The Church will have spasms of piety, of the most astonishing severity, and will rally out after you like the legion out of "Auld Kirk Alloway" after the luckless Tam O'Shanter. Should you chance to live in Kentucky, it is not to be doubted that some who aided in getting up the pleasant pic-nics for Union soldiers at Belle Island, Salisbury and An-

dersonville, and some who helped to enact, or who applauded the amusing comedy of Fort Pillow, will take part in haling you before the Elders! Is it flesh, or is it spirit? Spirit of course; who doubts it? An outburst of genuine zeal for the truth! "But why," some one may ask, "did you allude to Andersonville and Fort Pillow Christianity?" Well, it is popular, and besides, some people are fond of sandwiches. Look, for instance, at the names appended to the prospectus of the "*Apostolic Times!*" What doest thou *there*, Elijah?

"The flesh warreth against the spirit," and it may happen, that in the close encounters that sometimes occur between them, even good men may be deceived as to which party is uppermost. "A penitent" wishes to know what he must do to be saved, and some one bewildered—but *perhaps* not fatally so, tells him to pray, and to believe—to trust in the Saviour of sinners. Out of such darkness many a soul has struggled into hope, and has lived "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." A brother in Missouri consented to spend a part of the Lord's day in teaching a negro school; and for this most un-Christlike procedure, his brethren "turned the cold shoulder to him, and joined the street rabble in their mocking jeers and taunts at this humble attempt to elevate and make better the poor unfortunate blacks of the town." These items come to us in the same number of the *Christian Standard*—the first, in the editorial column; the

last, *nearly three months after it was written*, appeared somewhere else. On the poor, bewildered, Methodist brother, who has gotten prayer in the wrong place, the editor of the *Standard* comes down like an avalanche. He is a "blind guide;" and out of this incident grows another tract on "first principles." But the good brethren in Missouri, he "roars, gently as a sucking dove." He has nothing to say of the conduct of those "disciples" who persecuted Brother Cotton because he taught a negro Sunday-school, except that they were influenced by a "popular and unrighteous prejudice." Is this ministering to the flesh, or to the spirit? One would have looked for the outburst of zeal and indignation in the Missouri case, and that the "blind guides" who had transposed prayer and baptism would have been "instructed in meekness." It is better to pray *any* time before baptism, or after baptism, or without baptism, than, having received baptism, and having prayed, to go out from the presence of the Lord to maltreat the poor, down-fallen, forsaken ones of earth.

"Ye heartless saints, ye baptized infidels;
Ye worse for mending, washed to fouler
stains,"—

The Son of God, in sad Gethsemane,
Bowed low in more than mortal agony,
And stained his raiment with that sweat
of blood,

That to *the poor*, the gospel might be
preached.

He bore the cross for Afric's sable sons,
And for the dwellers in the far-off isles.
For those from whom you shut the word
of life,

He hung three dreadful hours upon a cross,

Beneath a Syrian sun. He bore *their* sins,
While dying thus, forsaken of his God.
And yet, regardless of his sorrows dire
In Cedron's gloomy vale, and of his cries
On Calvary, you mock the trusting ones
Who, to the lowly sons of bondage, bear
The wondrous message of his dying love.
And you are his, in holy covenant,
Washed from your sins in his atoning
blood!

In you his spirit dwells, and you are heirs
Of God, and joint heirs with the reign-
ing Christ

To all the fullness of eternal joys!
And are you thus? Then hell is heaven
and heaven

Hell—falsehood is truth, and vice is virtue.

Eternal judgment, burning bar of God!
What startling revelations wait on thee?

In thy dread presence, masks are laid
aside.

'T will then appear who now obeys the
flesh,

And who the spirit, in these 'wars of God,'
Against the powers of Sin, and Death
and Hell.

We have wandered from our
theme somewhat, and can not re-
turn till another month shall have
passed. Our readers will, perhaps,
think we have dealt to them, not
sandwiches merely, but a salma-
gundi also. The excuse offered is,
that the pen has been blabbing out
some heart-secrets, and—"what is
writ is writ."
P.

BE HOPEFUL.

A GOOD sister remarked to me not long since, that at times she was filled with fearful forebodings. She heard at church so much about "work!" "work!" and felt that she did so little, that she might at last come short of everlasting life. She did some "service," but then she might, because it was so feebly and imperfectly done, fail to secure the eternal reward. I asked her if she was not kind to the poor that came to her gate. She answered she was, but that she could not often go out to hunt them up. I asked her if she was not tender of her children, and if she did not pray for them, and labor with them, that they might grow up in the nurture of the Lord. She answered, "Yes, but that is selfishness."

Now, while it is well not to overestimate "our service," it is

not well to underestimate it; it is well to consider it justly. While we are unprofitable servants at best, yet we are graciously received if only we love to do what Jesus bids.

A little girl for a long time had been saving her pennies, dropping them into a child's savings bank. Her mother having left home, with the aid of the nurse the child opened the box, and taking her little fortune to a neighboring store, she purchased a piece of goods, out of which to make her mother an apron. The little hands worked diligently, and when the mother came home, she was surprised with the gift. The stitches were long and uneven, and the apron a little misshapen, but the mother had no heart to criticise the work; it was very precious to her, because it

was the work of love. The child did what she could.

So, in the fabric of our lives, there may be long stitches and uneven, yet the merciful Father will pardon our blunders and mistakes, if only we love Him and seek in our life to please Him.

Our obedience is all imperfect, and if the condition of eternal life is perfect, intelligent obedience, then it were better for us all that, as a hidden, untimely birth, we had not been, as infants which never saw the light.

But do we strive to know the will of God? Do we hunger and thirst after righteousness? Are our hearts pure? If so, we are blessed.

Paul said he counted not that he was perfect, but one thing he did: forgetting the things that were behind, he pressed forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. "Let us, therefore, as many as would be perfect, be thus minded."

Sister, the love and care of your husband and children is a part of your religion. Your toils and anxieties at home will not be unrewarded. Your secret prayers will not be unanswered.

If a husband and wife, without children, were to take two little orphans to raise, it would be considered a holy work; it is just as holy to rear up for God and heaven one's own children, as another's.

I heard Gough, the great Temperance orator, one night, tell the following story. He said he was riding once in the country with a city exquisite, and, as they drove

along, his companion remarked: "Ah, Mr. Gough, this life in the country is not life, it is vegetation; it takes the stir and ambition and excitement of a city to constitute life."

"What do you mean?" said Gough.

"Why," said the man, "you see that old lady sitting on that farm porch knitting. She has, probably, never been out of sight of the smoke of her own chimney. It has been eat and drink, and work and sleep—eat and drink, and work and sleep, for many a year; and now it is eat and drink, and knit, and sleep. That I call vegetation."

"Well," said Gough, "I know what you mean, and I know that old lady. She has two daughters, who are teachers. She has two sons, Missionaries of the Cross. She has one son under the soil of Gettysburg, and another following the flag of his regiment to victory. If that is vegetation, I pray God to multiply its growth on the earth."

Your life, my sister, may seem to you poor and empty; but, if it be a life of faith in God, it can not but be rich, and full, and blessed.

Your duties are largely around your own fireside. The poor of your own neighborhood you must visit. The stranger you must not turn aside. The public worship you must not neglect; but it is important, beyond measure, if you desire to accomplish good, that you shall make your home a Christian home; the school of virtue, the

nursery of true men and women,
the center of cheerfulness—a place
for tender and holy memories with
your children when your body

shall sleep beneath the willow,
and the violets shall grow on your
grave.

J. S.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

WE have as yet received very little encouragement in our work from our public journals. The *Standard* gave us a fair notice. Its editor would not knowingly do anything unfair, but even the *Standard* rather shook its grave head at us—saying, be cautious, be cautious. This is all right.

It has not been forgotten by us that the advent of the *Christian Standard* into this stormy world was received with the same dark portents, and evil prophecies, and fierce sectarian growls, which have saluted our ears from several quarters. And wherefore? Because its editor was esteemed “unsound,” “not true to the cause,” and especially a radical on the subject of human rights. We enter the field as an ally in the good work for which the *Standard* was projected. We may not have as pleasant marching, but when the thunders of its guns are heard against oppression and outrage, and fierce sectarian tyranny, it will find us, if not a powerful, we trust at least a faithful ally.

The *Millennial Harbinger* has not yet heard of the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY. If it has, it seems to be in a state of neutrality toward us, and as its editor is always armed for

a good cause, we suppose its neutrality is an armed neutrality, ready to battle with us if we are right, or to battle against us if we go wrong.

Our brother Wright, of the *Pioneer*, notices us in a friendly way, but hopes we will not “minister to the flesh” by treating the sects as Christian communions. This is very singular. How are we to treat them? True, all of them are more or less corrupted forms of Christianity; but have we, as a people, arrived at such a state of Christian knowledge and perfection as to be entirely safe in denying to others any communion with Christ? It is our purpose to labor to call all men to Christ, but we deem it a duty to recognize the spirit of Christ and devotion to his cause wherever found. Certainly, in this we can not be wrong. Moreover, it seems to us, that in this we can not be alone among our journalists.

In addition to these meagre public notices, we have received a number of private letters, some of them very flattering, and many of them containing fraternal admonitions. One brother says, “be not too independent.” No, we will not. We will try to *depend* on “God and the word of his grace.” Another says, “be wise as serpents

and harmless as doves." Another says, "be sharp, but not ugly." If we know our own hearts, we would not harm any living being. We seek the good of our fellow men. We have undertaken no wild, reckless, thoughtless work. The prospectus of the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY* was written by its editors two years before its publication, and the whole enterprise was the subject of prayer and of frequent conversations. The enterprise was entered upon at last from a profound conviction of its necessity—a conviction deepened by every day's experience.

We shall endeavor to stand for the truth as it is in Jesus. Let our friends stand by us, and, with God's blessing, we will succeed. He who knows all things knows that it cost us an agony to determine on this work and commit ourselves to it. We knew what we hazarded, not pecuniarily—this was a small consideration—but the affection of friends and the good will of brethren, and our standing as ministers of the gospel—these are dear to us, and these we put in jeopardy. We are no children, to rush thoughtlessly into a work of this kind. We are not beside ourselves, or, if we are, it is to God. "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all that they who live should not live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again. Wherefore, henceforth know we no man after the flesh."

It seems to be feared by some persons that we are about to compromise in some way our plea for Reformation. That plea is, or ought to be, for the whole revealed truth of God. This it is our purpose to maintain. If there are difficulties in our practical work, we desire candidly to consider them. If there are compromises of the truth, it is our purpose to expose them. If there is a misconception of the mission of the Church, we will labor to correct it. "But you acknowledge that there are Christians among the sects?" Yes; but so did Alexander Campbell—and so do a large number of disciples. Do Isaac Errett and W. K. Pendleton, and Charles Louis Loos, and Robert Milligan, and a host of our ablest and most influential brethren, deny it? In expressing the belief that there are true, but mistaken friends of Jesus, heirs of immortality, among our religious neighbors, we only say what thousands believe. We intend to treat these friends of Christ as brethren, and teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly.

It is not our purpose to abate one jot from the plea for the religion of Christ.

We believe in a crucified Saviour as our only hope—the only hope of sinful man. To trust him and obey him from the heart, constitutes our highest duty, our supreme happiness and glory.

We will labor to secure the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; believing that there is one body, and one Spirit, and one hope;

one Lord, one faith, one immersion; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all. We intend to call on men to become members of this body, to enjoy this spirit, to embrace this hope, to obey this Lord, to accept this faith, and abide in it, to submit to this immersion, and to glorify God, and enjoy him forever as the chief end of man.

We know we are fallible, and pray to be preserved from error; and while we make no absurd claim of infallibility for ourselves, we do not admit it in others. The INDEPENDENT MONTHLY may err; but, alas! so may the *Pioneer*, the *Standard*, and the *Harbinger*. We may be too lax, or too severe, as other papers have been; but we protest

our fidelity to the King Eternal. We may be ignored, but if we speak the truth, it can not be ignored. It will endure.

We close this article with a word of cheer from a brave sister far off on the prairies of Nebraska. There are thousands like her in this goodly land:

"The inclosed \$1.50 is for the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY. We take so many papers that I made up my mind I would not, nor could not take another. But I was so pleased with your paper I could have wept for joy. I began to think that in leaving the Methodists to worship with the Disciples, 'I had but changed jails.' I do not like the idea of two or three men doing all the thinking for the people—then cry 'unsound,' if one dare to differ with them. I like the high tone of the INDEPENDENT."

J. S.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

THOMAS MUNNELL—*Dear Brother*: I wish to say a few things on several subjects not often discussed in our periodicals, nor in our pulpits, although they belong to "first principles," in a pre-eminent sense. I do not intend any compliment by addressing you personally, for I am not vain enough to suppose that the position I at present occupy, or that any personal consequence I may have obtained, or that any power of thought or facility of expression that the proposed pages may exhibit, can render their address to any one, more than allowable. Indeed, I am not sure but that your reputation

may be imperiled by the liberty I have taken. Let me say, then, in the most explicit manner, that I address these papers to you without permission asked, and that you are not, to the slightest extent, responsible for them, or in any way committed to the advocacy of what they may advance. Your long, and earnest, and faithful labors in the missionary work, entitle you to the respect, the confidence, and the support of your brethren every-where; but it can not help you much for me to say this. I address you personally, in the hope that, on this account, if for no other reason, what

I have to say will be read and respectfully considered by our brotherhood.

To suppose that American Christianity can maintain its ground in its present form and with its present spirit, for more than a generation or two, would imply either culpable inattention to existing facts, or incapacity to deal with them intelligently. With the masses in the United States, Christianity is ceasing to be a superstition, without becoming a faith. The hereditary or traditional faith that held our fathers to the Cross of Christ is disappearing, but is not being succeeded by enlightened belief. The young men and women of these times who belong to the more cultivated classes, must have something more than catechisms and church formularies, if they are, in any effective sense, to *trust* in Christ. Is it, indeed, not apparent that a larger energy must be given to "the things unseen," by such as profess faith in Christ *to-day*, if the young people, immediately at our heels, are not to pass rapidly through the present season of ill-concealed indifference, into open and undisguised infidelity?

Few sick people are willing to hear "the worst." I have sat by the bed-side of consumptives on whose cheeks the hectic fever glowed, and whose wildly lustrous eyes and hollow cough, justified expectation of almost immediate dissolution, and heard them tell their plans for the future. "They had some cough, to be sure, but then they had taken cold recently, and would be

better again when that passed off; or, when the spring should come with its birds and flowers; or, when the hot summer was over, and the cool and beautiful autumn weather came on." Poor, weary ones! may Christ be your salvation; for the time of the singing of birds will come to you no more in this world forever, and the winds of the next autumn will pile the yellow leaves about your graves.

Few churches, few professors of the faith, are willing to hear the worst of themselves. Self-love and partisan pride are apt to take offense at any one who does not cry peace, peace, all is well. Hence, there is ever present with the preacher, weighty motives for silence on subjects, the discussion of which brings neither reputation nor bread. Who covets the reputation of a complainer—"a growler?" Shall we then look only on the bright side of things, and peacefully drift with the current? This may suit reformers whose views of reformation extend only to "positive ordinances and church order;" but he who regards a reformation that stops short of a true and righteous life, as a useless disturbance of society—an ecclesiastical row—a senseless hub-bub—can not float with the current, when, in his judgment, it sets in the direction of "the world, the flesh and the devil." You will do me the justice to notice, that my statements are general only, not universal.

Nothing can be gained, but much may be lost, by attempting to conceal from ourselves the *facts* that now imperatively demand the atten-

grave allegation ; and yet I am slow to believe that any man, at once intelligent and honest, and who is conversant with the details of the subject, will question its truth. Is it then, indeed, because our souls are "exceeding sorrowful" on account of the lost estate of our neighbors and our children, that we call for some one in reputation as a successful proselyter to come and hold a "protracted meeting?" I

wish I could believe this. I wish I did not know the contrary. But I do know the contrary, if I can know the motives from which any human proceedings spring. We are anxious to build up "our Church," that it may be respectable—larger than any other in the town or city, not because we are weary with prayerful watching and waiting for the gathering in of sinners to the fold of Christ. This spirit often manifests itself among the denominations that severally concede one another's orthodoxy. If one party conducts a successful

meeting, others begin to stir themselves, lest some whom they esteem as *theirs* should pass into another fold. Now, if the single desire is that sinners should be saved, why care through what Church they pass up to God? The work is largely the offspring of wrong motives, if not of impure ones, and, like all fundamental errors, brings with it a train of evils. It encourages indulgence in long seasons of indifference to the work of conversion, and tends to destroy the efficiency of pastoral labor. It brings into the ascendency, very

As the Editor of Little Bear advised
I will be able to find any comfort in it.

27.07.2012 22:00

1869.]

Nobody's Story.

III

often, men of impure character and selfish aims—men who, about their own homes, are not in reputation for righteousness. Men who ought to be scouted from all pure society, are not only tolerated by this fierce partizan spirit, but cherished warmly, and liberally sustained. Success in proselyting, justifies everything.

We need, everywhere, a *different* spirit. We need to forget our party—any party—and to fix our minds on the preciousness of souls for which Jesus died. We need to learn some lessons in Gethsemane and on Calvary, and to associate these lessons with our sense of duty to the impenitent souls about us.

The conversations that may be heard in Christian families whose Church is passing through one of those spasmodic fits of zeal for the

salvation of souls, are, curious, to say the least of them. Specimens may some day be given. The occasion is exciting, and the manner in which it is spoken of, indicates infallibly the views and the *temper* of those engaged in it. Christ is seldom or never mentioned. There are few tears shed, whether of joy or of sorrow, on these occasions, and there is very little prayer, and still less of its true spirit. These revivals are “gotten up” on the hurrah-boys principle, and carried on in harmony with that principle. Should it be cause of astonishment, then, that they are so generally followed by seasons of fearful collapse, and that, not seldom, they should “increase to more ungodliness?”

Truly yours,

P.

NOBODY'S STORY.

WE hope that all of our readers who have not done so before, will peruse “Nobody's Story.” It is one of the many beautiful and marvelous Christmas stories of Charles Dickens. It illustrates the intimate sympathy and dependence of one part of a society on the other; so that when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. There lives not one poor soul in a community, to whom a great wrong is done, that the evil results will not ultimately, in some shape, touch the greatest and proudest.

“Nobody's Story” teaches us,

too, respect for the rank and file of earth, who bear the heat and burden of the day, and die forgotten, except by Him who marks the fall of every sparrow, and far more the struggles and sorrows of all the faithful children of earth.

J. S.

He lived on the bank of a mighty river, broad and deep, which was always silently rolling on to a vast, undiscovered ocean. It had rolled on ever since the world began. It had changed its course sometimes, and turned into new channels, leaving its old always dry and barren; but it had ever been upon the flow, and was ever to flow until time shall

in that living which he at last 15
from 1H:22. See also 2 Page 80-1st Column
Cor 13:14, 6 = 2 down 1: 13-21 line 9-

Page 10:1.

be no more. Against its strong, unfathomable stream, nothing made head. No living creature, no flower, no leaf, no particle of animate or inanimate existence, ever strayed back from the undiscovered ocean. The tide of the river set resistlessly toward it; and the tide never stopped, any more than the earth stops in its circling round the sun.

He lived in a busy place, and he worked very hard to live. He had no hope of ever being rich enough to live a month without hard work, but he was quite content, God knows, to labor with a cheerful will. He was one of an immense family, all of whose sons and daughters gained their daily bread by daily work, prolonged from their rising up betimes until their lying down at night. Beyond this destiny he had no prospect, and he sought none.

There was over-much drumming, trumpeting, and speech-making, in the neighborhood where he dwelt; but he had nothing to do with that. Such clash and uproar came from the Bigwig family, at the unaccountable proceedings of which race he marveled much. They set up the strangest statues, in iron, marble, bronze and brass, before his door; and darkened his house with the legs and tails of uncouth images of horses. He wondered what it all meant, smiled in a rough, good-humored way he had, and kept at his hard work.

The Bigwig family (composed of all the noisiest) had undertaken to save him the trouble of thinking for himself, and to manage him and his affairs. "Why, truly," said he, "I have little time upon my hands; and if you will be so good as to take care of me in return for the money I pay over"—for the

Bigwig family were not above his money—"I shall be relieved and much obliged, considering that you know best." Hence the drumming, trumpeting, and speech-making, and the ugly images of horses which he was expected to fall down and worship.

"I don't understand all this," said he, rubbing his furrowed brow confusedly. "But it has a meaning, maybe, if I could find it out."

"It means," returned the Bigwig family, suspecting something of what he said, "honor and glory in the highest, to the highest merit."

"Oh!" said he. And he was glad to hear that.

But, when he looked among the images in iron, marble, bronze and brass, he failed to find a rather meritorious countryman of his, once the son of a Warwickshire wool-dealer, or any single countryman whomsoever of that kind. He could find none of the men whose knowledge had rescued him and his children from terrific and disfiguring disease, whose boldness had raised his forefathers from the condition of serfs, whose wise fancy had opened a new and high existence to the humblest, whose skill had filled the working man's world with accumulated wonders. Whereas, he did find others whom he knew no good of; and even others whom he knew much ill of.

"Humph!" said he, "I don't quite understand it."

So he went home, and sat down by his fireside to get it out of his mind.

Now, his fireside was a bare one, all hemmed in by blackened streets; but it was a precious place to him. His children, stunted in their growth, bore traces of unwholesome nurture; but they had beauty in his sight. Above all other things

it was an earnest desire of this man's soul that his children should be taught. "If I am sometimes misled," said he, "for want of knowledge, at least let them know better, and avoid my mistakes. If it is hard for me to reap the harvest of pleasure and instruction that is stored in books, let it be easier to them."

But the Bigwig family broke into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses; impounded one another in courts lay and courts ecclesiastical; threw dirt, exchanged pummelings, and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile, this man, in his short evening snatches at his fireside, saw the demon ignorance arise there, and take his children to itself. He saw his daughter perverted into a heavy, slatternly drudge; he saw his son go moping down the ways of low sensuality, to brutality and crime; he saw the dawning light of intelligence in the eyes of his babies so changing into cunning and suspicion, that he could have rather wished them idiots.

"I don't understand this any the better," said he; "but I think it can not be right. Nay, by the clouded heaven above me, I protest against this as my wrong!"

Becoming peaceable again (for his passion was usually short-lived, and his nature kind), he looked about him on his Sundays and hol-

idays, and he saw how much monotony and weariness there was, and thence how drunkenness arose with all its train of ruin. Then he appealed to the Bigwig family, and said: "We are a laboring people, and I have a glimmering suspicion in me that laboring people, of whatever condition, were made, by a higher intelligence than yours, as I poorly understand it—to be in need of mental refreshment and recreation. See what we fall into, when we rest without it. Come! Amuse me harmlessly, show me something, give me an escape!"

But here the Bigwig family fell into a state of uproar absolutely deafening. When some few voices were faintly heard, proposing to show him the wonders of the world, the greatness of creation, the mighty changes of time, the workings of nature and the beauties of art—to show him these things, that is to say, at any period of his life when he could look upon them—there arose among the Bigwigs such roaring and raving, such pulpitizing and petitioning, and maundering and memorializing, such name-calling and dirt-throwing, such a shrill wind of parliamentary questioning and feeble replying—where "I dare not" waited on "I would"—that the poor fellow stood aghast, staring wildly around.

"Have I provoked all this," said he, with his hands to his affrighted ears, "by what was meant to be an innocent request, plainly arising out of my familiar experience, and the common knowledge of all men who choose to open their eyes? I don't understand, and I am not understood. What is to come of such things?"

He was bending over his work, often asking himself the question, when the news began to spread that

a pestilence had appeared among the laborers, and was slaying them by thousands. Going forth to look about him, he soon found this to be true. The dying and the dead were mingled in the close and tainted houses among which his life was passed. New poison was distilled into the always murky, always sickening air. The robust and the weak, old age and infancy, the father and the mother, all were stricken down alike.

What means of flight had he? He remained where he was and saw those who were dearest to him die. A kind preacher came to him, and would have said some prayers to soften his heart in his gloom, but he replied:

"O, what avails it, missionary, to come to me, a man condemned to residence in this fetid place, where every sense becomes a torment, and where every minute of my numbered days is new mire added to the heap under which I lie oppressed! But give me my first glimpse of heaven through a little of its light and air; give me pure water; help me to be clean; lighten this heavy atmosphere and heavy life, in which our spirits sink, and we become the indifferent and callous creatures you too often see us; gently and kindly take the bodies of those who die among us out of the small room where we grow to be so familiar with the awful change that even ITS sanctity is lost to us; and, teacher, then I will hear—none know better than you how willingly—of Him whose thoughts were so much with the poor, and who had compassion for all human sorrow!"

He was at his work again, solitary and sad, when his master came and stood near to him, dressed in black. He, also, had suffered heav-

ily. His young wife, his beautiful and good young wife, was dead; so, too, his only child.

"Master, 'tis hard to bear—I know it—but be comforted. I would give you comfort if I could."

The master thanked him from his heart, but said he, "O, you laboring men! The calamity began among you. If you had but lived more healthily and decently, I should not be the widowed and bereft mourner that I am this day."

"Master," returned the other, shaking his head, "I have begun to understand a little that most calamities will come from us, as this one did, and that none will stop at our poor doors, until we are united with that great squabbling family yonder, to do the things that are right. We can not live healthily and decently, unless they who undertook to manage us provide the means. We can not be instructed, unless they will teach us; we can not be rationally amused, unless they will amuse us; we can not but have some false gods of our own, while they set up so many of theirs in all the public places. The evil consequences of imperfect instruction, the evil consequences of pernicious neglect, the evil consequences of unnatural restraint, and the denial of humanizing enjoyments, will all come from us, and none of them will stop with us. They will spread far and wide. They always do; they always have done—just like the pestilence. I understand so much, I think, at last."

But the master said again: "O, you laboring men! how seldom do we ever hear of you, except in connection with some trouble!"

"Master," he replied "I am Nobody, and little likely to be heard of (nor yet much wanted to be heard of perhaps), except where

there is some trouble. But it never begins with me, and it can never end with me. As sure as death it comes down to me, and it goes up from me."

There was so much reason in what he said, that the Bigwig family, getting wind of it, and being horribly frightened by the late desolation, resolved to unite with him to do the things that were right—at all events, as far as the sad things were associated with the direct prevention, humanly speaking, of another pestilence. But as their fear wore off, which it soon began to do, they resumed their falling out among themselves and did nothing. Consequently the scourge appeared again—low down as before, and spread avengingly upward as before, and carried off vast numbers of the brawlers. But not a man among them ever admitted, in the least degree, he ever perceived that he had anything to do with it.

So Nobody lived and died in the old, old, old way; and this, in the

main, is the whole of Nobody's story.

Had he no name, you ask? Perhaps it was legion. It matters little what his name was. Let us call him Legion. If you were ever in the Belgian villages near the field of Waterloo, you will have seen, in some quiet little church, a monument erected by faithful companions in arms to the memory of Colonel A, Major B, Captains C, D, and E, Lieutenants F and G, Ensigns H, I and J, seven non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and thirty rank and file, who fell in the discharge of their duty on the memorable day. The story of Nobody is the rank and file of the earth. They bear their share of the battle; they have their part in the victory; they fall; they leave no name but in the mass. The march of the proudest of us leads to the dusty way by which they go. O! let us think of them this year at the Christmas fire, and not forget them when it is burnt out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY.

We have received the first number of this periodical, the prospectus of which appeared some months ago. The number contains 144 pages octavo, and for its mechanical execution, the quality of the paper on which it is printed, etc., it is fairly entitled to the highest commendation. Like all the publications of R. W. Carroll & Co., that we have seen, it evinces a commendable willingness to achieve excellence at whatever cost.

There is as wide a difference in the manner of treatment of which subjects are susceptible, as there is in the subjects themselves. Some demand the more exact, logical, or scientific methods; while others allow the desultory, and are, perhaps, most effectively treated in that style. If we admit, therefore, that the articles in the first number of the *Quarterly*, vary greatly in merit, it would not follow that they should be accepted as decisive of the comparative ability of the

writers. Three or four articles in the present number are of great and permanent value.

We have not found time to read all the articles with the care and concentration of mind demanded by the gravity of the subjects discussed, and are not prepared to play the critic, 'even had we a call to so perilous a task. We can not, however, but esteem it unfortunate that the writer of the first article, "Modern Preachers and Preaching," should have shaken our confidence in the value of his critical judgment, by comparing, or even by contrasting Spurgeon, Beecher, and Benjamin Franklin. It can serve no valuable purpose of either scientific or literary criticism, to contrast things that do not belong to the same order, or even to the same Genus.

Spurgeon has held London audiences spell bound for fifteen years or more; and, could a building large enough be furnished, Beecher might preach to several acres of the same people for a life-time; whereas, Mr. Franklin seems to exhaust his power over a community in a few weeks. This fact is decisive. It does not prove Mr. Franklin an imbecile; but it does prove that the man who can venture to place him in the same rank with Beecher and Spurgeon, must, consciously or unconsciously, possess volcanic powers of ridicule; while the fact that our reviewer has actually done this, will occasion universal and wildest panic among his most cherished friends. Which of them will be his next victim? We hope he will reflect

that very few men can afford to have half a continent convulsed with laughter at their expense.

Our esteemed reviewer is, perhaps, still young, and will no doubt discover, as his years wear on, that the characteristics of Sir Oracle and of the renowned Dogberry may unite in a man, and yet leave him without any very desirable endowments of head or heart; and that it requires neither a Beecher nor a Spurgeon to play the principal part in one class of those tragico-comedies, ycleped Big Meetings—a variety of dramatic performance which, for the interests of true religion, it is to be hoped is well nigh "played out."

Notwithstanding, we can cordially commend the *Christian Quarterly* to our readers, and we shall be glad to send it to them along with the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY at \$4.50 per annum, for both periodicals. P.

THE CHURCH AT PARIS, KY.

In a passing visit to Paris, I was much rejoiced to hear of the prosperity of the Church in that place. I spent four years—the first four years of the war—in Paris, and necessarily had many jars and conflicts. Though differing widely, and openly, with many of the members of the Church, yet I was treated by a large majority of them with a respect and affection that I can never forget.

Brother C. K. Marshall, an old friend and schoolmate, is now the preacher of the Church. His

praise was on the lips of all the brethren I met. By his ability, industry, and upright walk, he is accomplishing a great work for Christ. May the dear Lord strengthen and bless him in his labor of love.

Brother Marshall has felt compelled, lately, to enter his solemn protest as a servant of God, against the liquor traffic, in which some of the members of the Church are engaged.

Some amiable and liberal brethren, men of large influence, are involved extensively in this business. I do hope they will now consider the matter calmly, and in the fear of God; and, seeing the whole question as it relates to society, to their families, to their own reputation and their souls' eternal destiny, will abandon the trade, and turn the currents of their great gains to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to minister to the poor, to educate the ignorant, and send the gospel to the benighted and lost ones of earth.

It is a sad thing for a great county, when its name is associated with no mighty enterprise, no enlarged charity, no devoted Christian work, but with an article of trade that corrupts and destroys men. Is this the case with "Bourbon county?" Is it celebrated in New York and Boston, and San Francisco, and London, for its Bourbon College, or its "Bourbon Female Orphan School?"

Is it not renowned in all these places, and may be, even in Heaven and Hell, for its "Bourbon whiskey?"

Let us trust that a new era of progress and light will be inaugurated, not only in Bourbon county, but in all Kentucky; and that the Church there, will, in the future, be as noted for its purity and righteousness as it has ever been for its liberality and hospitality.

J. S.

SELECTIONS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR

The Marriage Ring.—They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she has no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

Acquaintance Ripens Love.—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation: *every little thing can blast an infant blossom*; and the breath of

the South can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl, like the locks of a new-weaned boy ; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the North, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken : so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage ; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretense can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

Multitudes Before the Throne.—

Consider what infinite multitudes of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear ! It is a huge assembly, when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province, are gathered together in heaps and confusion of disorder ; but, then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates ; all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented ; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God,

and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude !

In that great multitude, we shall meet all those who, by their example and their holy precepts, have, like tapers enkindled with a beam of the Sun of righteousness, enlightened us, and taught us to walk in the paths of justice. * * Here men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wines and noises. There shall ye see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or a pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness. That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptation, might have followed the Lamb in a white robe ; and that poor man, that is clothed with shame and flames of fire, would have shined in glory, but that thou didst force him to be partner of thy baseness.

Sympathy.—If you do but see a maiden carried to her grave a little before her intended marriage, or an infant die before the birth of reason, nature hath taught us to pay a tributary tear. Alas ! your eyes will behold the ruin of many families, which though they sadly have deserved, yet mercy is not delighted at the spectacle ; and, therefore, God places a watery cloud in the eye, that when the light of heaven shines upon it, it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the

sons of God do not love to see a man perish.

Superstition.—I have seen a harmless dove made dark with an artificial night, and her eyes sealed and locked up with a little quill, soaring upward, and flying with amazement, fear, and undiscerning wing; she made toward heaven, but knew not that she was made a train and an instrument, to teach her enemy to prevail upon her and all her defenseless kindred. So is a superstitious man, jealous and blind, forward and mistaken; he runs toward heaven as he thinks, but he chooses foolish paths, and, out of fear, takes anything that he is told; or fancies and guesses concerning God, by measures taken from his own diseases and imperfections.

General Benevolence and Friendship.—A good man is a friend to all the world; and he is not only truly charitable that does not wish well, and do good, to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of our souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children.

THE APOSTOLIC TIMES.

We have seen, in the public prints, the Prospectus of the *Apostolic Times*, a weekly paper to be published in Lexington, Kentucky, and edited by Moses E. Lard, Robt. Graham, Winthrop B. Hopson, Lanceford B. Wilkes, and John W. McGarvey. This is, unquestionably, an able corps. There will be brains and heart, too, in the *Apostolic Times*. By virtue of our seniority, as the INDEPENDENT

MONTHLY has the advantage of a little experience, we tender these "new editors" a friendly greeting. We wish them, one and all, long days on the earth, and abundance of peace. We wish well, too, to the *Apostolic Times*.

There is one paragraph in the prospectus to which we invite attention:

"The paper will bear itself high over all political issues and geographical boundaries, both in its matter and spirit. It will stand neither for the North nor the South as such, neither for the East nor the West as such, but in all places and at all times for the TRUTH ALONE and its friends."

It will stand neither for the North or South, as such. We trust it will not. It would be a poor and senseless thing if it did. But suppose the South, in the coming days, should stand for a divine institution, and the North against it, then, brother editors, will you stand for the North or South, or neither? The thing that hath been, may-be again.

Suppose the West stands for liberty, and the East for slavery, then, brother editors, where will you stand?

If the *Apostolic Times* stands for the TRUTH alone, and for its friends in all places and at all times, it will stand, we trust, very near in line with the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY. For, as God gives us to see the truth, we intend to stand for it, through evil report and good report, whether we find it in the North or South, the East or West.

J. S.

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad, or barcarolle.
She thinketh of her song upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the
reel

Is full, and, artfully, her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,

The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian Church—that we
may do

Our Father's business in these temples
mirk,

Thus swift and steadfast—thus intent and
strong;

While, thus apart from toil, our souls
pursue

Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove
our work

The better for the sweetness of our song.

[Mrs. Browning.

SPARE HOURS.

This is the title of two books—
first and second series—by John
Brown, M. D., a distinguished
Scotchman, and a man of genius.

There is a vast deal of genuine
humor in the books; but they are
chiefly valuable for their enlarged
views of life, their deep sympathy
with man, and the great, healthy
Christianity which they inculcate.

For sale by H. S. Bosworth, 103
Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SCHEME OF REDEMPTION.

We are indebted to Brother R.
Milligan for a handsome copy of
his book, the Scheme of Redemp-
tion. We have not yet had time
to do more than examine a few
chapters, but propose to read it
carefully, and give it a candid re-

view. It has evidently been pre-
pared with great care, and breathes
the spirit of deep piety, which
marks the life of its distinguished
author.

Published by R. W. Carroll &
Co., 115 and 117 West Fourth
street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

If any of our subscribers have
failed to receive either the January
or February numbers, we hope
they will notify us.

Always write the name and Post-
office distinctly.

If there are two persons at the
same Postoffice that have the same
name, be careful to give us such a
direction that the paper will not go
to the wrong person.

With a little exertion on the part
of our friends, we will soon be
firmly established. We are stead-
ily gaining subscribers.

Let all the brethren who believe
in the faithful discussion of the
great and living issues of the pass-
ing years, come to our rescue.

With a little effort we can have
a thousand subscribers in Ken-
tucky. Brethren there who sym-
pathize with us, need not listen to
the voice of evil prophets.

Show your papers to your neigh-
bors—get every subscriber you can.
The day may not be far distant
when the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY
will be quite a popular paper in
Kentucky.

See our Terms, on the cover.

PUBLICATIONS OF H. S. BOSWORTH,

No. 103 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CHRISTIAN HYMN-BOOK.

SMALL EDITION. (Pearl, 48mo.)

Arabesque	\$.65	Imitation Turkey, gilt edge.....	\$1.10
Arabesque, gilt back, burnished edge75	Turkey Morocco, gilt edge.....	1.35
Arabesque, gilt edge.....	.90	Turkey, with gilt clasp.....	2.00

MEDIUM EDITION. (Brevier, 24mo.)

Sheep Binding	\$.90	Turkey Morocco, gilt edge.....	\$2.00
Arabesque	1.10	Turkey, with gilt clasp.....	2.75
Arabesque, gilt back, burnished edge	1.25	Turkey, flexible.....	2.50
Arabesque, gilt edge.....	1.40	Silk Velvet, border and clasp.....	6.60
Imitation Turkey, gilt edge.....	1.60	Silk Velvet, extra.....	8.00

LARGE EDITION. (Pica, 12mo.)

Sheep Binding.....	\$2.00	Arabesque.....	\$2.50
Turkey Morocco.....			\$4.00

WORKS OF A. CAMPBELL.

THE CHRISTIAN BAPTIST.

This important work can not be superseded by any subsequent publications. Seven volumes in one, containing 670 double-columned pages. Price, in cloth, \$3; arabesque, \$3.50.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM,

In reference to the union of Christians and the restoration of Primitive Christianity. By A. Campbell. Price, \$1.40.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM,

With its Antecedents and Consequents. By Alex. Campbell. Price, \$1.40.

CAMPBELL AND PURCELL'S DEBATE

On Roman Catholicism. A new edition of this very able discussion is ready. Price, \$1.40.

CAMPBELL AND OWEN'S DEBATE,

On all the Systems of Skepticism, Ancient and Modern. Complete in one volume. This will always remain a leading work on the Evidences of Christianity. Price, \$1.50. Net cash, \$1.10.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE PENTATEUCH.

Delivered before the Morning Class of Bethany College, during the Session of 1859-60, by Alexander Campbell; also, short extracts from his sermons during the same session; to which is prefixed a sketch of the life of President Campbell, with a fine steel portrait. Edited by W. T. Moore. Price, \$1.75. Net cash, \$1.20.

MATHES AND BROOKS' DEBATE,

On Baptism and Kindred Subjects. Price.....\$1.25

QUINTER AND McCONNELL'S DEBATE,

On Trine Immersion, Feet-Washing, etc. Price.....\$1.25

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

The following books (except first and fourth series), are put up in paper boxes, and nearly all are attractive for paper, binding, and illustrations. The prices are considerably reduced. If ordered by mail, add 16 per cent. to prepay postage.

<i>Twelve Dollar Lot. Down in a Mine, etc.</i>	<i>The Proverb Series, 3 vols.</i>	-	2 50
31 vols., containing nearly 5,000 pages and numerous illustrations. This lot is selected from the publications of the Tract Society, as about the best that can be had for the price. \$12 00.	<i>The Florence Stories, 6 vols.</i>	-	5 00
<i>Scripture Biography, by Gallaudet. 11 vols., 2929 pp. \$4 50.</i>	<i>The Dotty Dimple Stories, 6 vols.</i>	-	4 00
<i>Hannah More's Stories for the Young. 8 vols., 52 illustrations. Price, \$2 50.</i>	<i>The Rolling Stone Series, 3 vols.</i>	-	3 60
<i>Village and Family Library. 76 vols. of 192 pp. each. Half cloth, \$25 00. This series contains a large amount of useful and entertaining information. (They are not for small children.)</i>	<i>Mrs. Hoffland's Select Stories, 6 vols.</i>	-	3 00
<i>Little Monitor Series, by Mrs. Goodwin. 6 vols.</i>	<i>Aids for Bible Study—</i>		
<i>Chambers' Library for Young People, 20 vols.</i>	Cruden's Concordance, \$2 00.		
<i>Chambers' Pocket Miscellany, 12 vols. (double)</i>	Bible Dictionary, 534 pp., maps, illustrations, tables, etc., \$1 50.		
<i>Abbott's Francoonia Stories, 10 vols.</i>	Bible Text Book (a Concordance of Subjects), 40 cts.		
" <i>Rollo Books, 14 vols.</i>	Bible Reader's Help, 40 cts.		
" <i>Rollo Story Books, 12 vols.</i>	Bible Atlas and Gazetteer, \$1 00.		
" <i>Rollo's Tour in the East, 10 vols.</i>	<i>Maps—</i> Palestine, paper, colored, 14 by 22 inches, 28 cts.; Palestine on muslin, not mounted, 5 feet long, \$2 50; Palestine, 4 by 4 feet, full colored and mounted on rollers, \$6 00; Lands of the Bible, 4 by 4 feet, embracing an extent of 2000 by 1000 miles, colored and mounted on rollers, \$6 00.		
" <i>Rainbow and Lucky Series, 5 vols.</i>			
" <i>Florence Stories, 6 vols.</i>			
" <i>Lucy Books, 6 vols.</i>			
" <i>Jonas Books, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Boat Club Series (Oliver Optic), 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Woodville Stories (Oliver Optic), 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Riverdale Stories (Oliver Optic), 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Flora Lee Stories, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Spectacles for Young Eyes, 8 vols.</i>			
<i>Arthur's Home Stories, 3 vols.</i>			
<i>Arthur's Household Library, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Arthur's Juvenile Library, 12 vols.</i>			
<i>Leslie's Stories, 5 vols.</i>			
<i>Play and Study Series, 4 vols.</i>			
<i>Little Prudy Series, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Bright Hope Series, 5 vols.</i>			
<i>Dickens' Little Folks, 6 vols. (double)</i>			
<i>Aimwell Stories, 7 vols.</i>			
<i>The Dove Stories, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Agnes Strickland's Stories from History, 4 vols.</i>			
<i>The Percy Family (visits to Europe), 5 vols.</i>			
<i>Walter's Tour in the East (Jerusalem, etc.), 6 vols.</i>			
<i>The Brookside Series, 4 vols.</i>			
<i>My Favorite Library, 12 vols. (200 illustrations),</i>			
<i>Charlotte Elizabeth Stories, 8 vols.</i>			
<i>Sunny Side Series, 3 vols.</i>			
<i>The Good Boy's Library, 10 vols.</i>			
<i>The Good Girl's Library, 10 vols.</i>			
<i>Sunny Bank Stories, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>Shady Dell Stories, 6 vols.</i>			
<i>The Violet Stories (12 miniature vols.)</i>			

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, ETC.

<i>Testaments—</i> Common version, \$1 25, \$2 50 and \$3 50 per doz.; Anderson's translation, school edition, \$4 80 per doz.	
<i>Bibles—</i> For Classes, 50 to 75 cts. each; for Presents, 75 cts. to \$3 00 each.	
<i>The Christian Sunday School Hymn Book</i> has been thoroughly revised and enlarged. It now contains more of the favorite hymns in use than larger and more expensive books. Half bound, cloth back, \$1 50 per doz.; full cloth, \$2 40; 20 cts. per doz., postage.	
<i>Tickets, blue and red, 500 for 50 cts.</i>	
<i>Reward Tickets and Cards, \$1 00 per 100 to \$1 00 per doz.</i>	
<i>Teachers' Class Book, 75 cts. per doz.</i>	
<i>Question Books—</i> McGarvey's, volume 1, (Matt., Mark and Luke) 15 cts.; vol. 2 (John and Acts), 15 cts.	
<i>Crane's Scripture Teacher, 30 cts.; per doz., \$3 00.</i>	
<i>Little Child's Bible Question Book, by Sister Logan, per doz., 40 cts.</i>	
<i>One Hundred Scripture Questions and Answers, by Dr. Irvin, per doz., 40 cts.</i>	
<i>Primers: 50 cts., 60 cts. and \$1 00 per doz.</i>	
<i>Music Books—</i> The Violet and Little Minstrel, each \$3 00 per doz.; Polyphonic, Fresh Laurels, or Musical Leaves, \$3 60 per doz.; Shining Pearls, by Eld. K. Shaw, \$1 50 per doz.	
<i>Packets of Toy Books, useful for presents, 16 in each pack, in great variety, for 20, 25, 30, and 35 cts. per pack; postage 2 cts. per pack.</i>	
<i>The books of the American Sunday School Union, American Tract Society, or any other publications supplied to order.</i>	

Address

H. S. BOSWORTH,
103 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

LIST OF BOOKS

Selected from various Publishers, and valuable for young Preachers, and other persons; especially those whose opportunities for education have been limited:

WORKS OF REFERENCE.

*Smith's Bible Dictionary, 3 vols., cloth.....	\$17.00
Smith's Bible Dictionary, abridged, 1 vol., cloth.....	6.00
Bible Dictionary, 5 colored maps, 250 illustrations.....	1.50
*Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.....	6.00
*Kitto's Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature, 3 vols., royal 8vo.....	20.00
Kitto's Condensed Work.....	4.00
Cruden's Concordance.....cloth, \$150; leather,	2.00
Bible Atlas and Gazetteer.....	1.00
Coleman's Text Book and Atlas of Biblical Geography.....	2.00
*Webster's English Dictionary, unabridged.....	11.00
Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary.....	6.00
Webster's Academic Dictionary.....	2.00
The Englishman's Greek Concordance,.....cloth, \$5.00; sheep,	5.50
Robinson's Lexicon for the Greek Testament.....cloth, \$5.00; leather,	5.50

CHURCH HISTORY.

Neander's Planting and Training of the Christian Church.....	4.00
Neander's Church History, 5 vols.....	20.00
*Mosheim's Church History, 1 vol., 4to.....	5.00
DeAubigne's History of the Great Reformation, 5 vols.....	4.50
Schaff's History of the Christian Church, 3 vols.....	11.25
Schaff's Apostolic Church, 1 vol.....	3.75
Josephus' History of the Jews.....2 vols. \$4.25; in 1 vol.	3.50

COMMENTARIES.

Barnes' Notes on the New Testament, 11 vols., (Sold separately), per vol.	1.50
*Clark's Commentary, complete, 4 vols.....	16.00
*Clark's Commentary on the New Testament, 2 vols.....	8.00
Clark's Commentary on the New Testament, (small type), 1 vol.....	4.38
Conybeare & Howson's Life of Paul, 2 vols.....	7.50
Lange's Commentary on the New Testament, 6 vols.....per vol.	5.00

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

McIlvain's Evidences.....	80
Jenyns, Watson, and Leslie—replies to Paine, Gibbon, etc.....	60
Paley's Natural Theology, and Horæ Paulinæ.....	1.25
Butler's Analogy.....\$1.25 and	1.75
Gaussen on Inspiration.....	1.75

HISTORY.

Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols.....	5.00
Gibbon's History of Rome, 6 vols.....	9.00
Macaulay's History of England, 4 vols.....	7.50

Scheme of Redemption, by President Milligan.....	2.50
Reason and Revelation, by President Milligan.....	2.00
McGarvey on Acts.....	1.25
Anderson's Translation of the New Testament, 8vo. arabesque.....	2.75
“ “ “ “ “ “ cloth.....	2.50
“ “ “ “ “ “ small.....	50
Whately's Logic.....75 cents and	1.75
Whately's Rhetoric.....75 cents and	1.75
Wesley's Notes on the New Testament, 12mo., cloth.....	1.75
“The Land and the Book,” (Thompson's Palestine),.....	4.00
Greenfield's Greek Testament and Lexicon, cloth.....	2.00
The Natural and the Supernatural, by Bushnell.....	2.25

* Those marked * are too large to send by mail; the others sent, prepaid, by mail, or by Express, for the prices given.

SMALL BOOKS IN NEAT PAPER COVERS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES; or, THE ELEMENTS OF THE GOSPEL.—Analyzed and Discussed in Letters to an Inquirer. By Isaac Errett. 150 pages. 15 cents.

A BRIEF TREATISE ON PRAYER.—By President R. Milligan. 10 cents. On fine paper, in fine cloth, 50 cents.

PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTS OF THE RELIGIOUS REFORMATION—As plead by A. Campbell and others. By R. Richardson. 10 cts.

SALVATION FROM SIN; Or, What Must I Do to be Saved?—By Dr. J. P. Walsh. 10 cents.

"LIFE AND DEATH."—By A. Campbell. A refutation of Materialism and Modern Sadduceeism. 10 cents.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE; Or, Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven. A Dialogue. 10 cents.


THE UNION MOVEMENT.—A Dialogue, showing the only possible ground of Christian Union. 10 cents.

TRUE METHOD OF SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.—By President Fanning. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents.

MCLEAN ON THE COMMISSION OF CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES. Paper, 30 cents.

SIX LETTERS TO A SKEPTIC.—By A. Campbell. 57 pages. Price, 6 cents.

SPIRITUALISM SELF-CONDEMNED.—By Isaac Errett. A very valuable tract, with neat cover. Price, 6 cents.

 Any of this lot will be sent by the *dozen*, by mail, *prepaid*, at *20 per cent. discount*.

A very liberal discount will be made to those who buy in large quantities, for distribution. A brother has just ordered one thousand copies of "First Principles," to distribute in this city. Money spent in this work will produce great results.

PUBLISHING.

I am prepared to publish, for authors and others, Books, Pamphlets, Sermons, Tracts, or Periodicals, promptly, and in good style and at reasonable rates. This is a large, and rapidly growing feature of my business.

Orders will be Filled for any books in print, in all departments of Literature and Learning—Theological, Scientific, Legal, Medical, Agricultural, etc.

Please Notice.—In sending orders, write plainly, give directions in what way (by Express or mail), and to what stations and offices packages are to be directed. Remit in checks, Postoffice orders, or send money by Express, prepaid, or in *registered letters*. Money in letters, if not registered, at the risk of the sender—

Address,

H. S. BOSWORTH,
103 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

R. W. CARROLL & CO..

115 & 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHRISTIAN.

AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENSE OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION, as it is revealed and taught in the Holy Scriptures. By R. Milligan, President of the College of the Bible in Kentucky University. 1 vol. crown 8vo. With a portrait of the author. Price, \$2 50.

REASON AND REVELATION; OR, The Province of Reason in Matters pertaining to Divine Revelation Defined and Illustrated, and the Paramount Authority of the Holy Scriptures Vindicated. By R. Milligan, author of the "Scheme of Redemption." 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price, \$2 00.

THE FAMILY COMPANION; OR, A Book of Sermons on Various Subjects, both Doctrinal and Practical, intended for the Private Edification and Comfort of the Disciples of Christ, and to aid the Honest Inquirer after Truth in finding the True Church, and the Law of Introduction into the same. New and enlarged edition. By Elijah Goodwin. 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.

KOINONIA; or, The Weekly Contribution. An extremely interesting and valuable little work on this important subject. By James Challen. 1 vol. 16mo., stiff cover. Price, 50 cents.

☞ The above books sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE LIVING PULPIT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH; Being 28 Sermons from as many Eminent Frenchers, with Steel Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the Contributors. Elegantly printed, and bound in Cloth, Leather, and Morocco. Sold only by Subscription. Agents wanted.

JUVENILE.

"THE LITTLE MONITOR SERIES."

For Boys and Girls.

By Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. 6 vols. in a neat box. Price, \$3 00.

AUNT EUNICE'S FAIRY TALE, AND OTHER STORIES.	SAMMY'S RED APPLES, AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES.
MARY HOLMES; OR, FAITH AND PATIENCE.	DAISY; OR, THE LOST COW, AND OTHER STORIES.
WILLIE WELSH, AND OTHER STORIES.	
CLARE'S MISSION, AND OTHER STORIES.	

The authoress is well-known as a writer for Children and as the editor of the "Ladies' Christian Monitor," and designs these books especially for Christian Sunday-Schools.

"THE GUN-BOAT SERIES."

By Harry Castlemont.

FRANK, THE YOUNG NATIONARY.....	\$1 25	FRANK ON A GUN BOAT.....	1 25
FRANK IN THE WOODS.....	1 25	FRANK DEFIES VICKSBURG.....	1 25
FRANK ON THE PLAINS.....	1 25	FRANK ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.....	1 25

Six volumes in a neat box. Each volume illustrated by the best artists. Price per set, \$7 50. Intensely interesting.

"THE ROLLING-STONE SERIES."

By Harry Castlemont.

TOM NEWCOMB; OR, The Boy of Bad Habits (Ready).....	\$1 50
GO AHEAD; OR, The Fisher Boy's Motto (In press).....	1 50
NO MORE; OR, The Current of a Rolling Stone (In press).....	1 50

This is an entirely new set of books from the pen of the author of the Gunboat Series, and will be equally popular. The volumes may be placed in every day and Sabbath School library in the land.

☞ Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

R. W. CARROLL & CO. have just issued a complete Catalogue of Juvenile and Sunday-School Books, which they send by mail on receipt of stamp.

R. W. C. & CO. devote especial attention to the trade in Juvenile Books, and have facilities for supplying them unequalled in the West or South.

R. W. C. & CO. have lately enlarged their store, and now have ample facilities for transacting their large and increasing business as wholesale dealers in books and stationery of every kind.

THE
INDEPENDENT MONTHLY

L. L. PINKERTON AND JOHN SHACKLEFORD,
EDITORS.

Each number will contain thirty-two octavo pages, with printed cover, neatly stitched and trimmed.

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Annum, for single subscribers.

OFFICE: 103 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

Address, PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BEST ROUTE TO
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO.

Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette
RAILROAD.

Great Through Passenger Route from Cincinnati to St. Louis, Chicago, Cairo, Memphis, New Orleans, Springfield, Quincy, St. Joseph, Keokuk, Des Moines, Omaha, and all Rail and River Towns and Cities in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Through Tickets can be obtained at the Burnet House Office, corner of Third and Vine; River Office, corner of Walnut and river; and at Depot, corner of Plum and Pearl streets.

The splendid Passenger Depot of the I., C. & L. R. R. is about a mile nearer the business center of the city than the depot of any other railroad, and within a few squares of the Postoffice, and the principal hotels and steamboat landings.

THE
INDEPENDENT MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO THE DISCUSSION OF EVERY QUESTION
THAT ENTERS INTO THE DIVINE IDEA OF
A TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS LIFE.

NO. XI.—NOVEMBER, 1869.—VOL. I.

EDITORS:
L. L. PINKERTON.....JOHN SHACKLEFORD.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITORS BY H. S. BOSWORTH.
1869.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
CHRISTIANITY, - - - • -	345	GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY,	369
JESUS AND THE SABBATH, - -	350	PERE HYACINTHE, - - -	371
THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU		MISCELLANEOUS—	
FREE, - - - - -	353	HONESTY, - - - - -	373
MEDITATIONS, - - - - -	357	"WHAT A DUST WE RAISE," -	374
THE GOSPEL PREACHER, - -	358	INSPIRATION, - - - - -	375
REJOICE IN THE LORD, - -	360	PERSONALITIES, - - - -	375
JEEMS THE DOOR-KEEPER, - -	361	A SINGLE EYE, - - - -	376

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

TERMS :

Single subscribers, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Any person sending five subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge.

Any person sending ten subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and a copy of the large edition of the Christian Hymn Book, bound in morocco (worth \$4), or a copy of the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us twenty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to a copy of the large edition of the Christian Hymn Book, bound in morocco, and to the *Christian Quarterly* for one year.

Any person sending us fifty subscribers and the money, will be entitled to an extra copy without charge, and to twenty-five dollars' worth of books at regular retail rates in the Cincinnati market.

We will furnish the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY and the *Christian Quarterly* to single subscribers for \$4.50 per year.

AGENTS wanted to canvass for the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

Address, PINKERTON & SHACKLEFORD,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

NO. XI.—NOVEMBER 1, 1869.—VOL. I.

“Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any *praise*, think on these things.”—*Phil.* iv: 8.

CHRISTIANITY.

Is the Christian Religion an end, or is it a means only? Our inquiry is of fundamental importance—of far-reaching significance; and its due consideration will hasten a new and better era of the Church. No thoughtful man, well informed with respect to the theological signs of these years, can believe that the religion of Christ, in any of its present forms, can efficaciously control the educated mind of Europe and America, even during the passing century. The obvious decay of the formulas of faith adopted by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and the lack of *spiritual* energy which characterizes all Christian denominations of our times, tell, with emphasis, that the end of the old Protestantism is near at hand. It has performed a good work. For more than three centuries it gave spiritual life to the best portions of the human race, and quickened mind into an activity that carried the

western nations farther on the way of true progress than they had gone during all the preceding ages. It was not, however, an end, but a means, and has well-nigh completed its divinely appointed mission. The principles on which it has worked, so far as they are of the essence of eternal truth, will recombine, and give birth to the Church of the near future.

Is it not true that men are apt to overlook, especially in religion, the distinction between means and ends? Has not a failure to discriminate in this particular, been a fruitful source of strife and division, and many evil works, among the people of God? Men have constantly, as we think, been disposed to magnify the incidental, the temporary; and all that, in the divine ordination, is expediency merely; and in a corresponding degree, to neglect eternal principles and to forget the purposes for which the incidental exists.

The soil gives support to vegetation; vegetation is for the support of the lower animals, and in part, for the sustenance of man; man himself is the final cause of the earth's existence, and of all that lives on it, and of all that inhabits the waters. If we accept the unequivocal testimony of the rocks, then it is certain that many myriads, if not millions of years elapsed between the dawn of terrestrial organic creations, and the appearance of man on the earth. And yet, did not the possibilities that were suggested, rather than declared, in the lower types of organic life, during all these ages, convince the angels, or other

intelligences who watched the slowly unfolding designs of the Infinite, that the end was not reached? Each successive geological era was, to them, a prophecy of a higher, grander aim, till at length man, in the image of his Maker, walked amidst the bowers of Eden, with his head toward the stars. Then the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The divine idea was unfolded.*

Physical man is the end of this material creation, his eternal salvation is the end of revelation—the gathering together into the immortal abodes, of a great multitude which no man can number, is the end of

*It is somewhat inspiring to think of the immense forces and the innumerable agencies, terrestrial and celestial, that were employed by Omnipotence in providing a fit abode for man, and of the incalculable ages through which the work was being carried on. Reflections on the theme might serve to awaken sentiments of self-respect, and to enhance our estimate of the human race generally. One man is of more value than many sparrows—of more value than all the terrestrial creations that preceded him, so far as the rocks testify. Wisdom divine “rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and her delights were with the *sons of men*, from the beginning, or ever the earth was.” Prov. viii.

Man was in prophecy, we have intimated, in the first organisms of the Silurian era, and when he appeared, one great cycle of providence was complete. An immortal intelligence to whom could be given the dominion of the world, was demanded, as the complement of all the preceding creations—he came, and the conditions of the great problem were satisfied.

It seems intrinsically probable that no higher unfolding of animal organization

is in the divine contemplation. May we reverently suggest that no higher is possible, without a fundamental change in the type of being? There is not in man any indication of rudimental organisms, that, after another cataclysm, might be so developed as to adapt a new and higher type of being to new conditions of existence. There are, as we think, unmistakable evidences in the human soul, that it is rudimental merely. Its very structure is prophetic of a higher and an immortal life for it; but can we conceive of an animal organization superior to that of man? Is a superior organization needed? In a material world like ours, what can be done that man has not done, or that he is not in preparation to do? Obviously, he will yet replenish the earth and *subdue* it.

We do not, then, fear that the destiny of our race is typified in the fate of the myriad forms of animated beings that appeared and perished in succession, during the ages that passed between the beginning of Silurian deposits and the close of the Diluvian era. Man is not appointed to be forever “blown about the desert dust, or sealed within the iron hills.” We can not deeply sympathize in that strange and awful wail of Tennyson (In Memo-

both Nature and Grace—the glory of the infinite Father, being the ultimate or final cause of all.

All terrestrial creations that preceded man ; all, contemporaneous with him, are means, not ends; so, all Old Testament revelations were means for the introduction of the New ; New Testament revelations are the divinely appointed means of man's preparation—his education for an everlasting life.

Christianity, as a *positive* divine institution, is a divine expedient merely—a special providence, and as such will pass away. It predicts, indeed, its own dissolution. A period will come—the *end*—when Christ will deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, and himself be subject, that God may be all in all.

It is not probable that the predicted destruction of the earth will involve the annihilation of even one atom of matter, or the abolishment of one *law* of matter, however varied the forms and combinations that may be given to it in the “new earth.” Neither will the end of the remedial system of Grace abolish one of the *principles* which are inwoven with the temporal appointments of the Christian religion. This is the point of the present essay, so far as it may be found to have a point. We would have our readers note carefully, and deeply pon-

der the distinction between the temporal and the eternal, in the religion of Christ.

The time will come when baptism and the Lord's Supper and the Lord's day—when the preaching and the exhorting, the singing and the contribution, will not engage attention. Questions about doctrines and doxies of all kinds will end—plans of organization and systems of Church polity will be among forgotten things, and so of theories of inspiration. But a time can never come when gratitude will cease to be a virtue, or ingratitude a vice ; when the fear of the Lord and reverence for his authority will have become obsolete among the upright ; when candor and truthfulness and honesty will be inherently unseemly ; when it will be wrong to do unto others whatsoever we would that others should do unto us, and right to do the reverse ; when mercy to the weak and erring will indicate unloveliness of spirit ; when purity of heart shall cease to be the essential condition of peace with God. A time can never come when selfishness and covetousness and greed ; when prevarication and deceit and lying and misrepresentation can be esteemed praiseworthy ; when a spirit of insubordination and insurrection against legitimate authority will be entitled to commendation ; when robbery and mur-

riam, 53, 54, 55), so full at once of trust and of doubt, of hope and of despair. No, we confidently trust the larger hope. The revelations of the Rocks, are concurrent with those revelations of the better Testament, which speak of the coming of the

Lord at the close of the passing geological era. The next overflowing will be one of fire, in which the earth and the things that are therein shall be consumed, and out of the ruins shall emerge the new earth, in which righteousness shall dwell.

der will be virtuous deeds. We may be as certain of this, as we are that, since space was, the principles of geometry were also. The principles of righteousness are coeval with moral agents, at least ; and we feel that they *must* be binding *forever* among rational and moral beings.

The eternal, unchangeable principles of righteousness are not the matters that especially engage the attention of the Church at the present. Our watching eyes are not open to observe departures from rectitude, but to note and condemn "heresies," innovations in Church order, and to watch for any manifestations of kindness toward erring brethren of a somewhat varying faith, or of a different opinion from ours. This tendency to exalt the temporary in religion, while the eternal is depressed and hidden, has been the great error of the Church in all ages. Men will complacently sit down at the Lord's table among thieves and the cov-

etous ; among men who put the bottle to a neighbor's mouth and make him drunk ; among all grades of the impious and worldly-minded, and all is well, if they profess his creed ; but wo to him who eateth with the unimmersed, however pure in heart and life these may be ! "He is apostatizing. He must be watched. He is plotting mischief ; perhaps trying to create schism, or head a party."*

We have said that the immediate, present object of the Christian religion is the education—the training of mankind for a blissful immortality. The proclamation of pardon to the sinner, through the redemption that is in Christ ; his induction into the Church—the family of God, and all the appointments of worship, are designed to lift the soul toward purity and heaven ; to repress the evil tendencies of man's nature, and to develop and foster all that will consist with the precepts and the example of Jesus. It is not baptism and the "ancient

* In a recent number of that excellent monthly, the *Christian Monitor*, a writer concludes a page or two of fourth-rate platitudes with an exhortation to remember "that the promise, that, when the Savior comes to earth again, we shall appear with him in glory, applies only to such as shall have been 'buried with him in baptism.'"

We should not be surprised to learn that the writer of the foregoing reads the *American Christian Review*, nor would it have amazed us to have seen his "remarks" in that "valuable paper," but they seem out of place in the *Monitor*. We feel certain that the gentle spirit of Mrs. Goodwin must revolt at such an unblushing avowal of unbelief in the most precious

principles of the reign of grace, as well as a most revolting exhibition of sectarian bigotry. There are men in this world of souls so narrow, that they suppose the entire tide of redeeming love flows through a quill, and they are generally the readiest of all men to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

He who does wrong through mistake, and he who fails to do right through invincible ignorance, doubtless suffers loss ; but we can easily understand why they are guiltless, and how God can righteously save them. We are much straitened to believe that he can save those who conceive so meanly of him as to suppose he will not.

order of things" to which God calls men, as to an end, but to a generous and truthful and benevolent and penitent and holy life.

What, then, avails my connection with the Church, if, from year to year, I live under the dominion of the flesh, and turn even the grace of God into lasciviousness? What avails my zeal for the apostolic teaching, and the primitive order of the Church, if my very zeal springs from partisan ambition, and is seasoned with hatred of those who fail to see the infallibility of my interpretations of difficult passages of scripture? In any other interest than the soul's—in any other than Church work, men would see the folly and absurdity of pretension. The sick take medicine for the purpose of being healed; but if months and even years should pass without bringing relief to the sufferers, they would be apt to suspect the skill of the physician, or the curability of the disease. Young men and women attend schools for the purpose of learning science, literature and art;

but if session after session should pass, leaving them as when they entered the school, or worse, they would have some ground to suspect that they were failing sadly. So of everything in which men and women engage in this world, except the business of getting fit to leave it, and go to God. Nor will this insanity about religion be remedied, till the eternal principles of moral government are brought into the ascendant in our church administrations, and the temporary expedients of the kingdom of heaven placed where the Bible and reason would leave them. Men are taught that it is more important to attend to ordinances, than to extend sympathy and aid to the struggling poor, and that Christ is more concerned about Church music, than about the manufacture and sale of whisky. By the force of precept and example, our teachers would have us to believe that God prefers that a man should contend for baptism for the remissions of sins, rather than that he should speak the truth.* Such

* Truth is never hurt by appropriate illustrations, although men may be. In a recent number of the *American Christian Review*, its chief editor quotes Isaac Errett thus: "Men grow faithless as to the propriety of seeking to remedy these evils." What Isaac Errett said was this: "Men grow faithless as to the propriety of seeking to remedy these evils by protracted meetings and a new proclamation of the law of pardon." The statements differ considerably. The doctor does not believe in trying to cure the disease, and the doctor does not believe in trying to cure the disease with calomel, are not identical propositions. But Mr. Franklin came about as near the truth in this in-

stance, as is common with him, when he takes occasion to speak of those who differ with him. He has been so long accustomed to say whatever he pleases to say about his brethren, and to be believed by those to whose bigotry he caters, that he seems to have grown reckless of truth altogether. That the editor of the *Review* garbled the article in the *Standard* for a purpose, is as plain as the lines on this page. He tells his readers that Isaac Errett said what he knew Isaac Errett did not say. An editor may mistake, and therefore misstate an argument, and he may, through misinformation, publish what is not true; but in all such cases, a gentleman will find pleasure in making the

horrid perversions are having their results on the Reformation; but by the blessing of God, the reaction that has begun will not be arrested till the Disciples see and feel and acknowledge that justice, mercy and the fear of God, are more important than the tithing of mint, anise and cummin.

Gloriously dawns a brighter day for the Church and for the world. Men are beginning to understand the blessed Redeemer and Savior of sinners. Our own hope of the nearness of a day of triumph for the Cross of Christ is all-abounding. Not many years more will

men and women listen to pulpit expositions of jejune formulas, that put the souls of sinners to sleep on the brink of hell. Is Christianity a great faith? Yes, but *only as it is a holy life*. Is the preaching of the Cross essential to the sinner's reconciliation to God? Yes, but it is efficacious to that end, only so far as it rescues him from the dominion of carnal desire, and consecrates him to a new and loving and spiritual service of God, and teaches him, and impels him to teach others by his example, that faith without works is dead.

P.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

THE Jewish law concerning the Sabbath having passed away, we have no practical interest in understanding accurately the limits of that law; but we have an interest in knowing the principle upon which Jesus interpreted the law, and the revelation of the character of God made by him to all men in his celebrated controversy with the Pharisees. Rules, ceremonies, economies, institutions, are mutable; they may be changed as he who instituted them may see fit, but principles change not; God himself is ever the same.

In order to understand the sub-

needed corrections. There is no difference between lying in a *religious* newspaper and lying anywhere else, or if there be a difference, it is against the religious paper. By the way, he has not

ject fully, let the reader turn to Matthew xii: 1-13, and to Mark ii: 23-28, Luke vi: 1-5, and read carefully. The disciples, passing through the corn-fields on the Sabbath day, plucked corn and ate it. The Pharisees complained that this was a violation of the Sabbath. The Savior, in reply, referred them to what was written in the Old Testament about David's eating the shew bread, which it was not lawful for any to eat but the priests.

The account of David's conduct is recorded in 1 Samuel xxi: 1-16 verses. Of this part of the answer of our Savior to the Pharisees, a

yet attended to our inquiry about the circus, as a lawful recreation for preachers of the ancient gospel. We wish his opinion, backed by any personal experiences he may have had in the matter.

popular writer among us, in a recent article, says:

"His subsequent reasoning most clearly shows that he meant only this: You Pharisees justify David in eating the shew bread, which was unlawful, but condemn me for doing what, on your own assumption, is no worse. It was an *argumentum ad hominem*, designed merely to silence them by showing their inconsistency."

Now, this is pure fancy. There is not in the "letter" or "spirit" of the record, anything to justify the assumption. The truth is, the Savior appealed in the argument, not to the opinions of the Pharisees, but to the authority of Scriptures, which the Pharisees acknowledged.

The argument was not, you Pharisees approve David's conduct—but do you not know what the Scriptures say of it? He did not say, you Pharisees justify David in eating the shew bread, and are inconsistent in condemning me, but, "*Have ye not read what David did?*"

This expression, "*Have ye not read?*" was, in the Savior's controversies with the Jews, his common method of appeal to the teaching of the Scripture. In his argument with the Pharisees about divorce, he said: "*Have ye not read that he who made them in the beginning made them male and female?*" Matthew xix: 4.

There is a similar use of the phrase in his controversy with the Sadducees about the resurrection, Matthew xxii: 31. It is used, too, in the same way in other places.

The appeal, then, was not to the opinions of the Pharisees, but to the divine record of the conduct of David and his attendants; and that record contains nothing disapprov-

ing David's conduct, but is so written as to leave the impression of his innocence. But it may be replied, did not the Savior himself style David's conduct unlawful? Yes; and he styled the service of the priests on the Sabbath, a *profanation* of the Sabbath, and yet blameless.

The act of David according to the strict letter of the law might be unlawful, and yet innocent—just as the service of the priests was a *profanation*, and was blameless.

The law of the Sabbath was not absolute, nor was the law concerning the shew bread, and both were to be interpreted in harmony with other laws, and in accordance with the principle of mercy, which underlaid and vitalized all the divine laws.

The Pharisees made the mistake that some persons still make—that it is impossible to know what a law is except by its letter. And it may be asked, "How are we to know what any law is, except by its letter?"

By the Spirit of the law-giver, by the general purpose of the code of laws of which it forms a part, by the circumstances under which it was enacted, and the end it was intended to serve. The Jewish law of the Sabbath was very strict; it forbade all work—the building of a fire, the gathering of sticks, the reaping of a harvest, the winnowing of corn—and if there had been no other means of determining the meaning of the law except by its letter, then we would seem to be shut up to the Pharisaic interpretation; but the Savior teaches that

the whole law was to be interpreted in mercy. It might be wrong to build a fire on the Sabbath day, and yet, to save a perishing man, it would be right. It was unlawful for any but the priests to eat the shew bread; nevertheless it might be done, rather than that men should perish of hunger.

It is right for us now, on the first day of the week, to attend to the Lord's Supper, yet doubtless a sick child might keep a mother at home, and, under these circumstances, though she could not be said to have obeyed the law, yet she could hardly be said to have sinned against God in not obeying it.

The most important development in this controversy is the prominence given by the Savior to that expression of the Almighty through the mouth of his prophet, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," which the Pharisees had failed to understand. And what is the use the Savior makes of the expression? Is it not to subordinate the law of the Sabbath to the principle of mercy? "Go learn what this means," said the Savior, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

The Pharisees were of the number who placed outward observances above the inward spirit. They attached more importance to tithing mint, anise and cumin, than to the practice of love, faith and judgment. They regarded the law of the Sabbath as higher than the law of mercy—the circumcision of the flesh as more important than circumcision of heart. In this they

reversed the divine order, and were thus blinded to the true knowledge of God—wherefore, their narrow conceits, their false judgments, their cruel spirit, and their repulsive lives.

"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." From the connection in which the Savior uses this expression, he attached to it a larger meaning and a diviner spirit than any mere literal or legal interpretation can extract from it. He used it, not as a rule, but as a principle, and as a revelation of the divine character.

Mercy stands not for itself alone, but for a class of virtues that are eternal. Sacrifice stands not simply for the Jewish offerings, but for the outward positive ordinances of religion, that, truly received, help men on to truth, to mercy, to charity, to the arms of God and the repose of heaven; but which are not in themselves ends, but gracious means to blessed ends.

"The Sabbath," says Christ, "was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," and so of baptism, and the Church and the Lord's Supper; these, too, were made for man, not man for them; but not so of mercy, purity, charity, justice: they were not made for man, but are eternal as God, and man was made that, these dwelling within him, his life might become beautiful, and he might enter into a perpetual fellowship with God our Father and Jesus our Redeemer.

By an invincible necessity, that which is eternally right must be more important than that which is

temporal and provisional. The end must be greater than the means—the house than the scaffolding.

Mercy and Purity are right everywhere and always, and are inherently beautiful. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are right, because of the Divine appointment—sacred and beautiful in the observance, because therein we manifest a loving obedience to our Lord. As mere outward acts, without mercy and trust and purity in the heart, they are empty and hollow rites; observed in faith and purity and charity, they not only express our submission to God, but help us on to higher measures of faith and

love, and to diviner joys. But still no appointment of God is to be set aside or lightly esteemed. He who learns what "I will have mercy and not sacrifice" means, learns thereby most reverently and lovingly to obey God in all his appointments. He learns so thoroughly to love and to trust God, that he gives to all his commands, as they may be disclosed to him, a glad and cheerful obedience. He who does not *thus* learn the blessed lesson, but, presuming on God's mercy, mocks at God's commandments—has not even learned that more fearful lesson, "our God is a consuming fire." J. S.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

'T is but a part men see—not the whole. Knowledge of truth absolute, in respect of many, indeed, of most subjects of human research, is not given to man; and yet it is truth that makes free. Love of truth in all things is among the chief evidences of spiritual enfranchisement; and he to whom God has given to love truth, dwells under the shadow of the Almighty.

In the absence of perfect knowledge, respect for the judgment of those who differ from us, can never cease to be a virtue, and dogmatism a vice. But no amount of uncertainty can justify any one in a cowardly refusal to utter his own deliberately formed opinions on subjects of great practical concern. We are not able to see any difference between such cowardice, and

that of Pilate, when, to satisfy the clamoring multitude, he scourged Jesus and delivered him to be crucified.

Besides, Truth will not allow herself to be treated as a harlot, but will fearfully avenge herself on those who trifle with her shadow even: she will put out the eyes of the mind, and leave all triflers to their policies and prudences. She will one day show that popularity and *pudding* were a sad exchange for fidelity to principle.

It is not contended that men should obtrude their judgments on others, and be even in haste to show their opinions on all questions of even grave import; but we do insist that when great questions of truth and righteousness are being canvassed, the man who, *in his place*, withholds his convictions

from policy, is a traitor to conscience, and puts to sale the glory of his manhood.

Pretexts for infidelities of all kinds, are never wanting. The man who swears to what he knows to be a false tax return, and the man who evades the contribution of his just proportion to the expenses of the church; the man who embezzles the public money committed to his care, and the man who robs a widow's house; the man who misrepresents the position of his opponent, and the man who utters a slander, have, severally, something like an apology that may serve to gild the darkness of guilt and meanness, if not to excuse it altogether.

Many motives may be assigned for an action or a course of action, and the depravity of human nature, constantly prompts to the assignment of such motives as are virtuous. Men will seldom or never assign the real motive for a mean action. An editor may study and write and print with supreme regard to his subscription list, and assign as his motive, a desire to save men's souls. Another will creep quietly about among hypocrisies, and other sins nearly as odious, and give as a reason for his faithlessness, his love of peace, when, in fact, the reason is, he is a moral coward—he fears the face of his fellow man. Erasmus said he had no wish to be a martyr. A thousand such as he have lived and died in the bosom of Rome, traitors to truth and conscience and Christ. It required an imprudent Luther to shake the Vatican with thunders louder than its own. A man who feared nothing in heaven earth or hell, save God alone, was required to break the chains that for a thousand years had bound Europe to the

“Chair of St. Peter.” Yet, doubtless, Luther could have found many and cogent reasons for silence. But he revered Truth—he was faithful to the light within him, or, in other words, to his own convictions of duty and of right.

“Conservative” *Christians* are always “trimmers,” ready to side with Christ or Belial, as convenience or interest may dictate, and such men are always what is called plausible.

“The thing proposed is right,” they will say, “but the time has not yet come when it can be effected; or, the thing is wrong, but it will not do to say this publicly *just now*.” The time for earnest action, with this class, never comes, or is always past. Such men are never free. Indeed, no man can be free who regulates his life by considerations of policy. He must, by the laws of his being, be a coward slave. He can not look any matter of moment, on which public opinion is divided, squarely in the face. Is such cowardice excusable in the mere politician? We think not. On the contrary, it is inherently execrable and contemptible; but in a Christian, and still more in a Christian minister, and superlatively in one who is appointed to teach the *teachers* of God's people, the thing is shameful, sinful, traitorous. What business has any man in the pulpit, or in a chair of Biblical science, who is false to his own heart? How can any one be true to the light that is without him, if he is faithless to the light that is in him? Of men who endeavor to be faithful to truth, or to what, in their consciences, they esteem to be truth, if no immoralities can be charged on them, it is usual for conservatives to say—“they are honest at all events, but

then they are rash, hasty, indiscreet, imprudent." These prudent saints never raise any question about the truth of the plea, the justice of the accusations preferred, or the propriety of the measures advocated. This would ruin their interests. They would be compelled, in such case, either to take sides with the truth, or openly oppose it, and their purpose is to do neither the one nor the other. Had these conservative saints been in Jerusalem when Jesus was betrayed into the hands of sinners, and delivered to be crucified, they would neither have cried with the multitude—"Away with him! crucify him! crucify him!" nor yet have said with Pilate, "I find no fault in him;" but something like this—"Our chief priests and scribes are, *perhaps*, all things *duly* considered, acting somewhat hastily, but then it must be confessed, that Jesus, contemplated *from their stand-point*, has been rash in his denunciations of these rulers, and has thus *seemed* to provoke his fate. We regret, deeply regret, the commotion of the citizens, but we do not take sides with either party." There were, no doubt, many such trimmers in Jerusalem, on their house-tops praying, as the sorrowful Christ, bearing his cross, passed along the streets, on his way to Calvary. We much doubt if any such were among the three thousand who on Pentecost cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And we doubt moreover, whether any such will take part in the triumphant celebrations in the New Jerusalem. We can find no resources of hope, even in the grace of God, for a dishonest man.

In a singular book, Vathek, hastily read many years ago, there is a description of a most gorgeous palace, called the Hall of Eblis.

There was not wanting there anything that could minister to taste, or to sensual pleasure. The inhabitants of that magnificent abode, had power to open the breast and expose to view the interior. A visitor, congratulating one of the dwellers in Eblis on his good fortune in being there, was surprised and horror-stricken, to see him expose his naked heart, about which curled an inextinguishable flame. Without, all was peace and plenty, luxury and beauty, but the heart was perpetually burning, yet never consumed. We have thought that our religious trimmers, who get their reward in popularity and in loaves and fishes, dwell in a Hall of Eblis. There must be times of self-examination, moments of honest introspection; then, at least, the fire about the heart must be felt. How would such a betrayer of truth soliloquize? Thus, we think: "~~How~~ am I, in this great universe of the Almighty, moving onward to everlasting results? I was intended for a man, and I am not worthy to be accounted even a respectable ape. I am the merest and vulgarest fraction of a man. If the beasts of the field knew me, they would bellow and bray at me as they pass me. I was designed to be free, and to live in the realm of truth; but I am only a slave and dwell in the regions of shams and hypocrisies. I am chained and tasked, but, not like the African bondman, by a stronger than myself; no, my slavery is ignoble, because self-imposed. I cast down the crown of my manhood—mental independence. I ignobly threw it to the swine for a share in their wallow and their swill. I have convictions, but never utter them, because I dare not. Were my naked soul thrown in among the spir-

Here

its of just men made perfect, I would shiver, and shrink away into everlasting shades, rather than remain in the light of God's throne. May God have mercy on my poor, mean, craven soul. What, then, is to be done? I will go out to-morrow, and if any one asks me what I think of the liquor traffic, I will tell him with all needful emphasis, and the elders and Mrs. Grundy may say what they please about me. I will hereafter say what I believe about the rights of the freedmen, and about the attempt of many preachers of the ancient gospel and professed disciples of Christ, to build up a government on African slavery, as its cornerstone. I will not hereafter 'hum and haw' and prevaricate, and get off by saying nothing, when asked my opinion about editorial falsehoods, and about immoral, money-loving demagogues who have worked their way into the pulpit, and who hold their position there by catering to the bigotry and selfishness of their hearers. What if I am not so welcome as now, in all gatherings of the people? I will at least be able to respect myself."

"One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs,

Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels "

If it could be shown, that in any instance our Savior had failed to abide in the truth—that he had hesitated to assist any poor, down-trodden one, or any unfortunate who appealed to him, who would believe on him as a messenger from heaven, even though he had raised all the dead, from Abraham to Lazarus? If he had taken sides with the rich against the poor; or even had he shown himself mainly solicitous to please the rich, who could have

trusted him as the world's Redeemer, even had he thrown Mt. Olivet into the Mediterranean? He took sides with no class or caste, but spoke the truth to all, sympathized with all, and pointed them to everlasting habitations, through purity of heart, and fidelity to righteous principles. Nothing could more violently shock our traditional or self-acquired conceptions of Jesus, than the supposition that he had deserted a friend whose character and conduct he approved, through fear of the people, or that he had been guilty of prevarication, misrepresentation, or equivocation. It is true, that when the poor, sinful, abashed woman was brought before him, he said to her accusers: "Let him that is without [this same] sin, cast the first stone at her." After thus shooting a red-hot arrow into their hearts, rotten with hypocrisy, he said to the woman—"I do not condemn thee; go, and sin no more." He answered their question as none but the Christ could have done. He knew they were not seeking truth, but to entrap him, and his answer kindled a fire in their hearts. It was not an instance of indirection on his part.

Now, if Christ has left his disciples an example that they should follow his steps, what can be more directly anti-christian than insincerity? What less Christ-like than to evade the truth or to stifle its utterance? "The truth," said Jesus, "shall make you free." The bondman may be freer than his master. Paul and Silas were free, with the freedom of Truth, the freedom of Christ, when in the inner prison, their feet fast in the stocks, they prayed and sung praises to God at midnight, while their persecutors, though high in official position, were the veriest slaves.

Pilate's cowardice, not his conviction, delivered our Savior to the cross, and the cowardice of his pro-

fessed followers is crucifying him daily now, and putting him to an open shame. P.

MEDITATIONS.

ONCE more we are among the seared and withered vestiges of the Summer. The glory has departed from the landscape, or lingers doubtfully amid mists and clouds that sweep in darkness over all. The song that we heard in the grove is suddenly hushed. The flowers have departed, and the fragrance is all wasted. The vine has shed its leaves by the way-side, and the verdure is cut down in the valley. Nature has made another revolution. Within the grand sphere of Providence she has wrought and produced much of beauty and of excellence, in the outer world, which she has again, with motherly care, hid beneath the ample and mysterious folds of the silent past. It is now we are wont to have communion with that Past. Living companionship is, for the time, exchanged for that of the dead. Every leaf falling in the autumnal forest reminds us of a friend departed. Every wave that beats the shore where we stray brings back a remembrance of days that can not return. Every gust of wind, sweeping the bared and lonely hill, has a melancholy in its sound—a tone as from hearts long separated. In such a season, and with such feelings, not unfitting is the burial-ground as a place of meditation. We are inclined to read upon the stones which mark the places of the dead's repose, the names and epitaphs of those who were once among us, and who bore us company in

the journey of time. We sit down by the little hillock upon which the summer grass is being withered, and by the side of which, the faded rose-leaves have fallen, and lie in mournful decay, and think of the forms that are crumbling beneath, and of the beauty of which we have been despoiled forever.

The voice which made our melody of life is stilled. The eye which gladdened our existence with its light is dim. The smile that was once a blessing has passed, like a heavenly splendor, from our way. We are chastened and subdued. Pride is forgotten, and ambition, stricken in its wild and vain flight, droops its wings in the midst of its grand career. Sordid and selfish interests are lost within the wide circle of universal sympathy, and the petty distinctions and conventionalities which the heart cherished in the days of its vanity, are all swallowed up by that sublime humility and love which ally us alike to man and to God. The mind too, in such a mood, is apt to blend these dim memories of the past with the more radiant hopes of the future, and, spanning the dark isthmus of Time, it joins the two extremities together—where “corruption has put on incorruption, and mortal, immortality.”

It is impossible, we think, for the heart to tear itself away entirely from that which it has loved on earth, and especially at this season of the year, will be remem-

bered those affections which are so tender.

"In moments of sadness the spirit turns back

To the visions it fain would recall;
And the heart still remembers its early
attracts,

It hath fixed as the dearest of all."

Yet, with these affections unanswered by any response from the hearts which are so cold in the grave, is it not a happiness unspeakable, for us, that we can, through the medium of Religion, see a terminus to this soul-pining and sadness, in that reunion which follows the resurrection of the just! O, blessed Religion! what hope is thine, that thou canst dispel so much of darkness! 'Tis thine to unbar the tomb, and to open the gate to life eternal! If those fading and sombre hours of Autumn bring mournful, melancholy thoughts, may they not also bring those of anticipated joy. Surely as nature teaches us to look for a return of Spring, with her delicate and lovely children, so does Christianity, and man's better nature, alike point out a day of resuscitation of more than earthly brightness and grandeur—when beauty shall spring out of the dust of death, and youth from amid the decayed relics of the tomb. Would man's life be supportable without this vision? Would love or friendship continue to make their unavailing complaint to the

sepulcher? Would the heart sigh, and the eye weep over that which shall live no more? Nay, if it "were all of life to live," and "all of death to die," how soon were the choice made! One convulsion—one brief struggle—and all is over! But no, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come"—by virtue of that revered hope that points out a fruition of bliss beyond the dominion of corruption. Even now thou sad one, who walkest among the dead with thy falling tears, and pourest thy sorrowful plaint to the autumnal winds—there is a star in thy soul which sets not. Through the gloom it shines on with a constant ray, and will guide thee, if thou but follow, to the upper and holier regions of Spring, and of eternal day! What thou wouldst gather from the wreck of the Past to-day, may be thine to-morrow. Thy bark is nearing the port. The tide is rolling inward with resistless momentum, and thou shalt get home ere long from thy perilous voyage. Autumn is ever welcome then, if it but leave those impressions upon us which will tend more and more to wean us away from a world that is full of sin and tears and death, and to fix our desires upon that abode of purity, and love, and God, where angels and the spirits of departed ones are forever happy. *

THE GOSPEL PREACHER.

THIS work, containing twenty sermons, by Benjamin Franklin, has been before the public nearly one year, we believe; and we esteem it probable that it has had an extensive sale. We had intended to

subject it to a somewhat searching review; but lack of time and taste, and, perchance, of talent as well, has caused us to defer the unwelcome task. It had been our hope, moreover, that some one of our

scribes, having greater means of publication, as well as greater ability to point out the excellencies and the defects of this not unpretending work of brother Franklin, would have performed the needful labor of a discriminating review.

We can not, at present, give our readers more than a single *specimen* of the "Gospel Preacher," not better, and perhaps not worse than a hundred that might be selected. The following was taken quite at random from page two hundred and fifty-one :

"Some man responds : 'But I do not believe in baptism for the remission of sins.' Who has preached any 'baptism for the remission of sins?' 'You have done it, not five minutes since,' he replies. 'Are you sure of that?' 'I am ; I can not be mistaken,' he replies. Well, you are not mistaken. You heard it, but-it was, when the precise words of Peter were quoted, 'Repent and be immersed, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins,' or, as before quoted, 'in order to the remission of sins.' Do you say you can not receive such teaching? If you do, it is to be regretted ; but it can not be helped if you should refuse to receive one-half that is in the Bible. It is the precise language of Scripture, and if you refuse to receive it, you refuse to receive the precise language of Scripture. 'I do not mean that,' says a man, 'but I do not receive your interpretation of it.' There has been no interpretation of it given, nor anything but the precise words of Scripture. It is the *language* of Scripture that is here adopted, and not any man's *interpretation*."

¶ In a literary point of view, our extract is, of course, beneath criticism. The style is certainly not Addisonian ; but then, the author did not intend that it should be. He tells us in the preface to the work, that he designed the sermons, as written, to be as much as possible like they were when spoken. Our opinion is that he has succeeded too well in this purpose. We can testify that some of the

printed discourses are just like the author's spoken harangues, only "a little more so." It is well not to forget that many utterances may be tolerable when heard in the excitement of a protracted meeting, that would seem intolerably trashy if read in cool calmness.

The only point in our extract to which we wish to direct special attention, is the preacher's declaration that he *gave no interpretation* of Peter's language. Doubtless he believed this, and by sheer vociferation overwhelmed his imaginary interlocutor, at the very moment he was furnishing overwhelming evidence that his declaration was untrue. "Repent and be *immersed*, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, or, 'as before quoted, *in order to the remission of sins.*'"

1. It must be borne in mind that the man who says, in our extract, that he "does not believe in baptism for the remission of sins," knew no version of the New Testament but the Common Version. Then, brother Franklin, not only interprets Peter's words, but he actually *translates* one very important word. He does not quote Peter as he is read in the Common Version—repent and be baptized ; but, repent and be *immersed*. Now, he might have said that he was quoting a *correct translation* of Peter's words, and this, his opponent might have denied. In that case, we presume, he would have found it expedient to interpret somewhat extensively.

2. He also translates *eis*, or "interprets" it, "in order to ;" yet he is not interpreting ; he is giving "the precise language of Scripture." The "man" who says "I do not mean that," reads his Bible thus—"Repent and be baptized, etc., for

the remission of sins." Franklin smashes him by reading—"Repent and be immersed in order to the remission of sins." "That is the precise language of Scripture, the language that Peter spoke, save only that Peter spoke Greek!"

3. "Repent and be baptized *for the remission of sins.*" "This is my blood of the New Testament, shed *for the remission of the sins* of many." Now, if our memory is faithful, the phrase "for the remission of sins" is represented in the Greek language in the two passages partially quoted above, by the same words, *eis aphesin amartion*. Query, then: does the phrase—*for the remission of sins*, mean precisely the same thing in both these passages?

In other words, is the relation of baptism to the remission of sins identical with the relation of the blood of Christ to the remission of sins? How do you know that it is, or that it is not, unless you *interpret* both passages? But enough. It is humiliating to expose such shallow sophistries.

4. We suppose it impossible for the Scriptures to be quoted for the purpose of illustration or of proof, without being interpreted *by implication*. The manner in which passages of Scripture are *applied*, indicates the meaning given to them by the one who quotes them, and this indication of their supposed meaning, is interpretation.

P.

REJOICE IN THE LORD.

THE exhortation of the Apostle, when he says, "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice," must not be misunderstood. It is not an exhortation to gaiety, to noisy rapture, to excessive exultation, but to deep, quiet, abiding joy in Christ. Health, wealth, human praise, the consciousness of intellectual power, are all sources of rejoicing to men; but health fails, wealth vanishes, flattering lips are hushed, and intellect, too, withers as a leaf: joy derived from these sources must fail—it can not be permanent; these are but broken cisterns, not living fountains. "Rejoice *in the Lord,*" is the divine exhortation. Christ fails not, and if we drink of the living water he gives us, our joy will go on forever. "Let not

the wise glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth." Jer. ix: 23, 24. Rejoice in the Lord. He has redeemed us, and forgiven all our sins. What diviner joy can fill the soul than that which springs from a knowledge of the pardon of sins, and acceptance with God? "Rejoice in the Lord." He is ever near us to bless and do us good; his providence preserves us, and his strength fails us not. Rejoice, for he has secured to us an eternal inheritance—an everlasting rest and peace.

Let not sickness, poverty, slander, quench our joy in Christ. Is he your friend? Trust him in the darkest hour. Are you weary and heavy laden? Come to him and you shall have rest for your souls.

Some earth-born joys drive men into excesses, and inflate them with pride, and leave to them at last, the bitterness of wormwood. But joy in Christ makes humble, chastens the spirit, sobers the mind, and gives that moderation of temper

and judgment, which, while it keeps the soul true, saves it from wrath, and bitterness, and clamor. This joy frees the spirit, and makes the humblest Christian laborer brave and hopeful. Without it, the heart may fail, through fear, or grow reckless from despair; but with it, we have light in darkness, and songs in the night. "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice."

J. S.

JEEMS THE DOOR-KEEPER.*

WHEN my father was in Broughton Place Church, we had a door-keeper called *Jeems*, and a formidable little man and door-keeper he was; of unknown age and name, for he existed to us, and indeed still exists to me—though he has been in his grave these sixteen years—as *Jeems*, absolute and *per se*, no more needing a surname than did or do Abraham or Isaac, Samson or Nebuchadnezzar. We young people of the congregation believed that he was out in the '45, and had his drum shot through and quenched at Culloden; and as for any indication on his huge and grave visage of his ever having been young, he might safely have been *Bottom* the Weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that excellent, ingenious, and "wise-hearted" Bezaleel, the son of Uri, whom *Jeems* regarded as one of the greatest of men and of weavers, and whose "ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, each of them with fifty loops on the edge of the selvedge in the coupling, with their

fifty taches of gold," he, in confidential moments, gave it to be understood were the sacred triumphs of his craft; for, as you may infer, my friend was a man of the treadles and the shuttle, as well as the more renowned grandson of Hur.

Jeems's face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once, that it mainly composed his whole; and such a face! Sidney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelsome man, "His very face is a breach of the peace." Had he seen our friend's he would have said he was the imperative mood on two (very small) legs, out on business in a blue great-coat. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay. Such a nose of power, so undeniable, I never saw, except in what was said to be a bust from the antique of Rhadamanthus, the well-known Justice Clerk of the Pagan Court of Session! Indeed, when I was in the

* From "Spare Hours," by John Brown, M. D. Second series. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Rector's class, and watched *Jeems* turning interlopers out of the church seats, by merely presenting before them this tremendous organ, it struck me that if Rhadamanthus had still been here, and out of employment, he would have taken kindly to *Jeems's* work—and that possibly he was that potentate in a U. P. disguise.

Nature having fashioned the huge face, and laid out much material and idea upon it, had finished off the rest of *Jeems* somewhat scrimply, as if she had run out of means; his legs especially were of the shortest, and as his usual dress was a very long blue great-coat, made for a much taller man, its tails resting upon the ground, and its large hind buttons in a totally preposterous position, gave him the look of being planted, or rather after the manner of Milton's beasts at the creation, in the act of emerging painfully from his mother earth.

Now, you may think this was a very ludicrous old object. If you had seen him, you would not have said so; and not only was he a man of weight and authority—he was likewise a genuine, indeed a deeply spiritual Christian, well read in his Bible; in his own heart, and in human nature and life, knowing both its warp and woof; more peremptory in making himself obey his Master, than in getting himself obeyed, and this is saying a good deal; and, like all complete men, he had a genuine love and gift of humor,* kindly and uncouth, lurking in those small, deep-set gray eyes, shrewd and keen, which, like two sharpest of shooters, enfladed

that massive and redoubtable bulwark, the nose.

One day two strangers made themselves over to *Jeems* to be furnished with seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked majestically to the farthest in corner, where he had decreed they should sit. The couple found seats near the door, and stepped into them, leaving *Jeems* to march through the passages alone, the whole congregation watching him with some relish and alarm. He gets to his destination, opens the door, and stands aside; nobody appears. He looks sharply round, and then gives a look of general wrath "at lairge." No one doubted his victory. His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall, on the two culprits, and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them to their appointed place; *Jeems* snibbed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

At that time the crowds and the imperfect ventilation made fainting a common occurrence in Broughton Place, especially among "*thae young bizzies*," as *Jeems* called the servant girls. He generally came to me, "the young doctor," on these occasions with a look of great relish. I had indoctrinated him in the philosophy of *syncope*s, especially as to the propriety of laying the "*bizzies*" quite flat on the floor of the lobby, with the head as low as the rest of the body; and as many of these cases were owing to what *Jeems* called "that bitter yer-kin" of their boddices, he and I had much satisfaction in relieving them, and giving them a moral les-

* On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown-piece into "the plate" instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused—"In once, in

forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said *Jeems*, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

son, by cutting their stay-laces, which ran before the knife, and cracked "like a bowstring," as my coadjutor said. One day a young lady was our care. She was lying out, and slowly coming to. *Jeems*, with that huge terrific visage, came round to me with his open *gully* in his hand, whispering, "Wull oo ripp 'er up noo?" It happened not to be a case for ripping up. The *gully* was a great sanitary institution, and made a decided inroad upon the *yerking* system—*Jeems* having, thanks to this and Dr. Combe, every year fewer opportunities of displaying and enjoying its powers.

He was sober in other things besides drink, could be generous on occasion, but was careful of his siller; sensitive to fierceness ("we're uncommon *zeelyous* the day," was a favorite phrase when any church matter was stirring) for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors a perpetual moral protest and lesson, a living epistle. He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair—ninety-six steps, as I well know—where he had dwelt, all by himself, for five and-thirty years, and where, in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of *Jeems* at his prayers—his "exercise"—at "the Books." His clear, fearless, honest voice in psalm and chapter, and strong prayer come sounding through that wide "*land*," like that of one crying in the wilderness.

Jeems and I got great friends; he called me John, as if he was my grandfather; and though as plain in speech as in feature, he was never rude. I owe him much in

many ways. His absolute downrightness and *yaefauldness*; his energetic, unflinching fulfillment of his work; his rugged, sudden tenderness; his look of sturdy age, as the thick silver-white hair lay on his serious and weatherworn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower; his quaint Old Testament exegetics; his lonely and contented life; his simple godliness—it was no small privilege to see much of all this.

But I must stop. I forget that you did n't know him; that he is not your *Jeems*. If it had been so, you would not soon have wearied of telling or of being told of the life and conversation of this "fell body." He was not communicative about his early life. He would sometimes speak to me about "*her*," as if I knew who and where she was, and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. I found out that he had been married when young, and that "*she*" (he never named her) and their child died on the same day—the day of its birth. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more, and which he made the depository of his books—a queer collection.

I have said that he had what he called, with a grave smile, *family* worship, morning and evening, never failing. He not only sang his psalm, but gave out or chanted *the line* in great style; and on seeing me one morning surprised at this, he said, "Ye see John, oo," meaning himself and his wife, "began that way." He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine though roughish gift of singing, and being methodical in all things, he did what I never heard of in any one else—he had

seven fixed tunes, one of which he sang on its own set day. Sabbath morning it was *French*, which he went through with great *birr*. Monday, *Scarborough*, which, he said, was like my father cantering. Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air—monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day, Tuesday, was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sang more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish*; Thursday, *Old Hundred*; Friday, *Bangor*; and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that humdrummost of tunes, “as long, and lank, and lean, as is the ribbed sea-sand.” He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, they were just the same tunes in reversed order, only that on Tuesday night he sang *Coleshill* again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by *Jeems’s* tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday, as at finding St. Giles’s half-way down the Canongate.

I frequently breakfasted with him. He made capital porridge, and I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it, as in those days. *Jeems* is away—gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man. I think I see and hear him saying his grace over our bickers with their *brats* on, then taking his two books out of the cradle and reading, not without a certain homely majesty, the first verse of the ninety-ninth Psalm,

“Th’ eternal Lord doth reign as king,
Let all the people quake;
He sits between the cherubims,
Let th’ earth be moved and shake;”

then launching out into the noble depths of *Irish*. His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, *immediate*, as if he was near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound and not the words, would say, “That man is speaking to some one who is with him—who is present”—as he often said to me, “There’s nae gude dune, John, till ye get to *close groups*.”

Now, I dare say you are marveling—*first*, Why I brought this grim, old Rhadamanthus, Bezaleel, U. P. Naso of a door-keeper up before you; and *secondly*, How I am to get him down decorously in that ancient blue great-coat, and get at my own proper text.

And first of the *first*. I thought it would do you young men—the hope of the world—no harm to let your affections go out toward this dear, old-world specimen of homespun worth. And as to the *second*, I am going to make it my excuse for what is to come. One day soon after I knew him, when I thought he was in a soft, confidential mood, I said, “*Jeems*, what kind of weaver are you?” *I’m in the fancical line*, maister John,” said he, somewhat stiffly; “I like its *leecence*.” So *exit Jeems—impiger, iracundus, acer—torvus visu—placide quiescat!*

Now, my dea friends, I am in the *fancical* line as well as *Jeems*, and in virtue of my *leecence*, I begin my exegetical remarks on the pursuit of truth. By-the-by, I should have told Sir Henry that it is truth, not knowledge, I was to be after. Now, all knowledge should be true, but it isn’t; much of what is called knowledge is very little worth even when true, and much of the best truth is not in a

strict sense knowable—rather it is felt and believed.

Exegetical, you know, is the grand and fashionable word now-a-days for explanatory; it means bringing out of a passage all that is in it, and nothing more. For my part, being in *Jeems's* line, I am not so particular as to the nothing more. We *fancical* men are much given to make somethings of nothings; indeed, the noble Italians call imagination and poetic fancy *the little more*; its very function is to embellish and intensify the actual and the common. Now you must not laugh at me, or it, when I announce the passage from which I mean to preach upon the pursuit of truth, and the possession of wisdom:

“On Tintock tap there is a Mist,
And in the Mist there is a Kist,
And in the Kist there is a Cap;
Tak' up the Cap and sup the drap,
And set the Cap on Tintock tap.”

As to what Sir Henry* would call the context, we are saved all trouble, there being none, the passage being self-contained, and as destitute of relations as Melchisedec.

Tintock, you all know, or should know, is a big porphyritic hill in Lanarkshire, standing alone, and dominating like a king over the Upper Ward. Then we all understand what a *mist* is; and it is worth remembering that as it is more difficult to penetrate, to illuminate, and to see through mist than darkness, so it is easier to enlighten and overcome ignorance than error, confusion, and mental mist. Then a *kist* is Scotch for chest, and a *cap* the same for cup, and *drap* for drop. Well, then, I

draw out of these queer old lines—*First*, That to gain real knowledge, to get it at first-hand, you must go up the Hill Difficulty—some Tintock, something you see from afar—and you must *climb*; you must energize, as Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Chalmers said and did; you must turn your back upon the plain, and you must mainly go alone, and on your own legs. Two boys may start together on going up Tinto, and meet at the top; but the journeys are separate, each takes his own line.

Secondly, You start for your Tintock top with a given object, to get into the mist and get the drop, and you do this chiefly because you have the truth-hunting instinct; you long to know what is hidden there, for there is a wild and urgent charm in the unknown; and you want to realize for yourself what others, it may have been ages ago, tell they have found there.

Thirdly, There is no road up; no omnibus to the top of Tinto; you must zigzag it in your own way, and as I have already said, most part of it alone.

Fourthly, This climbing, this exaltation, and buckling to of the mind, of itself does you good;† it is capital exercise, and you find out many a thing by the way. Your lungs play freely; your mouth fills with the sweet waters of keen action; the hill tries your wind and metal, supples and hardens your joints and limbs; quickens and rejoices, while it tests your heart.

Fifthly, You have many a fall, many a false step; you slip back, you tumble into a *mosshagg*; you stumble over the baffling stones;

* This was read to Sir Henry W. Moncreiff's Young Men's Association, November, 1862.

† “In this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose our game, the chase is certainly of service.”—BURKE.

you break your shins and lose your temper, and the finding of it makes you keep it better the next time; you get more patient, and yet more eager, and not unoften you come to a stand-still; run yourself up against, or to the edge of some impossible precipice, some insoluble problem, and have to turn for your life; and you may find yourself over head in a treacherous *weltee*, whose soft inviting cushion of green has decoyed many a one before you.

Sixthly, You are forever mistaking the top; thinking you are at it, when, behold! there it is, as if further off than ever, and you may have to humble yourself in a hidden valley before reascending; and so on you go, at times flinging yourself down on the elastic heather, stretched panting with your face to the sky, or gazing far away athwart the widening horizon.

Seventhly, As you get up you may see how the world below lessens and reveals itself, comes up to you as a whole, with its just proportions and relations; how small the village you live in looks, and the house in which you were born; how the plan of the place comes out: there is the quiet churchyard, and a lamb is nibbling at that infant's grave; there, close to the little church, your mother rests till the great day; and there far off you may trace the river winding through the plain, coming like human life, from darkness to darkness—from its source in some wild, upland solitude to its eternity, the sea. But you have rested long enough, so up, and away! take the hill once again! Every effort is a victory and joy—new skill, and power, and relish—takes you further from the world below, nearer the clouds and heavens; and you may note that the more you move up toward

the pure blue depths of the sky—the more lucid and the more unsearchable—the further off, the more withdrawn into their own clear infinity do they seem. Well, then, you get to the upper story, and you find it less difficult, less steep than lower down; often so plain and level that you can run off in an ecstasy to the crowning cairn, to the sacred mist within whose cloudy shrine rests the unknown secret; some great truth of God and of your own soul; something that is not to be gotten for gold down on the plain, but may be taken here; something that no man can give or take away; something that you must work for and learn yourself, and which, once yours, is safe beyond the chances of time.

Eighthly, You enter that luminous cloud, stooping, and as a little child,—as, indeed, all the best kingdoms are entered,—and pressing on, you come in the shadowy light to the long-dreamt-of ark,—the chest. It is shut, it is locked; but, if you are the man I take you to be, you have the key; put it gently in, steadily, and home. But what is the key? It is the love of truth; neither more nor less; no other key opens it; no false one, however cunning, can pick that lock; no assault of hammer, however stout, can force it open. But, with its own key, a little child may open it, often does open it, it goes so sweetly, so with a will. You lift the lid; you are all alone; the cloud is round you, with a sort of tender light of its own, shutting out the outer world, filling you with an *eerie* joy, as if alone, and yet not alone. You see the cup within, and in it the one crystalline, unimaginable, inestimable drop; glowing and tremulous, as if alive. You take up the cup, you sup the drop;

it enters into, and becomes of the essence of yourself; and so, in humble gratitude and love, "in sober certainty of waking bliss," you gently replace the cup. It will gather again—it is forever, ever gathering; no man, woman or child ever opened that chest, and found no drop in the cup. It might not be the very drop expected; it will serve their purpose none the worse, often much the better.

And now, bending down, you shut the lid, which you hear locking itself afresh against all but the sacred key. You leave the now hallowed mist. You look out on the old familiar world again, which somehow looks both new and old. You descend, making your observations over again, throwing the light of the present on the past; and past and present set against the boundless future. You hear coming up to you the homely sounds—the sheep-dog's bark, "the cock's shrill clarion," from the farm at the hill-foot; you hear the ring of the blacksmith's *study*, you see the smoke of his forge; your mother's grave has the long shadows of evening lying across it, the sunlight falling on the letters of her name, and on the number of her years; the lamb is asleep in the bield of the infant's grave. Speedily you are at your own door. You enter with wearied feet, and thankful heart; you shut the door, and you kneel down and pray to your Father in heaven, the Father of lights, your reconciled Father, the God and Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and our God and Father in and through Him. And as you lie down on your own delightful bed before you fall asleep, you think over again your ascent of the Hill Difficulty, its baffling heights, its reaches of dreary moor-

land, its shifting gravel, its precipices, its quagmires, its little wells of living waters near the top, and all its "dread magnificence;" its calm, restful summit, the hush of silence there, the all-aloneness of the place and hour; its peace, its sacredness, its divineness. You see again the mist, the ark, the cup, the gleaming drop, and recalling the sight of the world below, the earth and all its fullness, you say to yourself:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,

Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous, then!

Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens."

And, finding the burden too heavy even for these glorious lines, you take refuge in the Psalms:

"Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
praise him in the heights.

Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him,
all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons,
and all deeps;

Fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy
wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees,
and all cedars;

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things,
and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth and all people; princes
and all judges of the earth;

Both young men and maidens; old men
and children;

Let them praise the name of the Lord:

For his name alone is excellent; his glory
is above the earth and heaven.

Let everything that hath breath praise the
Lord.

BLESS THE LORD, O my soul!"

I need hardly draw the moral of this our somewhat *fancical* exerci-

tation and exegesis. You can all make it out, such as it is. It is the toil, and the joy, and the victory in the search of truth; not the taking on trust, or learning by rote, not by heart, what other men count or call true; but the vital appropriation, the assimilation of truth to ourselves, and of ourselves to truth. All truth is of value, but one truth differs from another in weight and in brightness, in worth; and you need not me to tell you that spiritual and eternal truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, is the best. And don't think that your own hand has gotten you the victory, and that you had no unseen, and, it may be, unfelt and unacknowledged, hand guiding you up the hill. Unless the Lord had been at and on your side, all your labor would have been in vain, and worse. No two things are more inscrutable, or less uncertain, than man's spontaniety and man's helplessness;—Freedom and Grace as the two poles. It is His doing that you are led to the right hill, and the right road, for there are other Tintocks, with other kists and other drops. Work out, therefore, your own knowledge with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do, and to know of his good pleasure. There is no explaining, and there is no disbelieving this.

And now, before bidding you good-by, did you ever think of the spiritual meaning of the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, as connected with our knowledge and our ignorance, our light and darkness, our gladness and our sorrow? The every-day use of this divine alternation, to the wandering children of Israel, is

plain enough. Darkness is best seen against light, and light against darkness; and its use, in a deeper sense of keeping forever before them the immediate presence of God in the midst of them, is not less plain; but I sometimes think that we, who also are still in the wilderness, and coming up from our Egypt and its flesh-pots, and on our way, let us hope, through God's grace, to the celestial Canaan, may draw from these old-world signs and wonders that, in the midday of knowledge, with daylight all about us, there is, if one could but look for it, that perpetual pillar of cloud—that sacred darkness which haunts all human knowledge, often the most at its highest noon; that “look that threatens the profane;” that something, and, above all, that sense of *Some One*, that Holy One, who inhabits eternity and its praises, who makes darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about, darkness and thick clouds of the sky.

And again, that in the deepest, thickest night of doubt, of fear, of sorrow, of despair; that then, and all the most then, if we will but look in the right *airt*, and with the seeing eye and the understanding heart, there may be seen that Pillar of fire, of light and of heat, to guide and quicken and cheer; knowledge and love, that everlasting love which we know to be the Lord's. And how much better off are we than the chosen people; their pillars were on earth, divine in their essence, but subject doubtless to earthly perturbations and interferences; but our guiding light is in the heavens, toward which may we take earnest heed that we are journeying.

GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the General Missionary Society was held in Louisville, Kentucky, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, the 19th of October, and closing on the evening of the 21st. There was an unusually large attendance of delegates, especially from the South. The first afternoon was taken up with the enrollment of delegates and a few short speeches. At half-past seven, on the evening of the 19th, the Convention was addressed by Dr. S. E. Shephard, on the unity of the church, and its missionary character or attribute.

The report of the Board was read on the morning of the 20th, and its different items referred to appropriate committees.

The report of the Committee of Twenty was then read; after which Dr. Pinkerton submitted a paper, as a substitute or amendment, which, after some discussion, was withdrawn. During this discussion, I believe it was, Dr. Hopson asked Dr. Pinkerton if he was a life-member of the Society. In a short time subsequently, after consultation with some friend or friends, Dr. Hopson stated "that he meant nothing personal in the question, but only desired to raise a constitutional question;" which explanation Dr. P. accepted. What his particular object was in asking the question, was not declared; but it was thought by some persons that if Dr. Pinkerton had answered his question in the negative, he intended

to challenge his right to speak. It was rather a significant question, considering its source; perhaps it was intended to lead to a challenge of Dr. Pinkerton's ecclesiastical standing; if so, it might have sprung several questions for the Convention to settle.

Of the report of the Committee of Twenty, I have nothing special to say, at this time. I doubt its wisdom. If it is to be made effectual for the ends it is intended to reach, I suggest that the services of at least a half-dozen strong men ought to be secured to put it in operation. If there are six able, determined, faithful men ready for the self-sacrifice of such a work, the plan may be rendered effectual, and crowned with good results;—unless some such service is secured, it will, I think, inevitably fail.

The old plan of Life-Memberships and Life-Directorships, was a good one; but it failed, through neglect. When I entered on the duties of Corresponding Secretary, three years ago, I found it in bad odor, and so neglected in former years, that I was forced practically to ignore it. My own conviction deepens that it was a good plan, and that we may yet be compelled to return to it. Its past failure, I think, arose from the fact that it was not attended to and properly kept up.

On the evening of the 20th, the Convention was addressed by brother A. W. Proctor, of Missouri,

in a most able and eloquent sermon, from this text : "What do ye more than others?"

The idea of the sermon was, that Judaism had exhausted itself—had given to mankind all it had to give, and that Christ had something higher and better than Judaism to give to men. He applied the same principle to every new religious movement, and contended that every such movement must answer the question, "What do ye more than others?" and that if it did nothing better—called men to no higher life, to no nobler work, to no purer joys than the old system it sought to supplant, it must be accounted an impertinence. He dwelt, too, upon the fact that all men who, like Christ, would lead men to something better and nobler than they had known, must encounter the opposition of the Scribes and Pharisees, who clung to exhausted forms and obsolete ideas.

The idea of the sermon was a development of the main idea in the first article of the present number of the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY*.*

He called attention to the fact that every movement toward a better and higher life must catch its inspiration from the life of Christ. The sermon was liberal and progressive in spirit, without being unsound, and it suggested even more than it declared.

The second day was almost entirely consumed in the discussion of the report of the Committee of

Twenty. During the day, Dr. Ayres, of Danville, Ky., read an essay on church organization. The Doctor's essay was well written, but was so poorly read that its effect was lost on the convention. He contended that there was a divine plan of church organization, and, from all I could gather, he affirmed that this divine organization was an episcopacy. He made use of the passage in 1 Timothy : "The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." He contended that, according to the divine plan, there were to be successors to the apostles, for all the ordinary work of the apostles ; but that, as the succession had failed by the apostasy, it was competent for a company of disciples to select persons to fill the office, and that, thus restored, it could be self-perpetuating. As authority for such election by disciples, he referred to the selection of Matthias to fill the place of Judas.

I do not know that he used the following passages, but it occurred to me at the time that they might have added some weight to his argument : 1 Thess. i : 1, and ii : 6. A comparison of these passages shows that Timothy and Silvanus were both accounted "apostles of Christ."

I think the Doctor failed in his argument, but was much struck with his candor and earnestness. I would like very much to see the paper he read, in print, that we might more thoroughly canvass his arguments.

* The article was in type before the sermon was delivered.

On the whole, I thought that the meeting lacked earnestness, and hope, and unity. The measures of the Convention were adopted with considerable unanimity, but it struck me the unanimity was the result of indifference or despair rather than of unity of spirit and

cordial fraternity. I hope our efforts at missionary co operation may succeed; and that, notwithstanding all drawbacks, brother Munnell may successfully inaugurate the new plan, and that his labors of love may be crowned with an abundant reward.
J. S.

PERE HYACINTHE.

Ah, well! the world is discreet,
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But love of Christ will set our feet,
Sometimes, in advance of fate.

OUR hearts have been thrilled, by the sad, yet heroic words of Father Hyacinthe. We feel them to be the utterances of one who has struck his tent of ease, and advances to the dangers of a conflict with splendid wrong—forgetful of recognition, and scorning the spoils of praise. They are the words of an earnest man, who reveres the truth, and who has determined to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, in the redemption of human wrongs, and to forfeit popularity and place, in speaking to, and rousing the consciences of men. For years he has suppressed in silence and inaction the impulses of his devout affections; but now his chain is broken, and his soul is free, and “the peace of God which passeth knowledge,” and which is the appointed pension of the good soldier of Jesus Christ, is his. All true hearts rejoice and greet him with the plaudit, “well done.” But his example ought to more than

excite our admiration, and win from us the word of praise. Those who speak for Jesus, ought to find something here for imitation. The *freedom of his spirit* ought to be ours. The secret of that freedom we will find in these tender words, “O, Lord Jesus, it is in your presence that I write these lines; it is at your feet, after having prayed much, reflected, suffered, and waited much, that I sign them. I have confidence, that if man condemn them on earth, you approve them in heaven. That is sufficient for me, living or dying.” He does all for Jesus, and seeks only his approval. He is free, because he serves Him whom he *venerates*, and maintains in the ascendancy, the divine Spirit that has an eternal title to the monarchy of all souls. He asks not what will be easiest, most reputable, or most profitable. He looks not here or there, to see if what he does is likely to please men—whether it will give him a sail over smooth seas, with pleasant breezes, to an agreeable harbor; he looks only to God, and asks only what will please Him. He is

ruled, not by expectation from *without*, but by a sense of obligation *within*. The power that impels him, is not the world's opinion, nor even his own self-witness, but the presence of the Lord Jesus. He *realizes* only this, that God knows his heart, and he is free. This is the straight gate, and narrow way that leads to life and liberty for the soul. No man will ever be able to fix a clear and steadfast gaze toward truth, and utter earnestly and reverently his convictions, who is constantly casting side glances upon the probabilities of success. The eye must be single, or else it will be evil, not only hiding realities, but producing all kinds of deceptive unrealities — "staring with nightmare, and burning with dreams." "The fear of man brings a snare, but who so trusteth in the Lord shall be safe," safe from slavery, and the peculiar sins and miseries of the servile state, its cowardice, its self-contempt, and its treachery. There are men in the Church of Rome to-day, who admire the free spirit of Father Hyacinthe, and who would, like him, be true to their highest and best aspirations, if, like him, they could only closet themselves with God. But instead of this, they are conferring with flesh and blood. They dread the loss of favor, of patronage, of recognition, and so, practically, they are merely conventional men, taking their direction, and ultimately, their very opinions from others, dragged down by the leaden chain of dead conformity. Like cowards, they refuse the fight,

and will try to solace themselves with the thought that, after all, there was nothing really worth fighting for. And they are certain to succeed. For the good which they discern as possible, they are under moral obligations to make real, and if the effort to do this is faithlessly declined, the light that is in them becomes darkness, and they are given over to that "reprobate mind" by which "the truth of God is changed into a lie." I wish not to be misunderstood, when I speak of conferring with flesh and blood. Our fellow men, singly or in the masses, we should respect and love. Great and sacred is the respect that is due them, and there is nothing humiliating in a meek submission to their will, so long as the question is one of expediency. We should never forget that it is written of the Lord Jesus, that "he pleased not himself," and esteemed it his mission "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We are called to the service of others, and must feel that service our joy and blessed freedom. But, when the question is one of right, we must not vacate our power to think and act in the presence of our fellows. The man who stands in the pulpit is not to be the mere creature of the pews; above them, yet cast up only by what force may be in them; daring no utterance that comes up from the deep places of a true heart; relinquishing his right to speak the truth as it is in Jesus, either that he may please others or secure for himself the paltriest wages. Let us, then, learn

to seek and be satisfied with this testimony—that we please God; and although our power over men may be slow in gathering, it will always be a power for good, and,

in the great day, our work, when tried by fire, will not be found to be “wood, hay and stubble, but gold, and silver, and precious stones.”

YOUNG.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HONESTY.

NOT long since, I was traveling with two Methodist preachers, and we fell into a pleasant conversation, which, toward its close, was marred by the following incident.

We were conversing about Mr. Campbell's views of religion, when one of them affirmed that Mr. Campbell taught that men experienced some spiritual renovation—some change of heart, in the act of baptism. I answered, “No; Mr. Campbell taught that the heart must be changed prior to baptism, and that baptism changed the state.”

One of them then declared, that Mr. C. had affirmed, that a man went down into the waters of baptism “polluted and defiled, and came out spotless as an angel.” I said, in reply, that Mr. C. did say, in his debate with McCalla, that God had appointed baptism as “a formal pledge” of the remission of sins, and that, when the baptized believer rises out of the water, he enters the world as innocent, as clean, as an angel; * but that he did

not say, that men went down into the water “polluted and defiled,” for that, in that very connection, he had affirmed, that Paul was “really pardoned when he believed,” and that, in baptism, he received a formal purgation of his sins.

The preacher still insisted, that Mr. C. said, that a man went down into the water “polluted and defiled.” I told him he was certainly mistaken, for I had read the passage the day before, and then reaffirmed what I had before stated.

The issue between us was not as to the truth of Mr. C.'s teaching, but as to what he did teach—and specially as to whether he had said that a man went down into the water “polluted and defiled.” Finally, one of the preachers said he had transcribed the language Mr. C. had used, and had it in his portmanteau, and he forthwith proceeded to take it out, with the purpose of convicting me, when lo! the language was exactly as I had stated it, and the words, “polluted and defiled,” did not occur, nor did

* Mr. Campbell's exact language is: “He appointed baptism to be, to every one that believed the record He has given of his Son, a formal pledge on his part of that believer's personal acquittal or pardon: so significant, and so expressive, that when

the baptized believer rises out of the water, is *born of water*, enters the world a second time, he enters it as innocent, as clean, as unspotted as an angel.” Debate with McCalla, p. 137.

any words like them. I then called on these gentlemen to acknowledge the mistake, which neither of them did, but one of them attempted a kind of special pleading in order to escape, and still affirmed his misrepresentation.

What a miserable exhibition of party spirit! And what is it that mere partizans will not do? Some of them, under the influence of party spirit, will lie outright, and some of them will do even a meaner thing—lie and slander by indirection. “Thou shalt not bear false witness,” “Lie not,”—these are but dead statutes to the man from whom has departed the spirit of truth, and who loves his church more than he does either Christ or the souls of men. J. S.

“WHAT A DUST WE RAISE!”

We have been amused at the blustering of certain parties about Lexington, Ky., touching the *Apostolic Times* and the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY. While we had reason to believe the bluster confined to Lexington, where it is a good joke and nothing more, we did not esteem it worthy of notice; but finding the same “big talk” about Louisville, we have concluded to give a quietus to the insane gabble. It is alleged that the editors of the MONTHLY are ambitious to “provoke” a notice from the *Apostolic Times*, but “the people” are assured that our efforts in that direction will not be successful. We acquit our brethren of the *Times*, of all censure in this little matter, which would be pitiable, were it not supremely contemptible. Widely as we differ from the *Times*, we have not allowed ourselves to think of its editors as being natural fools. In the first place, we never thought that the *Review* or the *Times* would

notice us—never for one moment. They *dare* not; and we believe that every unprejudiced mind, acquainted with the issues we make with them, whether personal, doctrinal, or “political,” knows this; certainly they know it. Nor is our strength in ourselves, but in our cause.

In the second place, there is nothing whatever in any one of the editors of the *Times*, that we should be inclined to covet. We should not feel in the slightest degree disparaged by being considered immeasurably inferior to them, in native ability, acquired knowledge, and manly accomplishments, nor do we feel flattered by the circumstance, that the people of Lexington consider us the peer of any one of them, in all these respects. What, we ask with emphasis, what or who are these editors, and what have they done in this world, that could excite the envy of any man who has soul enough to make it worth saving?

Our brethren of the *Times* must pardon these defensive paragraphs, and teach their admirers and our enemies better manners. Some of those who bluster in the style indicated above, would have blustered in a very different key had the *Times* been started while there was government stock to be fed, or starved, at rates which made a field of stock-fodder equal to a small fortune.

We hope to hear no more about our “efforts to provoke notice” of any one. We are independent men and publish an independent magazine. P.

INSPIRATION.

AFTER writing a second paper on Bible Inspiration, with more care than usual, as was needful, it was

felt to be inexpedient to proceed with the discussion in the pages of a small monthly. Besides want of space, the subject would, from necessity, be left, from month to month, in such shape as to render possible the most injurious misconstructions. Should the necessary health and leisure be obtained, we will give to our readers, in some form, the substance of what we have been able to think and learn on the subject.

It is now more than twenty years since we were compelled to abandon what Neander calls "the old theory of the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures." No book on either side of the question had then been read. We have not, till now, felt impelled by a sense of duty to invite attention to the subject. The appearance of a late work by President Milligan—"Reason and Revelation"—and its general adoption as a *text book* in the high schools and colleges patronized by the disciples, seem to render a somewhat thorough investigation of the question urgently needful. Young men who go out to preach the Gospel in these days, committed to a theory that requires them to believe, and say, and *prove* that the ninth verse of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm was inspired by Him who hears the cry of the young raven, will be liable, as we think, to perpetrate a great many follies, in the name of the Lord. Moreover, in yielding a theory, the absurdity of which, as it seems to us, borders on infinity, like the Catholic theory of "the Real Presence in the Eucharist"—a theory that they will assuredly be *compelled* to yield—the danger is that many of them will yield their faith also. Hence our solicitude on the subject.

Grant us the substantial verity

of the Synoptical Gospels, and the authenticity of Romans and Corinthians, and we defy all theories and theorists, and meet them with the challenge of the demoniac—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are you?" To those who would relieve themselves from obligations, specifically religious, on account of cosmogonies, chronologies, interpolations, and what not, we would ask with the emphasis of ten thousand thunders, were this possible—"What then do you propose to do with Jesus, who is called Christ?" It is more important to know in *whom* we believe, than what theories we believe. P.

PERSONALITIES.

SOME object to the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY on account of what they call its "personalities," and about this feature of our paper, we deem it expedient to say a few words.

1. It is not more personal than "our" papers generally, but it does not deal in *insinuations*—it speaks out. The *American Christian Review*, has abounded in personalities of the species—mean insinuation. This has been one of its prominent characteristics. In 1867, more than two years ago, its editor wrote and published in *one article*, eight or nine distinct falsehoods with respect to the writer of these lines, yet without naming him; and when the injured party sought redress through the columns of the *Review*, he was informed that he could not be heard by the readers of that paper. But "our people" regard nothing as personal so long as no person is named. We hold a different theory of the subject.

2. The New Testament abounds in personalities. Men and women too, are named, both in commendation and in censure. No objec-

tions are made to the publication of the most fulsome, personal flatteries, and strings of eulogistic resolutions are passed by churches and published by those who suppose their reputation needs them, and all is well. But let some demagogical tricks be exposed, some instance of pandering to the godless desires of a sensual membership be spoken of, some case of flagrant betrayal of holy and eternal principle be pointed out, and each exposure be pointed by — “thou art the man,” and then the work becomes “personal” at once.

3. No honest man dreads “personalities” as long as the truth only is spoken. Besides, no man who ventures to occupy a public relation to society, has any right to claim exemption from the severest inquisition into his character and motives. Yes, we say *motives*. Especially is this true of preachers, teachers, and editors of religious periodicals. Men who talk much about the love of money, for instance; men who are forever denouncing covetousness from the pulpit, and yet who never preach without a fair understanding about the *quid pro quo* — men who manage to grow rich by constantly representing themselves as in circumstances of distress, are knaves, no matter how eloquently they may preach, nor how long and loud they may pray. The question in all matters involving character, is not, is the statement personal, but is it true? P.

A SINGLE EYE.

“If the eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light.” The value of this divine utterance can not be overestimated. A single eye, an honest purpose, a heart that loves the truth, is the one indispensable, essential condition of the

enjoyment of the knowledge of God, and Jesus Christ whom God hath sent. In our religious studies, we often are blinded and darkened, because we have other ends in view than the single desire to know God’s will. There is in man a capacity, or faculty, for the reception of the revelation of the will of God. If this were not true, it would be difficult to conceive how such a revelation could be made to man. To a race without eyes, the blessed light of heaven would be darkness. The capacity of men to receive a revelation from God, and to enjoy the knowledge of God, is recognized by the Savior in all his teaching; but this part of our nature may be so abused by us, as to be almost completely destroyed, and God may then give us over to a strong delusion, that we may believe a lie, and be damned. Be very careful to have an honest heart, and though the truth may lead you by a narrow way, and over flinty roads, follow it fearlessly, for in the end it will open up to you visions of heaven, and lead you to the River of Life, and to the company of the redeemed. No matter what our professions; if the eye be evil, the whole body shall be full of darkness, and the soul shall be lost.

Interest, ambition, avarice, lust, pride, party spirit, destroy the singleness of the eye; beware of these. If you would be God’s freemen, seek the truth, and the truth shall make you free. The supreme question is not, what will be pleasant to me? what will promote my interests? — but, what is true? We must not only seek the truth; but must love it. J. S.

ERRATA.—On Page 355, for “How am I,” etc., read “Here am I.” Page 357, for “extremeties,” read “eternities.”


VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

R. W. CARROLL & CO.,

115 & 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHRISTIAN.

- AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENSE OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION**, as it is revealed and taught in the Holy Scriptures. By R. Milligan, President of the College of the Bible in Kentucky University. 1 vol. crown 8vo. With a portrait of the author. Price, \$2 50.
- REASON AND REVELATION**; or, The Province of Reason in Matters pertaining to Divine Revelation Defined and Illustrated, and the Paramount Authority of the Holy Scriptures Vindicated. By R. Milligan, author of the "Scheme of Redemption." 1 vol. crown 8vo Price, \$2 00.
- THE FAMILY COMPANION**; or, A Book of Sermons on Various Subjects, both Doctrinal and Practical, intended for the Private Edification and Comfort of the Disciples of Christ, and to aid the Honest Inquirer after Truth in finding the True Church, and the Law of Introduction into the same. New and enlarged edition. By Elijah Goodwin. 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.
- KOINONA**; or, The Weekly Contribution. An extremely interesting and valuable little work on this important subject. By James Challen. 1 vol. 10mo., stiff cover. Price, 50 cents.
-  The above books sent by mail on receipt of price.
- THE LIVING PULPIT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH**; Being 28 Sermons from as many Eminent Preachers, with Steel Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the Contributors. Elegantly printed, and bound in Cloth, Leather, and Morocco. Sold only by Subscription. Agents wanted.

JUVENILE.

"THE LITTLE MONITOR SERIES."

For Boys and Girls.

By Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. 6 vols. in a neat box. Price, \$3 00.

- | | |
|--|--|
| AUNT EUNICE'S FAIRY TALE, AND OTHER STORIES. | SAMMY'S RED APPLES, AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES. |
| MARY HOLMES; OR, PRIDE AND REPENTANCE. | DAISY; OR, THE LOST COW, AND OTHER STORIES. |
| WILLIE WELSH, AND OTHER STORIES. | |
| CLARK'S MISSION, AND OTHER STORIES. | |

The authoress is well-known as a writer for Children and as the editor of the "Ladies' Christian Monitor," and designs these books especially for Christian Sunday-Schools.

"THE GUN-BOAT SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------------|------|
| FRANK, THE YOUNG NATURALIST..... | \$1 25 | FRANK ON A GUN BOAT..... | 1 25 |
| FRANK IN THE WOODS..... | 1 25 | FRANK BEFORE VICKSBURG..... | 1 25 |
| FRANK ON THE PRAIRIE..... | 1 25 | FRANK ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI..... | 1 25 |

Six volumes in a neat box. Each volume illustrated by the best artists. Price per set, \$7 50. Intensely interesting.

"THE ROLLING-STONE SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

- | | |
|--|--------|
| TOM NEWCOMBE; OR, The Boy of Bad Habits (Ready)..... | \$1 50 |
| GO AHKAD; OR, The Fisher Boy's Motto (In press)..... | 1 50 |
| NO MOSS; OR, The Career of a Rolling Stone (In press)..... | 1 50 |

This is an entirely new set of books from the pen of the author of the Gunboat Series, and will be equally popular. The volumes may be placed in every day and Sabbath School library in the land.

 Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

R. W. CARROLL & CO. have just issued a complete Catalogue of Juvenile and Sunday-School Books, which they send by mail on receipt of stamp.

R. W. C. & CO. devote especial attention to the trade in Juvenile Books, and have facilities for supplying them unequalled in the West or South.

R. W. C. & CO. have lately enlarged their store, and now have ample facilities for transacting their large and increasing business as wholesale dealers in books and stationery of every kind.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE
ABRAHAM'S TRIAL, - - -	377	MISCELLANEOUS—	
SPEAKING THE TRUTH, - - -	389	CHEAP AND DEAR, - - -	403
EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE, - - -	383	APOSTACY, - - -	404
MERCY, - - -	387	PATRIOTISM, - - -	405
THE CONTRAST, - - -	390	THE ONE MAN POWER, - - -	406
A DIALOGUE, - - -	392	A MISTAKE CORRECTED, - - -	406
ORGANIZATION, - - -	395	DR. CHANNING, - - -	407
A CONVERSATION, - - -	399	CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY, - - -	407
		CONCLUSION, - - -	408

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Editors of the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY had indulged a hope that, during the year just closing, they would be able to secure employment in the ministry, at places contiguous. We did not expect that the publication of the MONTHLY could, very readily, be rendered remunerative, and therefore looked to the work of the ministry for needed support. We have not been able to obtain such positions as would render it possible to secure the desired concentration of effort, and intimacy of co-operation; while the private affairs of the undersigned, most imperatively demand his earnest and immediate attention to them. Under the circumstances, he feels bound to sever his official connection with the MONTHLY. He does so with intense regret, but with hopes that any personal friends he may have will continue their patronage of the paper, and that his necessary withdrawal from it, will greatly inure to its advantage in every way.

The paper will in future be published from Greensburg, Indiana, edited by JOHN SHACKLEFORD, to whom all communications must be addressed at that place.

L. L. PINKERTON.

P. S.—If, during the year, I have published statements concerning any one which he esteems untrue, when such statements are *specified* they will be either proved or publicly retracted.

L. L. P.

THE INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

NO. XII.—DECEMBER I, 1869.—VOL. I.

“Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any *praise*, think on these things.”—*Phil.* iv: 8.

ABRAHAM'S TRIAL.

WHEN Abraham was an hundred years old, and Sarah his wife was ninety, Sarah gave birth to her only child, and called his name Isaac. This child, born at such an extraordinary period in the life of Sarah, was the child of promise. God had foretold his birth, and promised to establish his covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him.

When the child was grown into boyhood, God commanded Abraham to take this child of his old age, the child of promise, in whom, according to the divine word, were bound up the destinies of the human race, and slay him in sacrifice on Mount Moriah. In obedience to the divine command he went to Mount Moriah and prepared Isaac for the sacrifice; when the angel of the Lord called to him from heaven and commanded him not to lay his hands on the lad, “for now I know thou fearest God,

seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.”

This tragic story has had a wonderful charm for men, and has been a theme for poets, painters and preachers through many ages. It is not for the purpose of attempting to kindle the tender feeling or to stir the depths of human passion, that I write concerning it; but to consider those most interesting moral problems that are involved in the history, and to answer those fearful questions that start in the soul as the divine record is read that reveals to us the trial of the faith of the friend of God.

And, first, how could God—a God of infinite pity—require a father to slay his innocent child in sacrifice? Well, God did not require it: he only required that Abraham should be *willing* to make such a sacrifice, trusting the divine mercy that it would all end well. The history must be taken as a whole.

In viewing God's character as revealed in the transaction, we must remember that he interdicted the sacrifice of Isaac, and that it was his intention to do so from the beginning. If he had allowed the sacrifice, a great shadow would have fallen on human history; but he did not allow it. The divine purpose was not the death of Isaac by the hand of his father, but the trial of the faith of Abraham.

But, second, how could Abraham have obeyed such a command? Does it not appear more like the suggestion of the Devil than like the voice of God? Well, Abraham had frequent communication with God; God can unmistakably and sensibly reveal himself to men—and he had done so to Abraham; and by whatever means he identified the voice, the identification was certain, and God left him in no doubt as to whether it was his word or the word of another. The same voice that had called him from the land of his fathers, now ordered him to take Isaac to the land of Moriah, and he recognized it. I may give to my child a strange, and to him a very hard and cruel and unexpected command, and while he may hesitate to obey it, he may be absolutely certain that I have commanded it. So God could, and doubtless did, clear away all doubt as to the origin of the command, and make it absolutely certain to Abraham that it came from Himself. But, now arises another question: the voice of nature, the deep voice of God in the human soul, says, cherish the life of your child; and, laying aside

the question of affection, must there not have been a struggle in the soul of Abraham on the score of duty, as to which voice was to be obeyed—the voice of God in the soul, or the outward voice of God? Well, he who implanted the voice in the soul, now seemed to order its suppression; but you must remember that Abraham so trusted God, so confided in his promises, so trusted his goodness, that he did not doubt but that, in the final solution of the problem, Isaac would be spared, and the “voice of nature” stand unrepealed. God had given him Isaac to love and cherish, had promised to establish his covenant with Isaac and with his seed after him, and had promised that in Isaac, Abraham's seed should be called—so that through Isaac the covenant of God with Abraham was to be fulfilled. Abraham knowing all this, and trusting the mercy and truth of God implicitly, believed that Isaac was not to be lost to him, for he accounted that God was able to raise him from the dead, from whence he also received him in a figure. It was Abraham's faith that threw light on the divine command, and fixed his confidence in the mercy of God in spite of all appearances to the contrary.

As he left home and Sarah, and journeyed toward Moriah, there must have been a conflict of feeling in his bosom; but his step was firm, for his faith was unbounded, and he was morally certain that the son of Sarah was not to be lost to his mother, and that his seed should yet fill the earth. He could not

penetrate the mystery of the divine command, but he knew all would be well in the end.

We have had occasion to make frequent allusions in this paper to the expression of the prophet which the Savior made so prominent in his teaching, as revealing the character of God—"I will have mercy and not sacrifice"—and it may be thought by some that the command to Abraham contradicts the spirit of this great truth. The contradiction is only apparent. The final issue of the whole matter but illustrates the truth that God requires mercy and not sacrifice, for Isaac was spared and mercy was exalted. And it was this confidence in God's faithfulness and mercy that enabled Abraham to penetrate the darkness of the way by which God led him, and to look forward to the restoration of Isaac from the dead, even though the sacrifice should be completed. God's face seemed veiled in thick darkness, but faith saw through it all and hoped on.

Some writers have thought that Abraham must have been familiar with human sacrifices, else the command would have seemed to him wrong, and that "then Abraham's faith would have consisted in doing wrong for the sake of God."

Whether familiar with human sacrifices or not, he knew that they were wrong, and but for his faith that God would preserve or restore his child, his heart might have shrunk from the hard decree. Doubtless he recognized God's absolute right to the life of Isaac;

but he was so persuaded of the faithfulness of God that he felt that the right would be only maintained in mercy. His heart was strong, for "He judged not the Lord by feeble sense."

He accounted him faithful in all his promises, "and that he was able even to raise Isaac from the dead, from whence also he received him in a figure." I invite attention to this expression of the Apostle, because it shows that, through all the painful trial, Abraham continually confided in the promise of God—that in Isaac should his seed be called, and that through him "Sarah was to be the mother of nations, and kings of people were to be of her."

It is safe to trust God. However he may try our faith, however flinty the road over which he may call us to travel, his faithfulness endures forever, and they who do his will shall not abide in darkness. They may have dark hours, and days of trial, but light shall break on their way and the peace of God shall fill their souls.

Though we may not always be able to see the use of the commands and sorrows and trials that God lays upon us, yet the end will disclose to us His infinite mercy. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Until we see "the end" of the Lord, we can not always see the pity of the Lord; but be patient—the end will disclose it. An architect plans a beautiful building—the materials are gathered, and

as the walls go up, and the rough scaffolding stands about, and the confusion of the work is seen; the half-finished building is bare and rude and unsightly; but when the house is complete, and carpenter, and mason, and plasterer, and painter, have finished their work, the end of the architect is seen, and the building stands before us in all its fair proportions—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." So with our mortal lives; the end of the Lord is not yet disclosed. Here on earth the unpolished stones, the temporary scaffolding, are seen; as the work progresses we catch glimpses of the great design and of the coming glory; but heaven will reveal a splendor in the great work wrought out by Christ that will mock all the glory of man's art, and even

the beauty and magnificence of nature as revealed in every fair thing on earth and in the majesty of the material heavens. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when Christ appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." If we will but trust God and walk with him by faith, he will bring to us victory out of defeat, strength out of trial, everlasting life out of the depths of the grave. When we reach our home and stand before God ransomed, purified, glorified the redeemed spirit dwelling in the spiritual body, then many of the sorrowful mysteries of our mortal lives will be explained, and we will see, what now most surely we believe, that "the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

J. S.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

THERE is a vast amount of false speaking in the world, and even a great deal of false swearing. The vice of lying is not confined to men of the world, but it is found too in the church. It is not confined to any latitude or to any denomination, but it is common among men, and creeps into all societies. It may be said of others beside the Cretans, that they are "always liars, evil beasts, low, miserable gluttons." Now, every Christian, by his profession of religion, is called on to cultivate the habit of speaking the truth in his heart, and so far as he has the Spirit of Christ,

he will have the spirit of truth. Paul says, in his letter to the Colossians: "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds." The very fact that we have named the name of Christ ought to constrain us to speak the truth. Our baptism, in which we put on Christ, ought to be for us a perpetual pledge to truth and honesty. By reason of our having put off the old man and his deeds, we are exhorted by the apostle to speak the truth. "Lie not one to another." It will be well to remember the divine origin of this command, and

that speaking the truth or not, is not for us a mere matter of convenience or expediency, but that God most explicitly commands us not to lie. The worst species of falsehood is slander, malicious lying. To tell a falsehood in order to injure a man, is a crime and a meanness. We ought always to be careful how we accept or circulate a statement to the discredit of a brother. The omission of a word in the account, or an added gesture, or some emphasis on a syllable or letter, may give an entirely different meaning to the whole matter, and may do great injury. I do not say that we should shut our eyes to the truth that may discredit our neighbor, but we should be careful that we see the truth, and so state it that it will not make any false impression.

I remember now a little incident that happened during the war, that will serve me for an illustration. I was passing one day by a house in which there was a wounded rebel prisoner—a mere lad. The Federal soldier at the door, acting as guard, was drunk and had been making certain ugly threats that caused some alarm. I stopped and had a short conversation with him, and upbraided him for his conduct, and went into the house to see the lad. I talked with him kindly about his wound, about his home, about his hopes and wishes, and bade him good-by. In a few days afterward I took a brother preacher to see him, and after remaining a few moments I excused myself, as I had to leave for quite a long journey, and the hour for the

departure of the public conveyance was near at hand. Now, out of this simple transaction somebody manufactured the story, and circulated it extensively, that I “had refused to pray with a rebel prisoner, and that another preacher had to be sent for.”

I never paid particular attention to the story, for I have generally found much more pleasant and profitable business than hunting down falsehoods. If in this case all the facts had been fairly stated, I would have appeared very differently from the bigoted and unlovely partisan I was represented to be. In the whole matter I was gentle, tender and considerate as was possible. The circumstance shows how slander meanly turns good into evil. In a statement of facts we must be careful that the impression we create is just. We must not garble or pervert.

Men are sometimes false from the feeling most opposite to that which prompts slander—the desire to be pleasant with all men—to have the good will of all. There are certain natures opposed to strife, and that continually cry peace, peace, and they are willing any day to exchange truth for peace. The weakness may appear to some quite amiable, and hardly worthy of censure, but it is contemptible and full of mischief and ruin.

A brother may say or do something, and we may afterward be called on to bear witness to it, and in order to smooth over matters we may soften certain statements, keep back a little, add a little—say

that we did not hear that which we did hear, etc., and thus tell a lie to save a friend or to avoid a fuss.

Our falsehood, while it may seem to save one party may injure another—and at any rate it will injure ourselves and offend our God.

If a man is known to be strictly truthful, all men will be careful about calling him as a witness unless they want to know the truth.

I have a friend who, some years ago, was a clerk in a large commercial house. An issue arose between his employer and one of the customers of the house about some contract or verbal agreement, and my friend, the clerk, was appealed to, to say what the agreement was. He sustained the customer as against his employer. When the customer left the room, the employer advised my friend that it would be well for him to cultivate a "more convenient memory." In reply, he received the indignant rebuke of a manly soul. That clerk would not be called on more than once by the same scoundrel to affirm a falsehood.

We are sometimes tempted to falsehood to save ourselves from trouble. We have done or said something offensive or foolish or unpopular, and when called to an account for it, instead of "facing the music," and either confessing our wrong, or if we think we were right, manfully maintaining ourselves, we are sorely tempted to prevarication and concealment, to partial denial, or to some false, cowardly explanation.

Wendell Phillips once said of a

distinguished minister, that he had "lied out of a late delicate embarrassment." If it was true of this preacher, he was not alone in his offense. Some good men find here a sore temptation, and some have fallen.

A brother in the church reported extensively that another brother had defrauded him, and the report reaching the ears of this last brother, he called the other to the proof of his charge before a committee of brethren, when he retracted the charge—retracted it, too, in the sense that it was not true, and said that he had no reason to believe that he had been wronged to the amount of a cent. In a short time, however, he reiterated the charge. If he really believed that the other brother had defrauded him, his retraction was a cowardly falsehood. If he did not believe that the brother had defrauded him, then his report to that effect was a slander. I give this illustration, because the moral lesson can be better taught by example than abstractly.

There is another species of falsehood—"lying for gain." A merchant has something to sell, and he says it cost him more than it did cost; that it is of a better quality than it really is; and on the opposite hand, the buyer depreciates, and for the sake of a few cents more or less, will barter away the truth.

We hear a great deal said about the sin of the "liquor traffic." One of the most alarming features connected with the manufacture of liquor and its wholesale trade, is the lying and false swearing it fos-

ters in order to cheat the Government.

Again, there is a lying of which vanity—love of show or love of praise—is the root. There are some men whose talk about themselves is made up of “great swelling words of vanity.” Everything they do is magnified a thousand fold. With an audacity that is amazing, they will distend themselves, and, utterly regardless of truth, or even of probability, they will talk extravagantly about their achievements. If they would but think about the matter for a moment, they might see that to men of sense their words are as idle tales, and that, in a large majority of instances, they provoke either the quiet contempt or the silent ridicule of their listeners. I know some men whose statements about themselves, or anything or anybody that they are interested in, is never believed by those who know them, unless corroborated by other testimonies. Sometimes a preacher gets the reputation of being a blow and a braggart.

If in ourselves we ever detect a tendency to this kind of vain boasting and false talking, we ought to repress it with the utmost vigor. If at any time we have been tempted to make a display, and talk grandly about ourselves, we ought to have

a season of self-examination—of impartial scrutiny—to see whether we have not lied, or, if that is too harsh a word, if we have not indulged in excessive hyperbole. I know some men whom, on many accounts, I like, but whom I am afraid to hear talk much, for I feel certain that I will hear something glaringly false before the conversation is ended.

Besides the wrong of the falsehood, there is a contempt and aversion which it engenders that makes the society of an untruthful man uncomfortable and disagreeable, and the closer the tie that binds you to him, the more deeply you are hurt at his falseness.

I know it is extremely difficult to be exactly truthful at all times and under all circumstances, but it is our duty to cultivate the habit of truth-speaking; to repent of all untruthfulness, and to seek the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of truth. All moral lectures on the subject, however, are in vain, and the only sure remedy of the evil is Christ within us, the hope of glory.

Lying, in all its forms—slander, flattery, exaggeration, suppression of part of the truth, vain boasting, is offensive to Christ. Into the heavenly city nothing shall enter “that defiles, neither whatsoever works abomination or makes a lie.” J. S.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO, }
Nov. 5, 1869. }

JOHN SHACKLEFORD—*My Dear Brother*: I promised to write you

from this place, and the feeling that supremely possesses me just now, is the immense difference between promise and performance. If wri-

ting of any species were not to me nearly intolerable, I would say that I *preferred* letter-writing to any other kind. It is so pleasant to "tell your story clean off hand," and so have done with it. I utterly loathe the regal or editorial "we," and never use it but with disgust and under protest; while the measured, stately style of the essay or dissertation is generally unbearable. It is a style, however, in which a stupid man may write nonsense by the acre, and yet hide his shallowness in his obscurity. In letter-writing, one need not take thought for style—the less style, indeed, the better; and whether your effort shall turn out "a song or a sermon," may be left to chance. The most pleasing letters I have ever read, are those in writing which, free rein was given to the spirit, and whose easy and varying style reminds one of Præd's versatile and garrulous old Vicar:

"Whose talk was like a stream that ran,

Without a break, from rocks to roses,
That slipped from politics to puns,

And passed from Mohammed to Moses:
Beginning with the laws that keep

The planets in their radiant courses,

And ending with some precept deep

For dressing eels, or shoeing horses."

The day here, on the lake shore, is not favorable to cheerful thought, even if the future, for us, wore a roseate hue. The snow has partially hidden the fields, and the frosts have prematurely stripped the groves and forests of their summer robes, or so sadly discolored them, that they appear worse than in utter nakedness. The snow is not deep enough to cover the little elevations of the ground, and these and tufts of dead herbage show through, giving to the whole surface a blotched appearance. In looking out over the landscape, one does not think of the snow as a mantle, or a bridal

vestment, but as a winding sheet through which stains of decay are seen. The sky is overcast with leaden clouds that hang low, and the light that struggles through them is thin and cheerless and cold, while the clouds themselves look as if they might settle down yet lower, and become the pall of a dead world. A moonless, starless night were preferable to such a day.

I can not think of Nature, great and affluent Nature, as a dead thing—a mere carcass. No, she is a living presence, and has lessons of deep and divine import for all who have questionings for her, and hearts to understand her answers. Thompson sung the Seasons, and so far as known to me, he was never charged with Pantheism. He says "the rolling year is full of God," and he says truly. Even now, when "the vegetable kingdom lies dead, and the tuneless is dumb," the varnished buds that tip the naked twigs have wrapped within them promises of another Spring-time,—a season of bloom and verdure—and beyond this, a season of fruit-gathering. The buds that cling to the prickly brambles, that grow along the fence-row or in the neglected field, foretell a day when they shall waive their burden of snowy blossoms in the breezes of Spring, and a day in late Summer, when a thousand birds that are yet to be, shall gather to them, and share the luscious banquet they will bear. God is with the trees and shrubs for man's sake, and with man for Christ's sake. O, if men were but true to their own souls, they might hear, in the dreariest Winter of their discontent, utterances that would be more than oracles to them; more than prophecies of an eternal Spring-time for our race, and be cheered

by songs even in the night, concerning a higher, holier life than this, and of a better world, "where Winter and clouds are no more."

But I must not forget that the exigencies of the press, about the 15th inst., may bring these lines into demand as "copy." I therefore address myself to matters of interest to our possible readers, as well as to ourselves. And first, the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY*, its past, and its probable future.

Our little magazine has served to reveal many things—more, perhaps, to you than to me; for I had been longer conversant with the Reformation, and especially with its leading spirits, than you had. We differed considerably in opinion as to the temper and purposes of several of these-brethren one year ago; we do not differ so widely now. Only this I must confess, that the moral cowardice of the preachers of the "Ancient Gospel," is much nearer being universal than I had supposed. Their boast had been, fidelity to truth, the truth of God—the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and this, as that truth expressed itself through their own spiritual consciousness. How far this boasting is vain, who shall say? God knoweth.

This, however, I will say, that if, in general, there is on earth a more time-serving ministry than ours, then is the hope of deliverance for the human race, outside of any existing form of Christianity. So far as our *MONTHLY* has been circulated, we have learned that it has been more generally *read* than any other paper among us, and more warmly commended; but the commendations have been uttered "in confidence" and in quiet! Our men are valiant for the truth, only when the "Ancient Gospel" is to be treated *controversially*, and all that

is supposed to be inconsistent with it, is to be lustily denounced. Or when it becomes necessary to denounce instrumental music in churches, or fashionable amusements, then our gallantry appears to advantage. I except from these amusements, the circus. Attendance on that particular amusement is, I believe, adjudged by our "sound men," to be consistent with "the ancient order of things!" But keep away from the 13th of Romans, and especially from Dr. Hopson's John Morgan commentary on it, if you wish to show your zeal for the truth! In short, we are, like other denominations, valiant for so much of God's revelation, or for our interpretation of so much of it, as serves to mark the difference between ourselves and others. But this state of things will not continue long—it hastens to its consummation. The plea for the *whole revealed will of God*, as instituted by "the fathers" fifty years ago, will be rescued from its present complications with cowardly demagogism; and under a wiser and more generous and godly advocacy, will win the attention of the religious world. This is my hope and confident expectation. By what ill-fortune this great plea fell to the direction of men better fitted to split cord-wood than to write for an intelligent Christian people, and better adapted to hunting bears than to preaching the Gospel of Christ to dying sinners, I have never been able to discover.

The difference between the tone of the earlier and the more recent issues of the *Apostolic Times*, has been noted. It set out on the highest sectarian key, and has sobered down into a tame journal. Some have attributed this to the fact that the *MONTHLY* was in the field, and had a pretty extensive

patronage in Lexington, Ky., and in its vicinity. We know it is not always pleasant to have "a chiel amang you takin' notes," especially if the "chiele" has spirit enough to print the notes; and yet, we think the *Times* has found out that they have been partially asleep for some years—say ten. That corps editorial was a whole family of Rip Van Winkles some months ago, and supposed the Reformation could be turned whithersoever they might wish to direct it. They are wiser now. "Beriah Pilkins" will write no more calf stories for the *Times*. Poor Beriah, he and his calf went glimmering;

"A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

Our MONTHLY has demonstrated the possibility of men speaking plainly, truthfully and defiantly, without being sent to the stake by way of penalty. Our audacity must appear sublime to those dear but poor brethren who fairly shook with terror at the bare thought of incurring the displeasure of the *American Christian Review*. These valiant knights of the cross have found out that there is nothing so vulnerable as ignorance and pretension, though fed bountifully on partisan adulation, and upheld by a "liberality" that is making the objects of it rich, and thus increasing the difficulty of their entering into the kingdom of heaven. It is to be hoped that our example will be of service to the younger men of the ministry.

As respects my connection with the MONTHLY, a word or two may be allowed. You will bear me witness that I have always been, not only willing but anxious to retire from its pages, and give place to some one against whom there exists less prejudice than exists

against me. I have not wished to write. I can not possibly gain anything personal to myself by it; and have ever been ready to decline it, provided the ends that I have sought to gain could be effected by other means. I have not written one page with a view to reputation, or to popularity or to pelf. I have written for the truth's sake; and for the truth's sake, I have illustrated the present tendencies of a perverted Reformation, and the type of conscience it has developed, by the awful example of some of our chief men. I should feel a sense of relief in retiring from any public responsibility, and consent is given to bear it yet longer, only in deference to the opinions of others. What I have endeavored to effect, is, I apprehend, to be the work of others. I certainly shall not protest. We, at least, cease to fear when we cease to hope, and despair brings the composure and rest of indifference. We disarm Destiny when we cease to invoke her; and if the Reformation, so auspiciously begun, and for which so much has been endured and so many lives sacrificed, is to fall under the stabs of time-serving, money-loving demagogues, God's will be done.

By the help of God, I will die at my post; nor shall I ever cease to war on the corruptions of the truth, which, through the agency of ignorant and ambitious and selfish men, have threatened to render the great plea of the Reformation, an astonishment and a hissing among men. In any earthly event, it must be our purpose, according to the measure of grace given unto us, to "approve ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults, in labors, in

watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; by honor and dishonor;

by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

Ever yours, in Jesus,

L. L. P.

MERCY.

THERE is no more beautiful word in human language than Mercy. It is full of the light and grace of heaven. A man without the quality of mercy is hard and cold and unlovely. A merciful man, though he may have many weaknesses, at least in this respect, wins more than honor, even the tender love of men and the mercy of God. If we could for a moment conceive God as emptied of mercy, how our poor hearts, filled with fear and dread, would flee from his presence and seek oblivion to a universe upon which no longer dawned the smile of the Father of all. How full of mercy the life of Jesus. He never kicked from his path a leper, or refused his pity to the weak and helpless, but bade all weary souls come to him for rest. As he drew near to Jericho a blind beggar sat by the way-side, and hearing the multitude pass by he asked what it meant. They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and the beggar cried out, "Jesus, have mercy on me!" Did Christ rebuke him? No; the thoughtless crowd, unmoved by the touching cry, upbraided him, but Christ had mercy, and opened the sightless orbs to the

light which he himself had made. Tender Savior! how blessed was thy mercy to the poor, the heavy laden, the blind, the lame, the deaf, the tormented, the sorrowful who were scattered through Judea when thou wert here on earth a pilgrim; how blessed now thy mercy to our poor souls—how utterly wretched our lives without it.

Bunyan says in his *Pilgrim's Progress*: "The Son of the Blessed is very pitiful." It is one of those expressions that lingers in my soul evermore, "The Son of the Blessed is very pitiful."

But the most amazing expression of mercy and pity came from the Savior on the Cross as he looked in tenderness on his murderers: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." He pitied their blind rage and ignorant persecution while his body was racked with pains which they had inflicted.

It is easy to show mercy when the offense grieves not ourselves but others; but if we are hurt, or troubled, or plundered, then we are tempted to banish mercy and to cry aloud for justice.

I know men, who can counsel mercy and charitable judgment,

who can be tender to the unfortunate, but who are as unrelenting as Fate in case of personal offense against themselves. They will forgive, they say, upon penitence ; they will show tenderness upon reformation ; but as the matter stands, it would be asking too much, etc., etc. Now, all this is selfishness. It is not righteous zeal for justice ; for offenders against truth, equally guilty with these personal offenders, these same men can meet most graciously. A false man can not be cherished—but not simply because of falseness to me. My own grievance is as nothing ; it must be the falseness that troubles me, not personal enmity. “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,” but we often go on our way without the infinite blessing. An unrelenting man embitters his own life as well as the life of his enemy.

“Revenge is sweet,” says the proverb. It can not be. It is ten thousand times over more sweet and blessed to forgive, to heal, to make peace, to suffer wrong, than to hate and to devour and to destroy.

This matter of mounting the judgment-seat and casting stones, is a delicate business. If we must rebuke, it ought to be in love. “If a brother be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, *considering thyself lest thou* also be tempted.” This is the divine injunction.

It always appeared to me a littleness to cherish personal grievances, and to dwell on personal wrongs.

We can not always help feeling stung by outrage and treachery, but if it is all well with a man and his God, it seems to me that he might dispose of many annoyances and annoyers as Uncle Toby disposed of the fly.

Mercy may be abused, it is true, and without proper checks, may become vicious ; so may justice, and love of country, and love of children ; but remember what the good book says—“He shall have judgment without mercy who shows no mercy,” and mercy rejoices against judgment.

What does the Lord require of us but to walk humbly, to do justly, to love mercy ? We must *do* justly, but we must *love* mercy. We must not only show mercy, but be glad to show it.

We can be merciful and be (and all the more on account of our mercy) simple, just, true, and opposed with all manly vigor and just indignation to all unrighteousness and meanness and treachery. A man may be full of all mercy and yet have a soul incapable of dissimulation and of fear. Mercy is not weakness, but strength, for God is merciful. But the very sorrows and perils of our fellow-men ought perpetually to constrain us to mercy.

Every heart has its own bitterness. If we could see the sorrows and struggles of the man we dislike—be with him in his hours of loneliness and weariness, our pity would disarm our enmity, and we would repent any unnecessary anguish we might have caused him.

Mrs. Browning, in one of her inimitable poems, says :

"There is no God, the foolish saith,
But none, There is no sorrow;
And nature oft in bitter need,
The cry of faith must borrow;
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By way-side graves are raised,
And hearts say, God be pitiful,
Who ne'er said, God be praised."

A bright girl marries and leaves the home of her childhood for the home of her womanhood; months roll on and she finds herself far away from her father's house with a little baby in her arms, and deserted by the man who pledged to her trusting soul, before God and human witnesses, to protect and cherish her until death. Who can fathom the depths of her sorrow or set forth in fitting speech the wreck of her hopes, and her utter despair as she dwells upon the broken vows and violated faith of him whom she trusted—whom she loved, and still loves, though dishonored by his own vile act?

A mother nourishes in her bosom a boy, trains him up by her fireside, watches with pride the unfolding of his soul and the development of manly vigor, and says in her heart, "He is to be the staff of my old age." He leaves his home and enters the gate over which is written "the dead are here, her guests are in the depths of hell." His manhood is soiled, he "hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling." The voice of natural affection is quenched, and the lower instincts triumph over the higher intuitions of the soul. The mother, maybe, is outwardly calm, for through dreary years she has been disci-

plined in the school of sorrow; but her closet walls, within which she has communed secretly with her God, had they but voices, might unfold a story which would touch all gentle human souls with pity, as it has already touched the human heart of the divine Christ.

A man marries, children multiply, the battle of life commences—poor fellow, he is weak, not bad; hard-working, trusting, without foresight, improvident, sometimes sick; winter catches him unprovided—the wolf is at his door, his children are hungry, his faithful wife bears up, and though she may, in a thoughtless mood, sometimes reproach him a little, she loves him truly, and her nightly prayer ascends to God in his behalf, and as he goes to his ill-requited toil, she follows him with her unuttered benediction—"God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee." Weary fellow-man, thy burdens are heavy and thy shoulders are not broad and strong, and if, in a sad hour, nature should assert her right to tears, no true man would condemn thee.

For all these weary tossed ones Jesus died, and for them he has infinite pity. "He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities." To all of us, perchance there come seasons of faintness when we feel unequal for the conflict, and our burden seems greater than we can bear; then we need Christ, for surely without him, without the blessed immortality which he has revealed, we might long for eternal oblivion and perpetual silence, even the silence of the grave where the

wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, where the prisoners hear not the voice of the oppressor and the cry of hungry children is stilled, and the vision of sorrowful faces is seen no more. Let the love of Christ and the sorrows of our fellow-men fill our souls with mercy at this blessed Christmas time. Let the rich kindly bear some light and cheer and hope to the lowly homes near by, and let

the poor give to the rich that which is better than gold, even the mercy of a charitable judgment, and that human sympathy which all, both rich and poor, so much need.

And what Christmas gift shall we bear to our enemy or to our alienated brother?—even this, a beautiful mantle, which only gentle, Christ-like souls can weave—"the mantle of Charity." J. S.

THE CONTRAST.

THE British "Commonwealth" was ended, and the monarchy re-established. As Macauley puts it, "the reign of the saints was over, and the reign of the strumpets had begun." Oliver Cromwell was in his grave—his imbecile son had resigned the Protectorate, and Charles II. was on the throne from which his father had passed to the scaffold. That was a time to try what stuff men's souls were made of. The "Regicides"—as many of them as could be hunted down—were sent to a swift death, "without benefit of clergy." Old Pepys informs all who choose to consult him, that he saw the unfortunate Republicans who had passed sentence on Charles I., on their way to be hung, drawn and quartered; and that they "looked as comfortable and cheerful as gentlemen could be expected to look in their circumstances!" It was a hot time for Puritans generally. Praying and psalm-singing, through the nose or otherwise, were at a ruinous discount; while theaters and other long-prohibited means of amusement suddenly became "the rage." Men, and

women too, hastened to indemnify themselves, by boundless excesses, for the constrained moderation they had maintained during the Commonwealth.

There were two men on whose fortunes the change in the British government was destined to have a marked effect: these were John Milton and John Dryden. Milton was a Puritan from conviction, and had held the office of Latin Secretary under Cromwell; Dryden was a Puritan by descent and education, and several of his near kinsmen held high position under Cromwell at the time of his death. "In a youth entering life under the protection of such relations, who," asks his biographer, "could have anticipated the future dramatist and poet-laureate, much less the advocate and martyr of prerogative of the Stuart family, the convert and confessor of the Roman Catholic faith?" No man, we presume, was then prepared to anticipate such base apostacy; but it will not surprise the preachers of the "current Reformation."

Of the many effusions of all

kinds that were called forth by the death of the sturdy Protector, it is probable that none more abounded in fulsome adulation than "Heroic Stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell, by John Dryden." Concerning his hero, our poet could say :

"Heaven in his portrait showed a work-
man's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.
* * * * *
Nor was he like those stars which only
shine,
When, to pale mariners, they storms
portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend."

When Dryden wrote these "heroic stanzas," he supposed, doubtless, that the dynasty of Cromwell was a permanent "British institution." He seems not to have had the faintest conception of the great events then at the door. But his virtue was of the easy species, and he could change his principles—or rather his policy, for he had no principles—as readily as his cravat. The change that came o'er the spirit of his dream, on the return of Charles, was as sudden and as radical as the change from "the reign of the saints to the reign, of the harlots." Like a good many modern ministers, with a wise and prudent regard to praise and porridge, Dryden thought that circumstances altered cases, and that a living dog was better than a dead lion; and so set himself to write "Astræa Redux, a Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty, Charles II.,"

"For whose long absence Church and
State did groan;
Madness the pulpit, faction seized the
throne."

To this he added "A Panegyric on His Sacred Majesty," from which we have neither heart nor room to

quote. He got his reward in place and pudding, as he deserved. He passed from the defense of liberty to the defense of despotism, and from Puritanism to extreme Catholicism. In defending the former, he apologized for almost brutal licentiousness; in support of the latter, he exhausted the resources of sophistry, wit and satire. He ended his life in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

On the return of Charles II., Milton lived in concealment till a proclamation of general amnesty was published, in which his name did not appear in the list of the expected, when he left his hiding-place. He had nothing to say in vindication of despotism and licentiousness—nothing in praise of the most dissolute of European courts. He could not "go back on his record"—the sublime old man, and so he chose poverty and obscurity and consistency, and left the husks to the swine and their feeders. Dryden basked in the smiles of the corrupt and tyrannical Stuarts, Charles and the Duke of York, while Milton, neglected, sat in his humble home, "wrapt in ever-during dark," yet "telling of things invisible to mortal sight." Blind, brave old man! His hopes of a *Christian* commonwealth were all gone then—utterly wrecked; and in poverty and amid domestic discords, "with other notes than to the Orphean lyre, he sung of Chaos and eternal night," or "soared, with no middle flight, above the Aonian Mount." Singing as no one had ever sung before,—as no one since has sung,—the patriot Puritan ended his wearisome life-journey, slept in peace, and was gathered to his fathers. We can not doubt that by his grace, through whom Paradise was

regained, the illustrious poet found the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Dryden sung the praises of the Stuart despotism, wrote dramas suited to the tastes and morals of his time, ate his pudding and his consecrated wafer, believed a lie, died, and, most

likely, was damned; "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap also." "God is not mocked."

We have no Miltons now; but a great many small editions of John Dryden might be found in the American ministry. P.

A DIALOGUE.

Inquirer. I understand, Discipulus, that the churches of the Reformation, to one of which you belong, profess to have no creed but the Bible.

Discipulus. You have been correctly informed: the Bible, without note or comment, is our creed.

In. In what sense do you use the word creed?

Dis. I mean by the word creed, the book that contains the facts and doctrines believed by a Church, the rules of life by which its members are bound, as well as the order of public worship; and the plan of church organization by which the church is constituted a body.

In. All Protestant denominations would say that the Bible is their creed, in the sense in which you use the word. Can you explain to me, how it has happened, that while all Protestants accept the Bible as the supreme authority in religion, they are, notwithstanding, so sadly divided?

Dis. I can not suppose that the Protestant parties are gratuitously and perversely wicked in this matter of division—that they love partyism more than they love Christ; I therefore conclude that they find themselves unable to agree as to *what the Bible teaches*; and so they form and perpetuate parties.

In. You say that the Bible, with-

out note or comment, is the creed of the Disciples. Allow me, then, to inquire, whether all the Disciples are agreed in opinion or in faith, concerning all the matters contained in your creed; say, the organization of the church, and the rules of worship?

Dis. I think not. There is some diversity of faith, and some resulting diversities of practice in the matters named by you.

In. How can this occur, unless through *conflicting interpretations*? If the Bible without note or comment is the creed of your church, I do not see how it can either unite or divide men. Do you not interpret or explain the Scriptures when you preach?

Dis. I do, as a matter of course. I attempt to *prove* moreover, that the interpretation of the Scriptures adopted by the Disciples, is the true meaning of them, and that all interpretations differing from those adopted by the Disciples, are wrong.

In. That is an intelligible, and, I have no doubt, a true statement of the case. In that respect, the Disciples are like other denominations, except that many denominations have *written* interpretations of Scripture, which they call creeds or Confessions of Faith, or Articles of Faith. The Disciples, it seems to me, have *authoritative* interpreta-

tions of some portions of Scripture, although they are not written; at least they have not been printed in form, and formally adopted by your church.

Dis. The Reformers have no authoritative interpretations of Scripture; nothing but the Scripture itself is authoritative. The Bible without note or comment is the Disciples' creed.

In. I regret to hear you re-affirm those positions. Let me ask if you read the Sacred Scriptures in the original tongues, or in a translation?

Dis. I read translations only.

In. A translation, then, is *your* creed, and I would like to know which one of the many extant English translations you prefer?

Dis. I am not *bound* to any one translation, but compare one translation with another, and adopt that translation of any particular passage which seems to be the best.

In. Being ignorant of the original Scriptures, by what rules do you determine the merits of any translation?

Dis. I can not say that I possess any *general* rule. I determine every instance of translation on its own merits.

In. That is to say, you determine the merits of a translation, by which you must mean its fidelity to the original, without any knowledge of the original itself! But I will not press this point further. It must be apparent, even to yourself, that your creed, as claimed by you, is a translation, of the fidelity of which, you really *know* nothing whatever. Your confidence that the Bible you read is a fair and full expression of the *inspired* word, is based wholly on the testimony of scholars. But do you allow the *unlimited* exercise of the right of individual or private interpretation?

Dis. We do. The Reformers do not impose their views, or their interpretations of Scripture on any one. They leave that to Romanists and the sects that adopt man-made creeds.

In. If I understand you, then, you would be willing to distribute the Bible to the citizens of a town, exhort them to read it, and then receive all into a church, who professed to believe it, and who expressed a desire to be saved through Christ, without asking any questions as to what they understood the Bible to teach?

Dis. Well, as to that—the fact is—that is to say.*

In. I see and appreciate your difficulty. It is quite evident that, in the supposed case, you *must* require the professed believers to concur with you in the correctness of your interpretations of *some* passages of the New Testament, at least. You would not accept any who understood the Bible to teach the final salvation of all men; nor those who should declare their belief in infant baptism; nor such as might refuse to accept immersion as the “one baptism.”

Dis. We ask but one question of those who apply to us for baptism. We require them to make “the good confession,” which is—“Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God.” That supreme truth is the rock on which Christ declared he would build his Church.

In. Though you *ask* but one question of candidates for baptism, there is much besides the question, well *understood*, both as to what is immediately to follow the making of the confession, and what is ex—

*For choice specimens of this kind of literature, see “Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven,” by Ben. Franklin.

pected to follow it during life. I agree with you that the truth concerning the Sonship of Christ, is fundamental in Christianity, and that it is the substance of the "good confession;" but even that simple "form of sound words" is variously interpreted. Not a few who profess to believe your creed—the Bible—believe that Jesus is the Son of God, in the same sense in which Paul or Peter was a son of God, and in no other. How would you dispose of any "penitent" believers who would propose to make the good confession, with this understanding of it?

Dis. I would *explain* to them all the passages of Scripture which speak of the Christ, and thus correct their misapprehension of the meaning of the title—Son of God.

In. That is, you would *interpret* the simple confession itself—the only question asked of candidates for baptism. But suppose some one should adhere to his misapprehension, and reject your explanations and interpretations and arguments, what then?

Dis. If he persisted in denying, or in refusing to confess the real divinity of Christ, I would refuse to baptize him.

In. You declared that the Reformers do not impose their own views or their interpretations of Scripture on any one seeking admission into their churches, but you see that the declaration is not true. You do not allow the right of individual interpretation, without limit. I think you must perceive from your own admissions, that the Disciples do require of those who ask admission into their churches, not merely that they shall accept the Bible as the rule of faith, but that they shall receive some portions of the New Testa-

ment, *in the sense given to them by the Disciples.*

Dis. If we admit that the *sense* of Scripture, as that sense has been determined by the "chief men" among the Disciples, is the *real* creed of the church, the Disciples have still this advantage. Their creed is reached by one interpretation, while parties who have a written creed besides the Bible, can reach their real creed only after two interpretations. The Bible is interpreted once, and a written creed is the result; but this creed must itself be interpreted, in order to reach the faith of the church holding it.

In. The advantage you claim for the Disciples is apparent rather than real. I presume you have read the "Introduction" to the "Living Pulpit of the Christian Church," by W. T. Moore. If so, you can not have failed to notice eight italicised "propositions," three of which, it is noteworthy, relate to baptism. I will read these propositions.

1. "The all-sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as a rule of faith and practice.

2. Faith in Christ, as the promised Messiah, and obedience to his commandments, constitute the only conditions of salvation.

3. Christian Baptism is an immersion in water, into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

4. None but penitent believers are subjects of baptism.

5. Baptism, when administered to a believing penitent, is for the remission of sins.

6. In conversion, the Holy Spirit operates through the truth, and never without the truth, so far as we can determine.

7. The organization of the church in accordance with the divine models.

8. A proper observance of the Lord's Supper."

Every one of these "articles of faith," is followed by *explanations*. But without pressing this fact, I ask you to say whether or not these eight "propositions" embody the distinctive teachings of the Disciples. I do not ask you to approve all of these "articles of faith" as "propositions," for several of them have subjects, but no predicates. *

Dis. I have seen and considered the propositions you quote. The Disciples would not agree to adopt these eight propositions or clauses, as an authoritative creed.

In. It seems to me that *they have already done so*. Would you regard one of your preachers as "sound in the faith" who should reject any one of these propositions, which, you will notice, are not expressed in the "precise language of Scripture?"

Dis. I presume such a preacher would not be regarded by the Disciples as a "sound gospel man."

In. While, then, the Disciples refuse *formally* to adopt these "articles" as a creed, they do so *practically*. Is not this the case?

Dis. The Disciples have no creed except the Bible without note or comment, explanation or interpretation.

In. Why then do you not state what you believe in the language of Scripture?

Dis. What we believe *is* stated in the exact language of Scripture, for it is the Scripture itself. It is only when we attempt to tell what the Scriptures *mean* that we get into trouble about the language.

In. All professors of the Christian Religion, profess to believe the Bible, just as the Disciples do. In this, your church is not singular. But for the sake of illustration, state your faith touching the organization of a church, in the precise language of Scripture.

Dis. I propose that we meet at another time to consider the matter further.

In. It will afford me pleasure to hear you fully on this "creed question." I wish all Christian people success in their efforts to call sinners to *repentance*; but I must believe that the Disciples have committed a serious and *demoralizing* blunder, in committing themselves to the maintenance of the statement, that they have no creed but the Bible *without note or comment*. X.

ORGANIZATION.

THE subjoined outline of a simple plan of Church organization was read before the Missionary Society at its late meeting in Louisville, Ky.

It was offered as a supplement to the report of the Committee of Twenty—a report that is likely enough to have a history.

* Mr. Moore's effort to set forth the faith of the Disciples, becomes a vanishing quantity, and reminds me of Jim. Brown's account of his attempt to get to Funk's Mill. Jim. started out, he said, on a first-

class McAdamized road, which soon ran out into a muddy lane; this declined rapidly into a bridle-path through woods, and this last, finally dwindled to a squirrel track and *ran up a tree*.

It was not expected that the Meeting would adopt, or in any way favor my plan. A wish was entertained to have it published with the Proceedings of the Meeting. This was all. I knew the spirit of that meeting too thoroughly to allow me to entertain any hope of support from the Northern members, or of fair-dealing from those of the South. The defeat of any measure I might suggest, or proposition I might offer, not in harmony with the decisions of the scribes and elders, I was well aware, was predestined.

Dr. Hopson's challenge of my right to participate in the business of the meeting was, I presume, the mere acting of the part that, in the rehearsal of the farce on the previous night, had been assigned to him. Dr. Hopson's guest, the President of the Missionary Society, knew very well that I had been contending for the Society with no advantage to my reputation in Kentucky, when Dr. Hopson was preaching the gospel of rebellion to John Morgan's brigade, down in Dixie.

Several brethren who were at the late Missionary Meeting have alleged that I ought not to have accepted Dr. Hopson's apology for his impertinent and rude attack. I differ with them. On parliamentary principles I was obliged to accept it; besides, I did not regard Dr. Hopson as the really responsible party. I presume he had allowed some one to put him in the way to make a fool of himself, which he did handsomely. Let this be his punishment and his recompense.

The notices of that meeting that I have seen are all one-sided. A rose-colored account of it, by Prof. McGarvey, contains this remarkable statement: "There was manifested, both in the report of the

Committee, and in the deliberations of the Convention, a reverence for the apostolic precedents." Such statements, under the circumstances, are, indeed, marvelous. There are no "apostolic precedents" for the meeting, nor for any thing that was done by the meeting. But I have discovered that men can *find* "apostolic precedents" where there are none, if the thing to be done consists with their notions and with their interests.

The "reverence" of the Louisville meeting for the "apostolic precedents" was *beautifully* illustrated, thus: Dr. Ayres, of Danville, Ky., a gentleman of whom it is in my heart to say many pleasant things, read an interesting essay to the Society, in which he attempted to *prove* that the sacred Scriptures furnish a *plan* of general church organization and co-operation. *It was the only elaborate and sustained argument from New Testament premises that was submitted to the meeting.* How was it treated? A brother, of whom better things were expected, arose when the Doctor had finished reading his essay, and, in derision, offered these three resolutions:

"1. *Resolved*, That we believe in apostolic succession.

2. *Resolved*, That we are Episcopalians.

3. *Resolved*, That we do as we please."

If any other notice was taken of Dr. Ayres' argument—for argument it certainly was—it escaped my attention. The brother who offered the three resolutions, supposed, no doubt, that he was doing a "smart" thing, and his discourtesy, and his want of reverence for "apostolic precedents," passed without rebuke.

In a note written for the Novem-

ber number of the MONTHLY, these sentences occur: "If Dr. Ayres will condense his argument, and put it in the form in which he would wish it to appear before the public, we will take pleasure in publishing it. While I am unable to accept his argument as perfectly conclusive, I am equally unable to reply to it; nor do I believe that the whole phalanx of our editors, 'sound' and 'unsound,' can overthrow it logically in fifteen years' continuous labor. If Dr. Ayres can not prove his positions beyond objection, they can not show that his arguments are fallacious."

Another little matter merits a passing notice. While the report of the Committee was before the meeting, Dr. Hopson moved that in the apportionment of representation in the General Society, in addition to the representatives previously provided for, the several States be allowed one delegate for every ten thousand church members. Some one moved to amend the motion by inserting five instead of ten. The writer hereof proposed to amend the amendment by striking out five and inserting three. This would have given the several States one delegate for every three thousand members. My object was to make the Society a little less autocratic, and a little more democratic. My motion brought "the people's man," Benjamin Franklin, to his feet. "He favored the original resolution, offered by Dr. Hopson, fixing the ratio of representation at one for every ten thousand;" for, said he, "it will be difficult to get a *very full attendance* of the brethren under any

circumstances!" He manifestly thought that one for every ten thousand offered better prospects for a large meeting than one for every three thousand! Or, most likely, he did not really *think* anything, but simply *felt* that a fine opportunity to play flunkey was then present, and that he could improve it to advantage. Curious things occur at these conventions, of which those who do not attend them never get the faintest inkling.*

The "unanimity and harmony" that characterized the proceedings of the meeting have been specially emphasized. Alas, for the unanimity! None who could "call to mind the former times," failed to *feel* that God had gone up from among us. The "harmony" was largely the result of indifference, and the "unanimity" the offspring of despair. Its spirit and its enthusiasm, its real unanimity and its hopes, compared with the enthusiasm, hopes and spirit of many other meetings that we have attended,

"Were as moonlight unto sunlight,
Or as water unto wine."

We shall not wish to recur to this subject, but will await the putting on of the forty or fifty "cranks," and the starting of the machine. Sympathy with Thomas Munnell is the only element in the concern I feel for its success. I believe it to be the legitimate offspring of small ambition and ignoble compromise. The motion to postpone final action on the report of the Committee for one year was not offered in a spirit of "factious opposition" to the wishes of the brotherhood, as was gratuitously and vehemently

* I give explicit notice to any whom it may concern, that men who make remorseless war on me, as a *representative of a special cause*, will find it a blessedness to

have left *clean tracks* behind them. Several men could be named who would respect their own quiet by giving this notice penitent and prayerful consideration.

charged by Elder James Challen before the Convention, but from a settled conviction that its adoption would indefinitely postpone the organization of the *churches*—a work which I believe to be essential to the success of Reformation.

Of the practicability and the utility of the subjoined plan of church organization, something *may* be said hereafter. I beg to ask for it fraternal and candid consideration.

P.

WHEREAS, The efforts which, during the last thirty-five years, have been made to effect some organization by which the churches of Christ in the United States might co-operate in the upbuilding of the kingdom of God, having hitherto proved unsatisfactory ; therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this meeting, there has been something radically defective in the plans of co-operation which, during these thirty-five years, have been adopted, variously modified, and in many cases, abandoned by the Disciples.

2. *Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this meeting, the failure of these efforts at efficient, continuous co-operation, is mainly chargeable to the fact that there exists no *organic* tie between any two congregations of Disciples on this continent ; a fact deplored by Alexander Campbell : a fact indicating a radical defect which that distinguished man, for many years, earnestly labored to heal, but without success.

3. *Resolved*, That with a view to remedy this want of organic union among the congregations of Disciples, this meeting do recommend to

these congregations every-where, to form themselves into convocations under a constitution something like the following : We would suggest that no convocation be composed of less than six, nor of more than twenty congregations.

I. The congregations of Christ's Disciples, in the county of —, and State of —, do agree to form themselves into a Convocation, to be called the Convocation of the Churches of Christ, in the county aforesaid.

II. The officers of the Convocation shall consist of a Moderator, who shall be the senior elder of the congregation with which the Convocation may be held, or of a substitute chosen by such elder himself ; and a Secretary, who shall be chosen by the Convocation, and remain in office till a successor shall have been selected.

III. The business of the Convocation shall be to inquire after the welfare of the congregations comprising it, to take measures for strengthening weak congregations, if there shall be such within its bounds, and to co-operate in all the agencies of which the Convocation shall approve, for spreading abroad the knowledge of Christ.

IV. Every church agreeing to become a member of this Convocation, shall annually report to the Convocation by letter her spiritual state, her Sunday-school work, her prospects of usefulness, her number of members, and whatever may be considered proper that all the congregations should know.

V. No questions of doctrine or

church polity shall, under any pretext whatever, be introduced for discussion into this Convocation, but the exercises shall be confined to the business above specified, and to preaching, exhortation, prayer and praise.

VI. No congregation refusing to enter into the Convocation shall, on that account, be in any way disparaged or disesteemed; that is to say, such refusal shall not be considered ground of complaint against any church so refusing. As the proposed Convocations are to be considered expedients merely, within the liberty which the Head of the Church has allowed to his people, no one is to be considered as in any way obliged by their existence or by their acts, further than he shall be fully persuaded in his own mind as to their lawfulness and necessity.

VII. Every congregation who shall, by her own vote, enter into this Convocation, shall annually select four of her members as messengers to the annual meeting of the Convocation, one of which messen-

gers shall be an elder of the congregation, and one shall be a deacon. The appointment shall be made each year, two weeks previous to the meeting of the Convocation. The appointment of messengers shall not prevent any other members of the church from participating in the business of the Convocation: *provided*, that none but the messengers shall vote.

VIII. Every congregation shall be entitled to one vote, at least, and every church numbering more than one hundred members shall be entitled to one vote for every additional thirty members.

IX. It shall be proper for this Convocation, when assembled, to receive and consider communications from other convocations—to receive and consider communications from Missionary Societies, or from their Corresponding Secretaries, and to suggest to the churches ways and means of raising and forwarding funds to these societies, whether state or general.

P.

A CONVERSATION.

Inquirer. Friend Discipulus, I have learned, through your preachers and periodicals, that the Church of the Disciples insists that there are no non-essentials in Christianity—that the “least commandment,” as well as the greatest, must be obeyed.

Discipulus. Such is the truth. The Christian religion expresses the *authority* of God, not his be-

nevolence only. Rebellion against God may reveal itself in disregarding even the least of his commands.

In. Does your church discriminate between sins of ignorance and sins of presumption?

Dis. We do in every thing *except Baptism*. Many of our ministers, and all of our *chief* editors, make no distinction between those who fail to be immersed through

ignorance or mistake, and those who, admitting that immersion is the action commanded by the apostles, do yet "receive baptism by sprinkling or pouring." They insist that the command of God must be obeyed.

In. What is your *faith*, as a "*Christian*," touching insurrection against what Paul calls "the powers that be?" Rom. 13.

Dis. I believe insurrection against lawful civil rulers to be a sin against God, and one of no ordinary magnitude.

In. What testimony did the church of the Disciples bear on the subject of the late civil war in the United States?

Dis. No *decided* testimony whatever. Our religious periodicals were all neutral, although, I believe a majority of our editors, as well as a large majority of our preachers and private members were "loyal."

In. Is not that a little singular? Your avowed fidelity to the *whole* revealed will of God, ought, it seems to me, to have made the testimony of your church against rebellion more decided and out-spoken than the testimony of any other religious people in America, or in the world.

Dis. Our people, as well as our editors and preachers, differed as to the policy it were best to pursue in the case.

In. "Policy!" Does your church make fidelity to the clearly revealed will of God a matter of policy?

Dis. The churches of the Disciples were guided, during the war, chiefly by Benjamin Franklin; as they have been, in the conflict of great principles that arose out of the war; and many thousands of our people think that Franklin's supreme object was to keep up the subscription list of his paper. There

can be no doubt that, in a financial point of view, he managed matters quite skillfully.

In. Do the Disciples, ministers and people, sustain a paper of the sincerity of whose editor they doubt?

Dis. Franklin wrote a book which he calls "*Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven*," and which has had a very extensive circulation among the Disciples. From reading that work, I infer that he does not place a very high estimate on sincerity, and that he thinks God "altogether such a one as himself." People who believe Franklin's teachings will not be very likely to insist on *sincerity* in an editor. He affects great zeal for the word of the Lord—except that portion of it which declares that they who resist the civil rulers "shall receive damnation."

In. You have admitted that faithfulness to the *whole* revealed will of God is the most fundamental *principle* of your Reformation. Now, the insurrection against the government of the United States, that began in 1861, was not merely defiance, flung into the teeth of your great principle, and into the face of the Almighty, but it was begun and carried on for the avowed purpose of extending the empire of slavery; that is, of creating more states in which one-half the population might be debarred *by law* from learning to read your creed—the *Bible*! Do not a majority of your preachers, including the editors of the *Christian Standard*, the *Christian Record*, the *Christian Review*, Professor Graham, of the *Apostolic Times*, besides a majority of the Faculties of your colleges—believe and *admit* that a more unprovoked insurrection against civil rulers has not occurred in modern times, and that an insur

rection for a more atrocious purpose, all things considered, has not occurred in the history of the human race?

Dis. I suppose they would admit this; and you might have included in your list, Professor Loos, of Bethany. But these men no doubt have reasons, satisfactory to themselves, for their conduct; and it is to be hoped that these reasons will be equally satisfactory to God. God will judge.

In. Has the "rebel" section of your church, including such men as M. E. Lard, Dr. Hopson, and Gen. Gano, given any intimation of regret for having taken up arms against their lawful governors, and for a purpose so monstrously vile that no word in human speech can fitly characterize it?

Dis. I think not. On the contrary, they regret that the insurrection was not successful, and owe their popularity in Kentucky largely to the fact that they are still true to the "Lost Cause." A little more than one year ago, Lard intimated his wish, or his willingness, to try the war for slavery again.

In. What has become of the Reformation preachers of Kentucky who were on the side of "union and liberty" during the war?

Dis. I regret to say that they have either lost their ministerial standing, left the state, or become "second fiddlers" to Lard, Gano, Hopson, *et id omne genus*. They still "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," however!

In. Are there no "union men" left in the churches of the Reformation in Kentucky?

Dis. I suppose there are a good many; but their consciences have been moulded by the *Christian Review*, and by kindred papers and in-

fluences, and those consciences are not remarkably tender, except on the subject of Baptism. It is not profitable to be conscientious about many matters; and it is a blessed thing that men can compensate for lack of conscience generally, by extreme conscientiousness in relation to an ordinance that is received but once in a whole lifetime!

In. Well, friend Discipulus, my opinion is that your church has, in this matter, kicked down and trampled in the dust, the grandest and most characteristic principle in your plea for reformation. You have not merely disregarded the Bible *as a book*, but you have contemned a part of what your chief men admit to be its explicit teaching; and unless you "go back on" your cowardly, ignoble and infidel policy, Esau may be taken as the fittest prototype of your church—it will be seen that you have sold your birth-right for a morsel of lean, tainted meat. As long as a church is *sincere*—true to its greatest convictions, it can hold on its way, and *accomplish good*, even while holding erroneous views, and though marred by erroneous practices. In proof, I appeal to universal church history. But let a church become false in heart to the truth of God it has been given her to see, and Fate, the decree of God, will write on her walls, Ichabod—the glory has departed!

Dis. Our church believes in compromises—in all things except baptism, and "church order."

In. There has been no *compromise* in this case. The "rebel" brethren have surrendered nothing except their swords, red with the blood of patriots; and their fire-arms, which had swept to death many thousands of the young soldiers of liberty; and their prison-

pens, in which many thousands more were starved to death; and this surrender was not *quite voluntary*. The compromise has all been on one side. In my opinion, truth, consistency, righteousness, Christ, required that the great insurrection should be beaten on *moral and religious* grounds, as it was beaten in arms, and partially beaten "at the polls." This should be done for the sake of our "rebel" brethren themselves, as well as for the sake of posterity. Did you ever reflect, Discipulus, that in all compromises where *principle* is involved, the truth alone suffers?

Dis. I have not thought much on the subject; but since you suggest the matter, I see that it must be so, by an invincible necessity. True principle—which is Truth itself—is a straight line; compromise *must crook it*.

In. This has been exemplified most signally by the churches of the Reformation. Your compromise with a most wicked rebellion, or rather, your *surrender* of the most sacred principles of justice, righteousness, and the fear of God, on the *demand* of the "rebel" portion of your church, has kept every periodical of the Reformation quiet in relation to the most flagrant crimes, and the most execrable principles—it has stopped the mouth of every "Union preacher" in Kentucky and Missouri, in relation to those crimes and principles—it has suppressed the testimony of all your schools and colleges on the subject of *man's* "inalienable rights," and it is fast making your church a driving impertinence. I say again, that unless you repent of your *Christian-Review* policies, God will not merely give you leave to depart, but he will *compel* you to depart, in much less time than you

have taken in getting your forces marshaled for the fight for the Bible alone—the *whole* Bible.

Dis. Our ablest men have decided it to be imprudent to say anything in the pulpit or in our papers in relation to the causes, the conduct or the results of the war.

In. That is very well, provided God has made your views of prudence paramount to his explicit commandments. Are not your ministers fond of debating?

Dis. It has been so charged. Our preachers hold themselves *bound* to defend our faith and practice; but they debate mostly about baptism.

In. Well, I know a man who admits that baptism is a sublime, holy, and divine ordinance; and that it is designed to be unto the penitent sinner who receives it, "a sign and seal of his ingrafting into Christ, of the remission of his sins, and of his covenant to be the Lord's." This man believes also, (1), that the late rebellion of the slave-owners and of their dupes, North and South, against the United States government, was a most heinous sin against Jesus of Nazareth; and (2), that the ministers and editors of the Reformation, in consenting to silence in relation to it, and to the complications that it has caused, and to the great questions of justice that have grown out of it, have become, in effect, identified with the "rebels;" and (3), that in so doing, they have rendered the success of your plea for a religious reformation impossible; and (4), that under such guides, its success would be a calamity to the world. Would any one of your ministers, say Isaac Errett or Robert Graham, be willing to debate these propositions?

Dis. I presume that neither of

those you have named, would debate; but perhaps, Dr. Hopson would.

In. If you can obtain the consent of any one of these preachers and editors to be a party to the debate as proposed—he taking the negative of the propositions above,

the man to whom I have alluded will be forthcoming. Till some man is found who will defend the “*practice*” of your church, in the matters specified, the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY closes its more *direct* and formal testimony on the subject. X.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAP AND DEAR.

THE editors of the *Apostolic Times* say, “it costs about five dollars to convert one soul.” This is certainly cheap, and the telling is off-hand and business-like. It sounds like an item in the *Prices Current*. But we think the estimate quite too low.

We pick up items of information by the way, that throw light on many things. We do not seek these items—they come unsought. We give a few of these, that bear on this matter of the cost of the conversion of souls.

There is a poor little congregation of Disciples in Ripley, Ohio, to which brother M. E. Lard preached eight or ten days, some time ago. No one was converted; and if he will publish the receipts in “eagle and thief” paper, it will disturb his average cost of conversions, I presume.

Brother Franklin held a meeting of about the same number of days, at North Middletown, Ky., during the passing year, at which twenty souls were converted (?), and for which he received about one hundred dollars, and over one hundred subscribers to his paper. This is what the boys call “steep.” No wonder Franklin sees things in a cheerful light, enjoys sound digestion, and believes in self-appointed Mission-

ary work. He is called “the people’s man,” he says, and “confides in his brethren.” He means that he confides in wealthy congregations, that can pay him about one hundred dollars per week in money and subscriptions to his paper. This paper business is the serious feature in these transactions, for a hundred copies of the *Review* is enough to demoralize the religious sentiments of a whole county.

In the *Review* of October 19, in “Notes by the Way,” we learn that Franklin recently traveled twelve hundred miles, preached about three weeks, and “converted” eleven souls. What these “cost” per soul we have no means of knowing definitely, but we may be quite sure that the average cost was more than five dollars; for Franklin tells his readers that at one point on the route, he “came as near eating seventy-five cents’ worth [at one meal] as he usually does;” and he commends the hospitality and liberality of the brethren. We presume the conversion of the eleven Missouri souls cost at least twenty dollars each, not counting the editor’s board, nor adding to this the destructive effect of the *Review* on true religion, good taste and decent manners.

Men of the Reformation, men of God, can no means be found of

putting an end to the reign of vulgar and infamous demagogism among the Disciples? For myself, I have borne it with what patience I could, and, generally, in hopeless silence, for about fifteen years. I can have communion with it no longer, nor with its unfortunate, yet imperious dupes. I have drawn the sword against it, and lost the scabbard. Its utter rout requires only the determined and united onset of those who understand and appreciate the Reformation inaugurated and pleaded by Alexander Campbell. If this ungodly and vulgar hypocrisy is not soon overthrown, it will overthrow our beautiful plea for the simple, yet sublime religion of Jesus, as the basis of Christian *unity*, and the means of the world's conversion to God.

There are, as many of our *chief* men know, a number of preachers among the Disciples who have no business in the Church of God, to say nothing of the ministry. The operations of these hypocrites, and the countenance and encouragement they receive from men of standing, are demoralizing our young ministers, and fast destroying those absolute and beautiful confidences which so eminently characterized our ministry till very recent times. All sides of this vital matter were shown with great distinctness at the late Missionary meetings at Indianapolis and Louisville, about which we shall have somewhat to say hereafter.

When the editors of this small magazine would make war on this great ungodliness, they hear the cry, "personalities—we would like the MONTHLY were it not for these attacks on persons—'let the wheat and tares grow together till the harvest.'" This is a comfortable philosophy, certainly, and safe; but

had Alexander Campbell, Wesley, Luther, Calvin and other reformers adopted it, we should all have been in the bosom of Rome to-day. We do not hope for perfection in ourselves, however persistently we may strive to attain it; nor do we expect it in others; but we have a right to look for truthfulness, manly candor and Christian sincerity in men who propose to guide and mould a religious reformation in the sixth decade of the nineteenth century of Christ. P.

APOSTACY.

I learn from the *Christian Standard*, that brother Rowe has been writing something about apostacy for the *Review*, and illustrating his point by reference to an unsound preacher. The preacher, I am credibly informed, is the writer of this note. Is this so, brother Rowe? Speak out like a man, and don't allow your connection with the *Review* to rob you of all sense of honor. I have no fears of being named out as the "apostate preacher;" or do you dislike "personalities?" I may furnish you with some observations on apostacy, with appropriate illustrations, that will astonish, if they do not extinguish you.

The readers of the MONTHLY have here a specimen of those "personalities" which I have designated, elsewhere, mean insinuations, and by which cowardly and low-bred men can manage to blast reputations, and yet escape responsibilities. These are the last words I expect to write as editor of the INDEPENDENT MONTHLY, and I wish to record the opinion that there is nothing meaner within the limit of human endeavor, than this assassination of character *in the dark*. P.

PATRIOTISM.

A distinguished Kentuckian once remarked to the writer, that France, to a Frenchman, was a grand impersonation—a sort of divinity, and that French patriotism rose to intense enthusiasm. I remember in Brougham's "Men of the Times of George III," a scene between his Lordship and Madame De Stael. Napoleon had been severe in his judgment of the author of *Corinne*, and had banished her from France. She was in England when the Allies entered Paris in 1813, and Lord Brougham, speaking to her of the fall of the proud capital of France, said, he "hoped that the Cossacks would nail a horse-shoe on the door of the Tuileries." Greatly excited, and blushing deeply with emotion, she exclaimed: "What then, that beautiful France!" She could rejoice at the downfall of Napoleon, and in the restoration of the Bourbons, but not in the degradation of her country—"la belle France."

I have recently met with a paragraph in a little French work—"The Philosopher in the Garret"—which reminded me of my friend's remark concerning French patriotism, and of Lord Brougham's illustrative anecdote of Madame De Stael. An old soldier who says he "was at Jemmapes and at Waterloo—the baptism and the funeral of French glory," had spoken to a lad of fifteen, who thus reports him:

"You have, perhaps, never thought what the country is, said the old soldier, laying his hand on my shoulder; it is all that which surrounds you, all that has elevated and nourished you, all that you have loved! This valley which you see, these dwellings, these trees, these young girls who pass by laughing—these are the country!

The laws which protect you, the bread which rewards your labor, the words you exchange, the joys and the sorrows which come to you from the men and things among which you live—these are the country! The little chamber in which you have formerly seen your mother, the mementos she has left you, the earth in which she sleeps—this is the country! you see it, you breathe it everywhere! Figure to yourself, my son, your rights and your duties, your affections and your cares, your remembrances and your gratitude, all united under one name, and that name would be the country!"

We of the United States are losing our patriotic traditions. The name of Washington is not now what it was fifty years ago; and "The Fourth of July," is almost gone out of memory—not, as we think, to the advantage of the country. On the contrary, we incline to the opinion that July celebrations, and even fourth of July *sermons* would "pay" yet. Our young people are coming to look upon their country as a theater merely, on which political parties, and too often political demagogues, squabble for supremacy—for loaves and fishes. The heroic achievements of our late civil war can not well be made subjects of public festivity and rejoicing. The firing of cannon for Gettysburgh, Vicksburg or Appomattox, would awaken recollections in many of our countrymen, of a painful character, and thus destroy all pleasure in the hearts of the victors. But the fourth day of July may be, for the late rebel States as for all, a day of patriotic rejoicing and thanksgiving. As such, it ought to be revived.

P.

"THE ONE MAN POWER."

BRO. J. M. LONG has created some stir in Missouri, as we learn by a quotation from the Lexington, Ky., *Western Times*, found in the *Standard* of Nov. 6. The *Ajax of Reformation* orthodoxy, M. E. Lard, informs his readers that "the brethren in Missouri are abundantly able to take charge of any restless spirit among them, who is not satisfied with the primitive order, and they are not backward about the exercise of their ability when the occasion demands it." That has the true Torquemadan ring—and smells of fire; in short, it is an exhortation to "the brethren in Missouri" to make short work with Bro. Long, if he continues to cail in question "the primitive order" established in Missouri by Bro. Lard, before he left that State for the good of Kentucky sinners. Perhaps the "Missouri brethren" never had among them a more "restless spirit" than Bro. Lard himself; and they seem to have grown tired of having charge of him, some years before he blessed Kentucky or Canada with his presence. At all events, they seem to have placed a very low estimate upon his labors of love.

BRO. LONG, we are glad to see, turns sharply and defiantly on his imperious censor. It is very apparent that James Madison Long doesn't scare as easily as Moses imagined he would, and he may find in the "restless spirit," perchance, a foeman worthy of his steel.

It is a source of delight to many souls, and cause of thankfulness to God on the part of the devout, to know that the influence of such spirits as seek to over-awe the independent thinkers among the Disciples, is rapidly waning. Their

occupation will soon be quite gone. For a little while yet, they will get their feet by ringing the changes on some senseless slang phrases, such as "primitive order," "apostolic gospel," "sound and true men," "the faith once delivered to the saints"—a chief element of the latter being in the south, the *divine* right of the white man to live and grow rich on the compulsory labor of the black man. "The faith once delivered to the saints," we are aware, is a phrase found in the New Testament; but in its sectarian use, it is mere slang.

We beg to congratulate Bro. Long on his emancipation from the trammels of the narrowest sectarianism on the American continent; that is, the great plea of Alexander Campbell and others for the union of God's people, as that plea appears after filtering through the brains and hearts of men who were made to raise corn, but who have been spawned upon the world *as religious reformers*, through the union of ignorance with conceit. P.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* had a reporter at the Missionary meeting in Louisville. The last letter concerning the meeting was evidently written in Cincinnati, and was intended as a salvo to a former letter about the meeting. In this last letter the reporter says Dr. Pinkerton acted with the Southern members in opposition to the report of the Committee of Twenty. The reporter, in this matter, was misled. There was no more opposition South than North to the report of the Committee of Twenty. And the statement, no matter by whom originated, that Dr. P. acted with the Southern members, is misleading and mischievous. Whatever

might have been the spirit of the members of the Convention, there was neither Northern or Southern approval or opposition to any measure. The letter further states that Dr. P. failed in his measures on account of injudiciousness and want of parliamentary knowledge. The want of parliamentary knowledge was evinced in this wise. Brother Pendleton was presiding. The report of the Committee of Twenty was under consideration, item by item. Pending the consideration of the seventh or eighth item or recommendation, Dr. P. moved to postpone the further consideration of the report for one year. The presiding officer decided that it was in order to move the postponement of the consideration of the particular item under discussion, but that it was not in order to move the postponement of the consideration of the whole report. The decision was wrong, and the lack of parliamentary knowledge was with the accomplished Moderator. The reporter, we doubt not, was impartial in spirit, but was simply misled.

J. S.

DR. CHANNING.

I SOMETIMES look into a book that was read years ago, and of which a general impression remains, in order to determine the extent to which years may have modified the sentiments and modes of thought.

A book of this class was opened recently—"Milestones on Life's Journeys, by Samuel Osgood," and I was pleased with the following allusion to Dr. Channing. Speaking of a Boston Club, Mr. Osgood says:

"In that club the progressive spirit prevailed, and not a little of the transcendental philosophy figured in the Conversation. Behind none of the most zealous reform-

ers in his zeal, and earnest as any transcendentalist for the spiritual worth of every soul, Channing never failed to show his strict allegiance to the gospel, and on one occasion maintained, at considerable length, his conviction of the permanent ministry of Jesus Christ to the human family, and of his *actual presence with believers*, especially at the season of Communion."

It would have been well had the denomination with which Dr. Channing was affiliated, and of which he was a most distinguished minister, preserved, more generally, his child-like faith in Christ. Jesus of Nazareth is not in any true sense the Savior of sinners, if he is not "Emmanuel—*God with us*." P.

CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY.

The New York *Independent* says of the *Quarterly*: "The notices of foreign books are unsurpassed by any quarterly—a remarkable fact, illustrating, as does the entire volume, how a denomination, which bases its faith on a careful study of the simple Bible, grows to a high scholarship, even though its birth be among the ignorant and obscure."

If the notices of foreign books in the *Quarterly*, so praised in the *Independent*, and which it makes the occasion of a compliment to the high scholarship of our people—if these notices are not written by one of our brethren it is due to truth to declare it. These notices of foreign books are certainly remarkable productions, but I have failed to detect in them the style of any of our scribes, and am of the opinion that they are written by some very gifted man unknown among the "Disciples." In saying this I do not detract in the slightest from the merit of our own writers, but it is wrong to sail under false colors—honor to whom honor is due.

J. S.

It is the experience of all who have gone before us, that this life, apart from the hope of immortality, is all vanity. And yet how do men desire and toil for the success, and show, and glory of earth! "Surely, every man walketh in a vain show—surely, they are disquieted in vain."

How seldom do men meditate on the eternity that awaits us after death. Blessed any providence that draws us nearer to God. A friend passes over the river with the parting salute, "meet me on the other shore." The eye is filled with tears, but amid all our sorrows, we feel nearer to God and to the gates of heaven.

But how long are we heedful of the lesson that for a time brings Jesus so near to us! Let us beware, lest, when the clouds are lifted, and our smiles come back, the Evil One beguile us, and we forget the dead, and the heaven to which they have gone, and the Father of All, who gives and takes away, and whose name is blessed for evermore.

E.

CONCLUSION.

THE present number closes the first volume of the *INDEPENDENT MONTHLY*. Its editors can say that they have endeavored to be faithful to their promise to discuss fearlessly every question entering into the divine idea of a true and righteous life, introduced to their pages. It would not interest our readers to know with what difficulties we have contended in prosecuting our work thus far; but we may not omit the expression of our grateful sense of the generous Christian sympathy that has been exhibited toward us by a number of brethren—and, in some instances, by patriotic and be-

nevolent gentlemen not members of any church. This sympathy has been the more acceptable, because of our persuasion that it arose from an appreciation of the purposes we have aimed to accomplish.

No work of man, whether of his head or of his heart, is absolutely perfect; and we do not presume that every expression to be found in our volume is the best that could have been employed; and yet, we do not know a sentence that we would erase or seriously modify. We had somewhat to say, and we said it. We have written much of what has appeared on our pages, under circumstances unfavorable to the higher style of composition, and in several instances, our numbers have gone to press with but partial corrections of the "proofs." We feel entitled to this apology for any inaccuracies that our readers may have detected.

We are hopeful of the future, esteeming it full of blessed promise of good to our race. Into that future we pass ever on, willing, as God may help us, to battle for the God-given rights of all men; for the true and the honorable; to contend supremely for the claims of Jesus the Christ, to the trust, the love, and the obedience of all in every land, to whom the word of his salvation may come.

18701

18701

INDEPENDENT MONTHLY.

EACH number will contain 32 pages octavo, but each page will contain fewer words than the present page, which contains over a hundred words more than an ordinary page of the *Christian Quarterly*.

We have promises of contributions from some able writers, and hope to publish an interesting and valuable Magazine.

See terms on last page of cover.

All present subscribers who do not desire to continue their subscription will please notify us.

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

R. W. CARROLL & CO.,

115 & 117 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.


CHRISTIAN.

AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENSE OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION, as it is revealed and taught in the Holy Scriptures. By R. Milligan, President of the College of the Bible in Kentucky University. 1 vol. crown 8vo. With a portrait of the author. Price, \$2 50.

REASON AND REVELATION; or, The Province of Reason in Matters pertaining to Divine Revelation Defined and Illustrated, and the Paramount Authority of the Holy Scriptures Vindicated. By R. Milligan, author of the "Scheme of Redemption." 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price, \$2 00.

THE FAMILY COMPANION; or, A Book of Sermons on Various Subjects, both Doctrinal and Practical, intended for the Private Edification and Comfort of the Disciples of Christ, and to aid the Honest Inquirer after Truth in finding the True Church, and the Law of Introduction into the same. New and enlarged edition. By Elijah Goodwin. 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.

KOINONIA; or, The Weekly Contribution. An extremely interesting and valuable little work on this important subject. By James Challen. 1 vol. 16mo., stiff cover. Price, 50 cents.

 The above books sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE LIVING PULPIT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH; Being 28 Sermons from as many Eminent Preachers, with Steel Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the Contributors. Elegantly printed, and bound in Cloth, Leather, and Morocco. Sold only by Subscription. Agents wanted.

JUVENILE.

"THE LITTLE MONITOR SERIES."

For Boys and Girls.

By Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. 6 vols. in a neat box. Price, \$3 00.

AUNT EUNICE'S FAIRY TALE, AND OTHER STORIES.	SAMMY'S RED APPLES, AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES.
MARY HOLMES; OR, PRIDE AND REPENTANCE.	DANSY; OR, THE LOST COW, AND OTHER STORIES.
WILLIE WELSH, AND OTHER STORIES.	
CLARE'S MISSION, AND OTHER STORIES.	

The authoress is well-known as a writer for Children and as the editor of the "Ladies' Christian Monitor," and designs these books especially for Christian Sunday-Schools.

"THE GUN-BOAT SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

FRANK, THE YOUNG NATURALIST..... \$1 25	FRANK ON A GUN BOAT..... 1 25
FRANK IN THE WOODS..... 1 25	FRANK BEFORE VICKSBURG..... 1 25
FRANK ON THE PRAIRIE..... 1 25	FRANK ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI..... 1 25

Six volumes in a neat box. Each volume illustrated by the best artists. Price per set, \$7 50. Intensely interesting.

"THE ROLLING-STONE SERIES."

By Harry Castlemon.

TOM NEWCOMBE; OR, The Boy of Bad Habits (Ready).....	\$1 50
GO AHEAD; OR, The Fisher Boy's Motto (In press).....	1 50
NO MOSS; OR, The Career of a Rolling Stone (In press).....	1 50

This is an entirely new set of books from the pen of the author of the Gunboat Series, and will be equally popular. The volumes may be placed in every day and Sabbath School library in the land.

 Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

R. W. CARROLL & CO. have just issued a complete Catalogue of Juvenile and Sunday-School Books, which they send by mail on receipt of stamp.

R. W. C. & CO. devote especial attention to the trade in Juvenile Books, and have facilities for supplying them unequalled in the West or South.

R. W. C. & CO. have lately enlarged their store, and now have ample facilities for transacting their large and increasing business as wholesale dealers in books and stationery of every kind.

